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Gaelic Songs in Nova Scotia

By

Helen Creighton and

Calum MacLeod

Canada 1964

Department of the Secretary of State

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GAELIC SONGS IN NOVA SCOTIA

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

A modern dancing group in New Glasgow.

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NATIONAL MUSEUM OF CANADA

Bulletin No. 198

ANTHROPOLOGICAL SERIES No. 66

Gaelic Songs in Nova Scotia

By

Helen Creighton and Calum MacLeod

Issued under the authority of
The Honourable Maurice Lamontagne, P.C., M.P.
Secretary of State

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Foreword

At a time when so much of the past is in danger of being bulldozed off the landscape, it is encouraging to know that the Human History Branch of the National Museum of Canada is restoring and saving national heirlooms.

In the case of Scottish Gaelic songs in Nova Scotia, the National Museum has seen fit to have this taped material, both linguistic and musical, transcribed and published in book form. This is an exemplary development, and I hope that in future years a second volume of Gaelic songs may appear in print from the same source.

Dr. Helen Creighton in her Introduction makes it quite clear that since 1933 she made no trip "specifically to collect Gaelic songs, but there were always some put on the tapes." When evaluating the contents of this book, the pith and essence of this statement by Dr. Creighton, one of the most diligent, determined, and dedicated folksong collectors in North America, should be constantly borne in mind.

If a concentrated attempt at Gaelic folksong collecting had been launched in Nova Scotia even in 1933, think how many more cultural transplants we would possess in our archives today to indicate that there has been a healthy growth in spite of their "sea-change."

Dr. Kenneth MacLeod, Scotland, once wrote: "The Hebridean Celt is not of them who cannot sing because they are in a strange land; on the contrary, he never really finds his voice until he has wandered far from the Western Sea and the Isles." This adage can certainly be applied to our Gaelic folksingers in Nova Scotia, even in the present space-satellite age. Continuous folklore field-work amongst those fervent people brings you ever and again to the conclusion that the survival of a rich oral tradition may flourish and reach its highest perfection in peripheral areas rather than in the centre of its original diffusion.

In the Nova Scotian territory of Gaelic folklore collecting, one must give credit to scholars, folklorists, editors, publishers, and music teachers, who, by dint of various media at their disposal, have preserved for posterity our Nova Scotian tradition of Scottish Gaelic folksongs and folklore throughout the centuries. Since lack of space precludes a complete list, I shall mention only a few: Dr. A. MacLean Sinclair, Jonathan G. MacKinnon, Dr. P. J. Nicholson, James MacNeil, James Hugh MacNeil, Vincent A. MacLellan, Dr. Donald MacLean Sinclair, Dr. D. B. Blair (born in Strachur, Scotland), Mother Saint Veronica, Mrs. Archie Kennedy, and Mrs. Neven Cameron, all from Nova Scotia. Professor Charles W.

Dunn, New York University, U.S.A.; Dr. John Lorne Campbell and his wife; Margaret Fay Shaw, Isle of Canna, Inner Hebrides, Scotland; and Séamus Ennis of the Irish Folklore Commission.

I am indebted to Dr. Helen Creighton for her permission to include some of my own Gaelic folksong recordings in this book. In this pleasant task I was fortunate in receiving complete cooperation from the following Cape Breton reciters: Hugh F. MacKenzie, the late Mrs. Hugh F. MacKenzie, the late James Hugh MacNeil, the late Frank MacNeil, Rev. Hugh A. MacDonald, Allan A. Quinn, Anthony MacKenzie, Mrs. David Patterson, Mrs. Jack Butterworth, and Miss Florence Macintyre.

I acknowledge musical guidance from my wife who assisted me in the intricacies of 'word-music' emphasis and syllabic arrangement.

A word of praise to the non-Gaelic-speaking musicologists, who laboured so conscientiously in transcribing the traditional melodies from tape, is also in order. One of these distinguished gentlemen, a native of Yorkshire, added his personal comments to a sheaf of Gaelic music manuscripts he had just completed, as follows:

> "Ah wor spendin' me summer 'olidays at Cavendish, on t'Island (me an' t'missus), when oop coomes a friend o' thine, a lass called 'Elen Creation (or summat loike that), wi' a bunch o' songs in a foreign langwidge (Garlic, Ah think she said it wor) on t'tape recorder. I' between laikin' at golf, fishin', sittin' on t'sands an' swimmin' in t'sea, Ah copied dahn these 'ere tunes an' am sendin' 'em on to thee. Ah 'opes as 'ow they lewk all reet.
>
> Ah thowt Ah'd try to get a bit o' me own back, soah Ah've written this 'ere letter i' me native Yorksheer, an' Ah 'ope tha can understand it better than Ah could that theer Garlic—Ah could mak' neether 'eead nor tail on it!"

Finally, may I express my gratitude to the National Museum of Canada for their generous financial aid that enabled me to transcribe the Gaelic material from their Museum collection of tape-recordings.

CALUM I. N. MACLEOD,
Gaelic Editor

12 Fairview Street,
Antigonish,
Nova Scotia.

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Gaelic Songs in Nova Scotia

Résumé

Nulle part en dehors de l'Écosse la langue gaélique n'est conservée plus précieusement que dans l'île du Cap-Breton, province de la Nouvelle-Écosse, au Canada, où d'anciennes chansons, oubliées parfois au pays natal, ont survécu jusqu'aujourd'hui. On a composé de nouvelles chansons sur d'anciens airs aimés. Cette collection, recueillie par Helen Creighton au cours de nombreuses années, a été transcrite par le major Calum MacLeod, professeur d'études celtiques à l'Université Saint-François-Xavier d'Antigonish. Connaissant à fond toute la tradition gaélique tant en Écosse qu'en Nouvelle-Écosse, il a accompagné ces chansons de notes explicatives et comparatives qui seront sans doute d'une valeur incalculable pour les érudits. En regard du texte en langue gaélique se trouve sa traduction anglaise en style poétique. Les airs charmants qui accompagnent chaque chanson ont été transcrits par plusieurs musiciens reconnus.

Les quatre-vingt-treize chansons que renferme cet ouvrage, non seulement constituent un apport précieux à la grande richesse de la musique gaélique qui existe déjà, mais elles devraient aussi intéresser les étudiants du folklore gaélique.

INTRODUCTION

It was in 1933 that I collected my first Gaelic folk songs, and it came about in this way. *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia,* my first published collection, had appeared the previous year. It was at that time also that I met Miss Doreen Senior who had come out from England to teach folk dancing at the Nova Scotia Summer School. She was an excellent musician and responded readily to my suggestion that we collect together, she to take down the tunes. Giving up her precious holiday week-ends, she explored with me the area in and around Halifax, and a merry companion she turned out to be.

By the end of 1933, we felt the urge to go somewhere more remote and decided to see what Cape Breton had to offer. A bit perplexed upon arrival to find that the island's songs were mostly in French and Gaelic, we nevertheless faced the challenge and inquired for Gaelic singers because they were more unusual. Since the name of Mr. D. B. MacLeod of Briton Cove was the most highly recommended, we lost no time in turning our car in his direction. His northern farm lay at the end of a long hard drive over narrow dirt roads and thickly wooded mountain lanes, but we were met by such a cheerful countenance that our fatigue vanished and we settled down to what proved to be a memorable visit. Although a few other singers were brought in and we called at several other farms, 'D.B.'s' repertoire was as much as we could cope with in one short week, and there

was little need to go further. It is strange now to look back upon what seemed then a rich harvest, for there were less than forty songs all told. But please remember that we did all our collecting not only by hand but in a strange tongue.

Since 1933 I have made many trips to Cape Breton, but I did not attempt collecting again until I had equipment for recording. This was realized ten years later when the Library of Congress in Washington asked me to record folk music in Nova Scotia, and in place of a lively and talented musician, I took with me a recording machine, blank discs, a microphone, sapphire needles, and a converter and batteries for making electricity. Set up in house or garden, it was formidable enough to make a professional tremble, but to the Cape Bretoners it was a new and fascinating experiment. Then in 1947 I joined the staff of the National Museum of Canada and later went on other trips to Cape Breton with more modern tape recorders. These were less cumbersome to carry and had the added advantage of permitting playing back any number of times so that the singer could hear his own performance without injuring the tape. No trip was made to collect Gaelic songs specifically, but there were always some put on tapes. Consequently they were scattered all through my recorded collection—a few here, a few there. There were some, too, from the Gaelic-speaking section of Guysborough County on the Nova Scotia mainland and a few from the province of Prince Edward Island where I spent an all too short visit in 1956.

It seemed wasteful to have all these songs in an unworkable condition, and I felt they should be assembled in one place where they could be studied and used. Since this meant finding a Gaelic scholar of sufficient competence to make a wise selection, I asked Major C. I. N. MacLeod, Professor of Celtic Studies at Saint Francis Xavier University, if he would undertake the task of transcribing words from tapes and rewriting in proper Gaelic the songs that had been taken down by hand. Consequently the National Museum of Canada made a contract with him, and I set out blithely for Antigonish with tape recorder and a supply of tapes. My hopes were high as I played him those songs I considered superior in quality, and I rejoiced when he assured me I had chosen well.

When I first asked Major MacLeod to do this work I did not fully realize he was so well qualified. I knew that he had adjudicated competitive Scottish dancing and that he could write and speak Gaelic, but I had no idea he was informed on the whole culture and also on all the traditional songs of Scotland. Each day was a revelation as fresh evidence of his knowledge came to light. A large thick-set man, I thought he might need occasional prodding but always, after coffee served at intervals by his charming wife, he was the one who would say "Back to the salt mines" (a favorite expression of his), and we would tackle the job again.

His private library, containing over one hundred Gaelic books, he inherited from his father, who was also a Gaelic scholar and had compiled and published a book on Gaelic songs. He had insisted that his son speak only Gaelic until he started school at the age of five. Born at Dornie, Kintail, Ross-shire, and educated at the Royal Academy, Inverness, young Calum MacLeod later went to Glasgow and Edinburgh universities, where he specialized in Celtic languages. He also composed in Gaelic. At the age of twenty-four he was crowned bard at the National Mod held at Dundee, the youngest ever to win this honour. At the National Mod at Edinburgh, he received the Gold Pendant for being the most distinguished competitor in the Senior Literary Competition, and in 1958 he won first prize in the International Scottish Poetry Competition sponsored by the Arts Council of Great Britain in Edinburgh. A composer of pipe tunes also, he has gained premier awards for piping at Highland Games in Scotland. He has a melodious singing voice, so we should not perhaps be surprised to find that he has published a book of original Gaelic poems with music entitled *An T-Eilthireach,* as well as a long-playing record, *Scottish Gaelic Lessons for Beginners,* the first of its kind to come from this continent. Active in athletics at College, he was Scottish Inter-University Hammer Throwing Champion, and was also awarded Full Blue at Edinburgh in Shinty and Athletics. Attached to British Intelligence, he served in Europe and Africa from 1940 to 1947, retiring with the rank of Major.

Today you may find him lecturing to a growing number of students. His interesting and informative lectures are always carefully prepared. For recreation he directs a Gaelic pipe band and walks rhythmically to the swirl of the pipes, a deep love of music evident in every movement. Singer, piper, lecturer, poet, and scholar, Major MacLeod is truly a man o' parts.

As we worked over my collected tapes and discs, one day I mentioned having visited Gillisdale in the Margaree Valley in 1944 to record songs in a rural area. The songs I found had seemed good, but the recording had been done in a dimly-lit school-house and the threads of my disc recorder had tangled, rendering them useless. I read over the titles to him and asked if he thought I should go back. He said, "These *are* guid songs"; so when he was occupied with other duties, I returned to Gillisdale. There I found the same dear Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis who had organized the first choral group, and she agreed to sing for me again. The whole list was repeated and a few more to boot. Mrs. Gillis, who had seemed well on in years when I first met her, was still in good voice. She had no difficulty in gathering five or six friends to sing with her, and they did this at short notice from sheer kindness and love of the songs they so treasured. Of other older singers, Mr. Angus McLellan of Grand Mira had the most valuable songs, and Mr. and Mrs. Archie McMaster of Port Hastings I shall always remember as an elderly couple who sat side by side, a handkerchief held

between them, swinging it back and forth in their hands in time with the music.

When Major MacLeod first came to Nova Scotia with the Adult Education Department of our provincial government, he travelled extensively in Cape Breton and made many friends. It was natural that he and they should sing for one another, and they exchanged many beautiful songs. He felt there should be a place for some of these in our book, and since the original singers were not available, he generously sang them himself into my microphone. Later the music was written down.

Turning now to another source of assistance, the Canada Council, I wish to thank them once again for their grant which made possible the accomplishment of this task. Scattered through the tapes and discs as these Gaelic songs were, I could not have taken irreplaceable originals to Antigonish, but now, with copies in Halifax, there is no such problem. The Council Grant also made it possible to have transcriptions of the music made by such excellent musicians as Mr. Kenneth Peacock, Ottawa; Professor Harold Hamer and Captain Kenneth Elloway, Halifax; and Mrs. Eunice Sircom, Dartmouth.

For my own part I cannot say that I found the typing of words in an unfamiliar language very exciting, but I can say that no matter how often the songs were repeated as we went over and over them to transcribe the words and music, I always enjoyed them. Enjoyment, however, is but one purpose of the book. For the Gaelic scholar, it should have many uses.

HELEN CREIGHTON
"Evergreen"
Dartmouth, N.S.

GAELIC SONGS IN NOVA SCOTIA

1. IS TOIGH LEAM A' GHÀIDHEALTACHD

Moderately slow — *sung by Angus McLellan*

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidheal-tachd is toigh leam gach gleann, Gach

eas agus coire tha'n dùth- aich nam beann; Is

toigh leam na gill-ean 'n an éid - eadh glan, ùr, 'S a

bhoin - eid Ghlinn Gar - adh mu'n cam - ag - an dlùth.

Transcribed by K. A. Elloway, 1962

FONN: *Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhealtachd, is toigh leam gach gleann,*
Gach eas agus coire tha'n dùthaich nam beann;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'n an éideadh glan, ùr,
'S a' bhoineid Ghlinn Garadh[1] *mu'n camagan dlùth.*

1. Is toigh leam 'n an deis' iad, o'm mullach gu bonn,
Am breacan, an t-osan, an sporan, 's an lann;
Gur bòidheach iad sgeadaicht' an éideadh na tìr',
Ach suarach an deise seach seasmhachd an cridh'.

2. Sheas iad an dùthaich 's gach cùis agus càs,
Duais-bhrathaidh cha ghabhadh ged chuirt' iad gu bàs;
'S ged shàraicht' an spiorad 's ged leigte an ceann,
Bha'n cridhe cho daingeann ri carraig nam beann.

3. Seinnear an dànachd gu'n domhan mu'n cuairt,
Air sgiathaibh na gaoithe gu iomall a' chuain:
Is fhad 's a bhios rìoghachd 'n a seasamh air fonn,
Bidh cuimhne gu dìleann air euchdan nan sonn.

---

[1] Angus does not use the inflection "Garaidh." *See* "Celtic Place-Names of Scotland," p. 470–71. Compare, "Échta Guill Glinni Garad" (The exploits of Goll of Glen Garadh).

4. 'S ma rùisgear an claidheamh a rithist gu strì,
Ged 's ainneamh ar cuideachd, bidh trusadh 'n ar tìr;
Bidh Clanna nan Gàidheal ri aghaidh gach càs,
'S iad gualainn ri gualainn gu buaidh no gu bàs.

5. 'S toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
Gur tric thog i suas sinn 'n uair bhiodhmaid fo leòn;
'S i dh'ionnsaich sinn tràth ann an làithean ar n-òig',
'S cha thréig i gu bràth sinn go'n téid sinn fo'n fhòid.

6. 'S toigh leam an ceanaltradh bòidheach a bh'ann;
Nam biodh iad air fhàgail a nis aig a' chloinn;
An coibhneas, an càirdeas, am bòidhchead, 's an t-eud,
Thug cliù dhaibh 's gach dùthaich fo dhubhar nan speur.

(*Translation*)

I LOVE THE HIGHLANDS

CHORUS: *I love the Highlands, I love each glen,*
Each waterfall and dell in the land of the bens;
I love the youths in their comely fresh raiment,
With their Glen Garry bonnets poised on their thick curling hair.

1. I love them in their costume, from head to foot,
The tartan, the hose, the sporan, the sword;
Handsome are they clad in the dress of the country,
But trifling seems their dress compared with the constancy of their hearts.

2. They stood for their country in every cause and hardship,
They would not accept a bribe although they might suffer death;
And although their spirit was sore-pressed, and their heads bowed,
Their hearts were as steadfast as the mountain rock.

3. Their daring will be sung to the whole world,
On the wings of the wind to the outskirts of the ocean:
And as long as a kingdom stands on land,
The feats of the warriors will ever be remembered.

4. And if the sword be unsheathed again in strife,
Though our numbers be small, there will be a rallying in our land;
The Children of the Gael will face every emergency,
Shoulder to shoulder, to victory or death.

5. I love Gaelic, its poetry and its music,
It often inspired us when we were depressed;
We learned it early in the days of our youth,
And it will not forsake us until we go underneath the sod.

6. I love the beautiful disposition of olden times;
Would that this characteristic be left with the children;
The hospitality, the friendship, the grace, the zeal,
That gave them renown in every country under the shade of the firmament.

TAPE 165 A

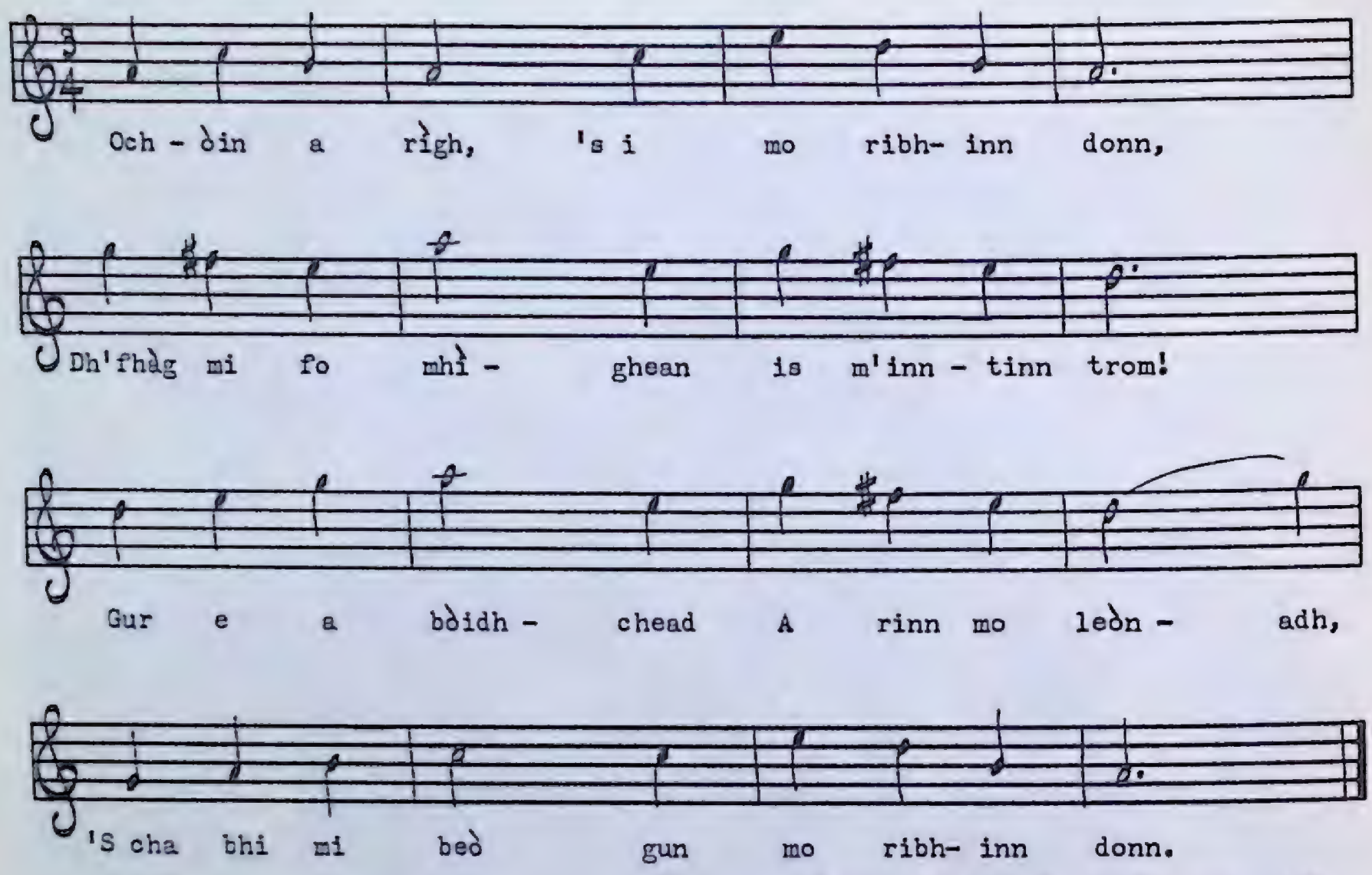
This song was composed by John Campbell, Ledaig, Scotland. Compare the verses printed in the "Òranaiche," p. 181, and in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands," p. 128. Our variant is taken from the singing of Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton, who repeated the chorus at the end of verse 6, a method similar to that of the older school of pipers who repeat the "Ùrlar," or Theme of "Ceòl Mór" (classical music of the bagpipes), when they have completed their rendition.

(Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service)

It isn't everybody likes the bagpipes.

2. AN RIBHINN ÀLAINN

Moderate tempo — *sung by Lauchie Gillis*



Transcribed by K. A. Elloway, 1962

FONN: *Ochòin a rìgh, 's i mo ribhinn donn,*
Dh 'fhàg mi fo mhìghean is m'inntinn trom!
Gur e a bòidhchead
A rinn mo leònadh
'S cha bhi mi beò gun mo ribhinn donn.

1. Is truagh an dràsda nach robh mi 'm bhàrd
A ghleusadh clàrsach 's a sheinneadh dàn,
'S mi dh'ìnnseadh buaidhtnean[1]
Na maighdinn uasail,
Mu bheil mo smuaintean gach oidhch' is là.

2. 'S 'n uair thig an Céitein do ghleann an fhraoich
Gun toir e fàs air gach blàthlus raoin,
Is gheibh mi samhladh
'S e sin do m'annsachd,
Am flùran greannar a dh'fhàs cho caoin.

---

[1] Note "buaidhtnean" instead of "buadhan."

3. Nisd tha mo ghrian-sa air triall fo sgleò,
'S tha mis' am bliadhna mar ian 's a' cheò,
Togaidh sgàile
'S ni ise dearrsadh,
Is gheibh mi slàinte gach là ri m'bheò.

(*Translation*)

THE CHARMING MAIDEN

CHORUS: *Ochoin a ree! my sweet auburn maid,*
I'm daily pining, I quickly fade!
Since first I knew thee
Thy beauty drew me;
I cannot live from my auburn maid.

1. Were I a bard I would tune the lay,
And raise a song to my maiden gay;
In accents tender
Her praise I'd render;
'Twould be my burthen both night and day.

2. When Spring returns to the heather dell,
And flowers awake by its fairy spell,
I'll there find semblance,
And fond remembrance,
Of that sweet floweret I love so well.

3. My guiding star now is hid away,
And like a bird in a cloud I stray;
Soon reappearing,
The clouds fast clearing,
Her beams shall cheer me on Life's dark way.

TAPE 165

Gaelic words were composed by the late Henry Whyte(Fionn), Easdale, Scotland. In this particular instance I have used Mr. Whyte's metrical translation because it is a particularly happy one, faithful to the substance and spirit of the original and because it reproduces with remarkable skill its measure and rhythm. The original words of this old melody have not been recovered, as far as I am aware. The Cape Breton melody varies slightly towards the end as sung by Lauchie Gillis, Grand Mira, on this tape.

71399—2½

3. 'S E 'N GILLE DUBH IS ÀILLE

Moderately fast — *sung by Lauchie Gillis*

'S e'n gill - e dubh is àill - e, 'S e dh'fhag an diugh fo phràmh mi, O'n

dh'fhalbh e bhuam air uachd 'a chuain Le luing-eas luath nan àrd- chrann Le

1.

luing-eas luath nan àrd - chrann. Gur mi tha dubh-ach cràit - each, 'S mi

bleogh-ann cruidh air àir - igh, Tha gàir nan tonn 'g a m'fhàg-ail trom, Cha

tog mi fonn 's cha ghàir mi Cha tog mi fonn 's cha ghàir mi.

2. 3. 4.

D.S.

Transcribed by K. A. Elloway, 1962

FONN: *'S e'n gille dubh is àille,*
'S e dh'fhàg an diugh fo phràmh mi,
O'n dh'fhalbh e bhuam air uachd[1] *a' chuain*
Le luingeas luath nan àrdchrann.
'S e 'n gille dubh is àille.

1. Gur mi tha dubhach, cràiteach,
'S mi bleoghann cruidh air àirigh,[2]
Tha gàir nan tonn 'g a m'fhàgail trom,
Cha tog mi fonn 's cha ghàir mi.
'S e'n gille dubh is àille.

2. Gur maiseach, fearail, àlainn,
Tha fleasgach deas nam blàthshuil;
Gu siùbhlainn leis an cuan mu dheas
Ri fuachd is teas bhiodh gàbhaidh.
'S e'n gille dubh is àille.

3. 'S a Dhia[3] tha anns na h-àrdaibh,
O deònaich sìth air sàile,
Is soirgheas[4] ciùin nach stròic na siùil
Air sgàth mo rùin do 'n àrmunn.
'S e'n gille dubh is àille.

4. 'S òg a thug mi làmh dha,
'S ri m'bheò cha dean mi àichidh,[5]
Mo dhùrachd blàth a h-uile là
Gun stiùir e dhachaidh sàbhailt'.

(*Translation*)

THE DARK-HAIRED LAD IS THE MOST HANDSOME[6]

CHORUS: *The dark-haired lad is the most handsome,*
He is the reason for my sadness to-day,
Since he departed from me on the bosom of the ocean
With the swift tall-masted ship.
The dark-haired lad is the most handsome.

---

(1) Note the "ua" diphthong in "uachd."

(2) I have been informed by Mrs. Dan Neil Morrison, Loch Lomond, Richmond County, Cape Breton, that she recalls seeing the ruins of shielings in Richmond County built by the first Highland Scottish settlers who landed in that area.

(3) I have observed that the older Gaelic speakers in Inverness County, Cape Breton, do not decline "Dia" in any form, e.g., they say, "Sìth Dhia" (The Peace of God), instead of "Sìth Dhé."

(4) Lauchie uses the "gh" pronunciation rather than the "bh."

(5) Note, "àichidh" instead of "àicheadh." In Cape Breton, Gaelic speakers still say, " 'S e an t-àicheadh math an dara pong as fhearr 's an lagh." (A stout denial is the second best point in law.)

(6) Lauchie sings the Old Country melody of this song.

1. I am indeed sad and tormented,
Whilst I milk cows at the shieling,
The roar of the waves leaves me depressed,
I care not to sing and I do not laugh.
The dark-haired lad is the most handsome.

2. Imposing in appearance, manly, and handsome,
Is the personable youth with affectionate eyes;
I would voyage the southern ocean with him
In spite of intense cold and heat.
The dark-haired lad is the most handsome.

3. O God who is in the heavens,
Vouchsafe a calm sea,
With a fair slight zephyr that will not tear the sails
For the sake of my love for the hero.
The dark-haired lad is the most handsome.

4. I was young when I gave him my hand,
And never will I renounce him,
My warm wish each day
Is that he will sail home safely.
The dark-haired lad is the most handsome.

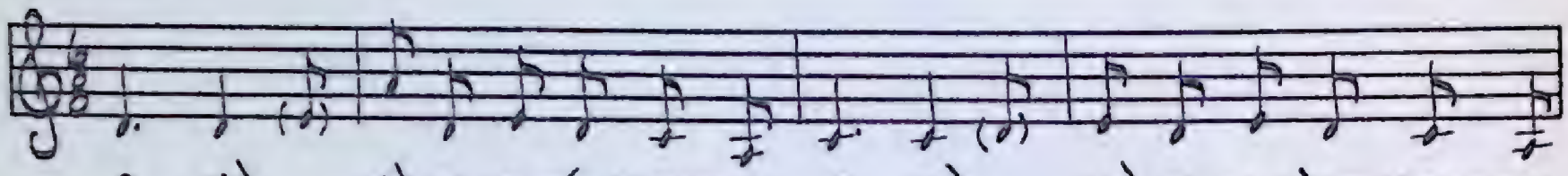
TAPE 165

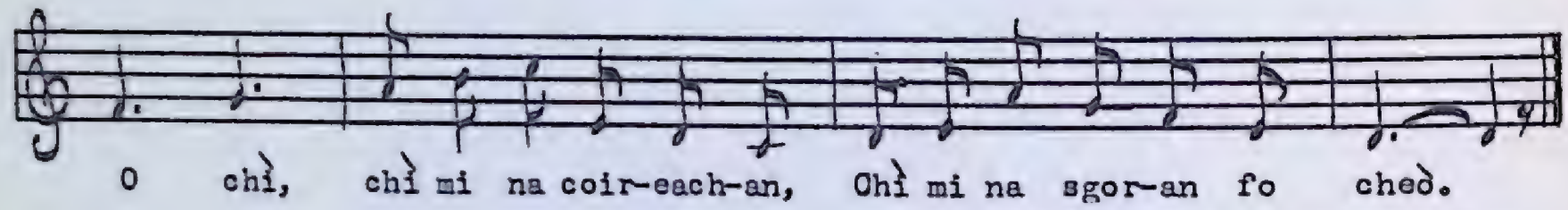
Composed by the late Duncan Johnston, Scotland, and published in "Crònan nan Tonn" (The Croon of the Sea), p. 11. Recorded from Lauchie Gillis, Grand Mira, Cape Breton, N.S.

4. CHÌ MI NA MÓRBHEANNA

Moderate, rhythmic
Chorus

sung by Lauchie Gillis,
Grand Mira, N.S.





Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *O chì, chì mi na mórbheanna;*[1]
O chì, chì mi na còrrbheanna;
O chì, chì mi na coireachan,
Chì mi na sgoran fo cheò.

1. Chì mi gun dàil an t-àite 's an d'rugadh mi;
Cuirear orm fàilt' 's a' chànail[2] a thuigeas mi;
Gheibh mi ann aoidh agus gràdh 'n uair ruigeam,
Nach reicinn air thunnaimean[3] òir.

2. Chì mi ann coilltean; chì mi ann doireachan;
Chì mi ann maghan bàna is toraiche;
Chì mi na féidh air làr nan coireachan,
Falaicht' an trusgan de cheò.

3. Beanntaichean àrda is àillidh leacainnean;
Sluagh ann an còmhnuidh is còire cleachdainnean;
'S aotrom mo cheum a'leum g'am faicinn;
Is fanaidh mi tacan le deòin.

---

[1] "mórbheanna" is written as a "strict compound" because the stress falls on the first syllable. In the versions of this song printed in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands" and in "A' Chòisir-Chiùil," the musical stress, or dwelling, is on "mór," but as sung by Gillis, "mór" and "bheanna" are equally stressed.

[2] A dialectic variation in ending and dissimilation of dentals.

[3] A peculiar form. There may be a process of metathesis here. Taken down exactly as sung from tape.

(*Translation*)

I SEE THE GREAT MOUNTAINS

CHORUS: *O I see, I see the great mountains;*
O I see, I see the lofty mountains;
O I see, I see the corries,[4]
I see the peaks under mist.

1. I see without delay the place where I was born;
A welcome awaits me in the language I understand;
I will receive hospitality and love there when I arrive,
That I would not sell for tons of gold.

2. I see forests there; I see groves there;
I see fair and fertile fields there;
I see the deer on the floor of the corries,
Hidden under a mantle of mist.

3. High mountains with beautiful slopes;
People dwelling there who practise kindness;
Light is my step a-bounding to visit them;
And I will stay a while willingly.

TAPE 165

Gaelic words by John Cameron, Ballachulish, Scotland, composed in 1856. The first title of the song was, "Dùil ri Baile Chaolais fhaicinn," "Hoping to see Ballachulish." The original air was fashioned after "Johnny stays long at the Fair." A bagpipe adaptation of this song appears on page 242 of the "Scots Guards, Standard Settings of Pipe Music." This tune was a favourite of the late King George VI and was played at his funeral, also at the late President John F. Kennedy's funeral.

From Lauchie Gillis, Grand Mira, Cape Breton.

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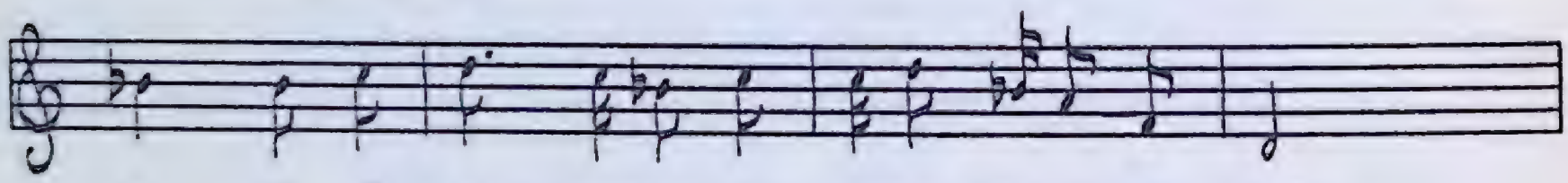
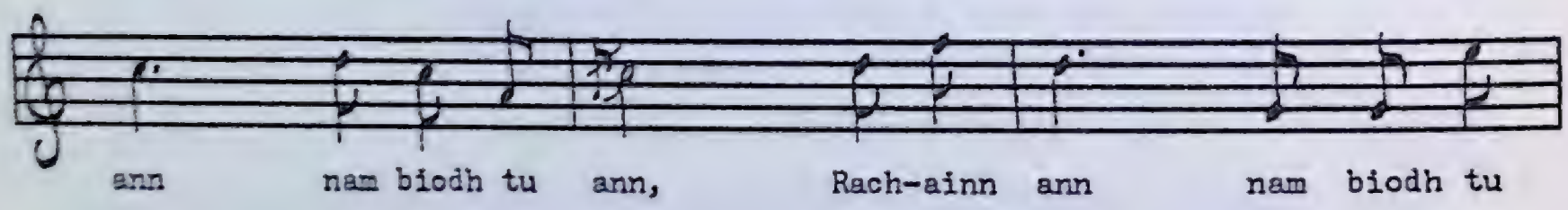
[4] Corries: circular hollows in the mountains.

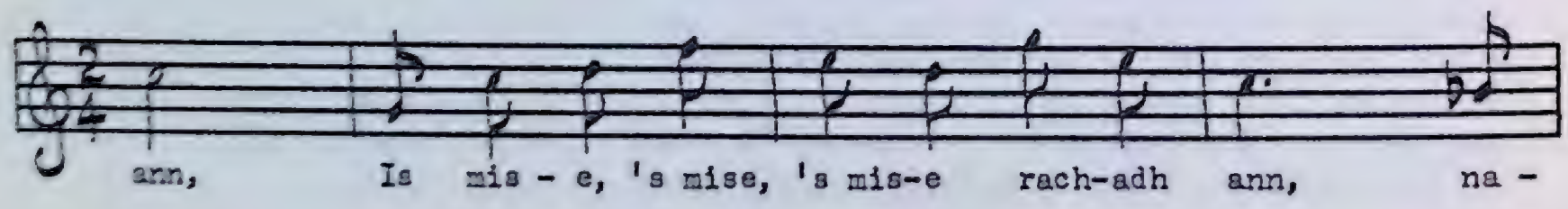
5. HÒ RÒ HUGORIN O HO

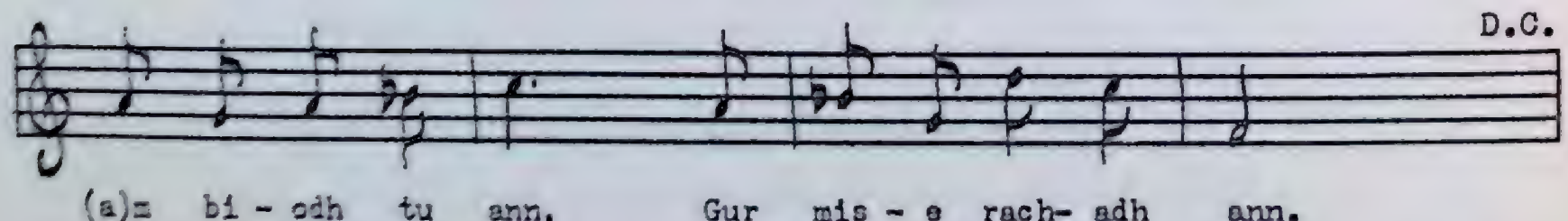
Moderate, rhythmic

sung by Lauchie Gillis,
Grand Mira, N.S.









Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Hò rò hugorin o ho.*
Hò rò hugorin o ho.
Hò rò hugorin—o.
Hugorin o ro bhà. (da uair)

1. Rachainn ann nam biodh tu ann,
Rachainn ann nam biodh tu ann,
Is mise, 's mise, 's mise rachadh ann,
Nam biodh tu ann,
Gur mise rachadh ann.
Hò rò hugorin o ho, etc.

2. Thogainn fonn do m'chruinneig dhonn,
Thogainn fonn do m'chruinneig dhonn,
Is mise, 's mise, 's mise thogadh fonn
Do m'chruinneig bhòidheich, dhonn,
Gur mise thogadh fonn.
Hò rò hugorin o ho, etc.

3. Sheinninn dàn do m'chruinneig bhàin,
Sheinninn dàn do m'chruinneig bhàin,
Is mise, 's mise, 's mise sheinneadh dàn
Do m'chruinneig bhòidheich, bhàin,
Gur mise sheinneadh dàn.

(*Translation*)

CHORUS: *Hò rò hugorin o ho.*
Hò rò hugorin o ho.
Hò rò hugorin—o.
Hugorin o ro bhà. (Repeat)

1. I would go there if you would be there,
I would go there if you would be there,
I would, I would, I would go there,
If you would be there,
Indeed I would go there.
Ho ro hugorin o ho, etc.

2. I would sing a song for my brown-haired maiden,
I would sing a song for my brown-haired maiden,
I would, I would, I would sing a song
For my beautiful, brown-haired maiden,
Indeed I would sing a song.
Ho ro hugorin o ho, etc.

3. I would sing a ditty for my fair-haired lass,
I would sing a ditty for my fair-haired lass,
I would, I would, I would sing a ditty
For my beautiful, fair-haired lass,
Indeed I would sing a ditty.

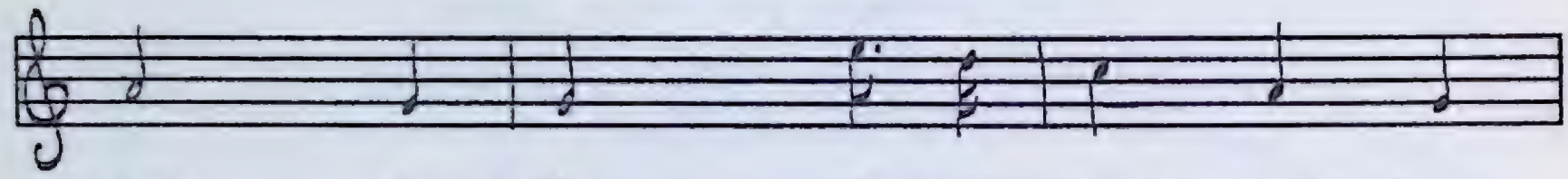
TAPE 165
From Lauchie Gillis, Grand Mira, Cape Breton.

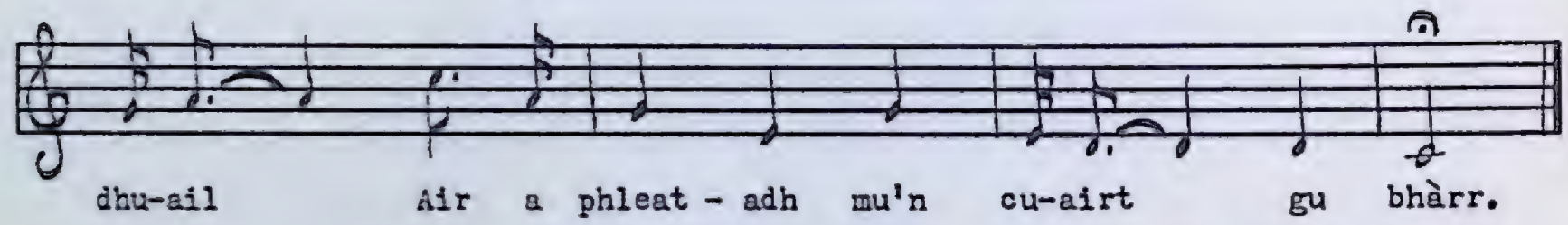
6. IAIN GHLINNE CUAICH

CR 165 A-7

Moderately slow, expressive

sung by Lauchie Gillis,
Grand Mira, N.S.





Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. Och, Iain Ghlinn' Cuaich,
   Fear do choltais cha dual da fàs;
   Do chùl bachlach 'n a dhuail
   Air a phleatadh mu'n cuairt gu bhàrr.
   Beir an t-soraidh so bhuam
   Dh'ionnsaigh 'n fhleasgaich as uaisle dreach,
   Air na bhuilich mi mo ghaol,
   'S a chuir saighead an aoig fo m'chneas.

2. Cha b'i choille nach b'fhiù
   As na chinn an t-òg fhiùran àrd,
   Ach a' choille thiugh, dhlùth,
   Bhiodh gu duilleagach, ùr fo bhlàth;
   Chan i crìonach nan crann
   Dha'n do chrom mi mo cheann cho mór,
   Ach fìor abhall gun mheang
   A chinn ann an lann nan seòid.

3. Ach, Iain a ghaoil,
   Cuim' a leig thu mi faoin air chùl,
   Gun chuimhn' air a' ghaol
   A bh'againn araon o thùs,

'S nach tug mise riamh spéis
Do fhleasgach fo'n ghréin ach thu?
'S cha tabhair 'n a d'dhéidh,
Gus an càirear mi réidh 's an ùir.

4. Agus innis, gun shaoil
Mi, nach bithinn cho faoin 'n a m'chéill,
Is gun tugainn mo ghaol
Dh'fhear a shealladh cho caol 'n a m'dhéidh;
Ach 's e beus do gach aon
De mhnathan an t-saoghail gu léir,
Bhi 'g am mealladh, araon,
Le sgeulachdan faoin o bheul.

5. O, òigeir nam buadh,
Cha tuig càch do luach ro mhór;
Do chridhe gun truaill
Sàr-fhiosrach, 's gach uaills', gun phròis.
Do chruth fallain, suairc,
Gu cumadail, cuanta, còir;
Dreach gréin' air do ghruaidh,
Dealt mheala mu chuairt do bheòil.

6. Do phearsa dheas, ghrinn,
'S i dh'fhàg mi gu tinn le gràdh;
Chan'eil coir' ort ri ìnns',
O mhullach do chinn gu d'shàil;
'S ioma maighdeann deas, òg,
Thig le furan 'n a d'chòir air sràid,—
Dh'fhàg sin mise fo bhròn,
'S mo luaidh ort gu mór thar chàich.

7. An trian dhe do chliù
Cha chuir mi, a rùin, an céill,
'S caoimhe faiteal dhe d'ghnùis
Na coille fo dhriùchd ri gréin.
Gum bu mhiannach le m'shùil
A bhi sealltainn gu dlùth 'n a d'dhéidh;
'S tu am fiùran glan, ùr,
As maisiche, lùthmhor ceum.

8. O, Iain, a luaidh,
Nach gabh thu dhiom truas, 's mar thà,
'S a liuthad là agus uair
Chuir thu'n céill gum bu bhuan do ghràdh?

Ach, ma choisinn mi d'fhuath,
Is gun d'rinn mi ni suarach, nàr',
So mo bheannachd 'n a d'dhéidh,
'S fiach an taobh thu riut té na's fhearr.

9. Cuim a bhithinn fo bhròn,
Is gur h-ioma gill' òg tha m'réir,
Leis am miannach mo phòg,
Is a bheireadh leis òr is spréidh?
Imich thusa, mar 's àill,
Do'n té d'a bheil gràdh agad fhéin,
'S ma 's e mis' tha 's an dàn,
Cha téid ise gu bràth fo bhréid.

(*Translation*)

JOHN FROM GLENQUOICH

1. Och, John from Glenquoich,[1] a man of your appearance is seldom fashioned even by hereditary right; your bushy, curly tresses are plaited around the crown of your head. Bear this greeting from me to the young man who is most noble of mien, upon whom I have bestowed my love, and who thrust the arrow of death under my skin.[2]

2. The young, tall sapling did not grow from a stinted forest, but from the sturdy, thick woods, full of leaves, sappy, and under blossom. It was not to the withered brushwood of trees that I bowed my head so low, but to the apple-tree[3] without blemish that matured in the enclosure of the warriors.

3. But, Iain, darling, why did you cast me aside so lightly without remembering the love that we enjoyed together from the beginning, and the fact that I never ever gave affection to any man under the sun except you? I will never do so again until I am buried peacefully under the sod.

4. And tell me why I thought that I would not be so naive in apprehension as to give my love to a man who would regard me afterwards so flippantly? But it is customary for each woman in the whole world to be deceived collectively by worthless words from a mouth.

---

[1] Glenquoich in Inverness-shire, Scotland, according to tradition, was haunted by a being known as "Cuachag," the river sprite. A stream in Benbecula, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, is called "a' Ghamhnach" (the farrow cow), and the custom in crossing it was to throw a wisp of grass into the water with the formula, "fodar do'n Ghamhnaich" (fodder for the Gamhnach).

[2] Older variant is "fo m'chrios" (under my belt), a sign of submission.

[3] According to the Early Celts, the "chieftains" among trees are the oak, hazel, holly, apple-tree, ash, yew, and fir. The "servile" trees are the alder, willow, birch, elm, hawthorn, aspen, and rowan. Compare Judges 9, 8-15.

5. O young man of many virtues, others will not understand your worth very much. Your heart without defilement, very well informed about each noble thing, without conceit. Your healthy, courtly figure, well-proportioned, trim, a man of generosity; your cheeks as bright as the sun, your mouth like honey-dew.

6. Your active, elegant form has left me sick with love. There is no defect that I can relate from the top of your head to the sole of your foot. Many a comely, young maiden will approach you joyfully on the street,— that fact has left me depressed since my love for you is greater than others.

7. I will not reveal one third of your fame, beloved; dearer to me is a glimpse of your countenance than (to view) a be-dewed, sun-lit forest. The desire of my eye would be to gaze after you steadily; you are the clean-cut, youthful hero, most handsome, and agile of step.

8. O John, dearest one, will you not take pity upon me in my state, considering the many days and hours you declared that your love was lasting? But, if I gained your hatred, and if I committed a mean, shameful act, here is my blessing to follow you, and see if you can gain the favour of a better woman.

9. Why should I be sad as many a young lad is fond of me who would enjoy my kiss, and by whom I could gain gold and cattle? You go as you wish with the lady whom you love, but if I am the one fated for you, she will never wear the marriage kerchief.[4]

TAPE 165

From Lauchie Gillis, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. Versions of this song appear in "An t-Ailleagan," p. 59, and in "Mac Talla," (Leabhar 10, No. 24), also in "Gairm," 1955, No. 14, p. 143. Perhaps the most complete version is printed in the "T.G.S.I.," Vol. 13, p. 304–6.

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[4] "bréid" (m), marriage kerchief consisting of a square of fine linen pinned round the head and fastened with cords of silk or pins of silver or gold, donned by a woman the morning after her marriage. It was customary for the local Gaelic Bard to give a blessing (in verse) to the bride on the day after her marriage, as she came forth with her maidens from the bridal bed. On the occasion of the marriage of the Rev. Donald MacLeod, minister of Duirinish, Skye, Scotland (ob. 1760), there was no bard present to bless the bride. The worthy minister, however, was equal to the occasion, and he addressed his bride beginning:

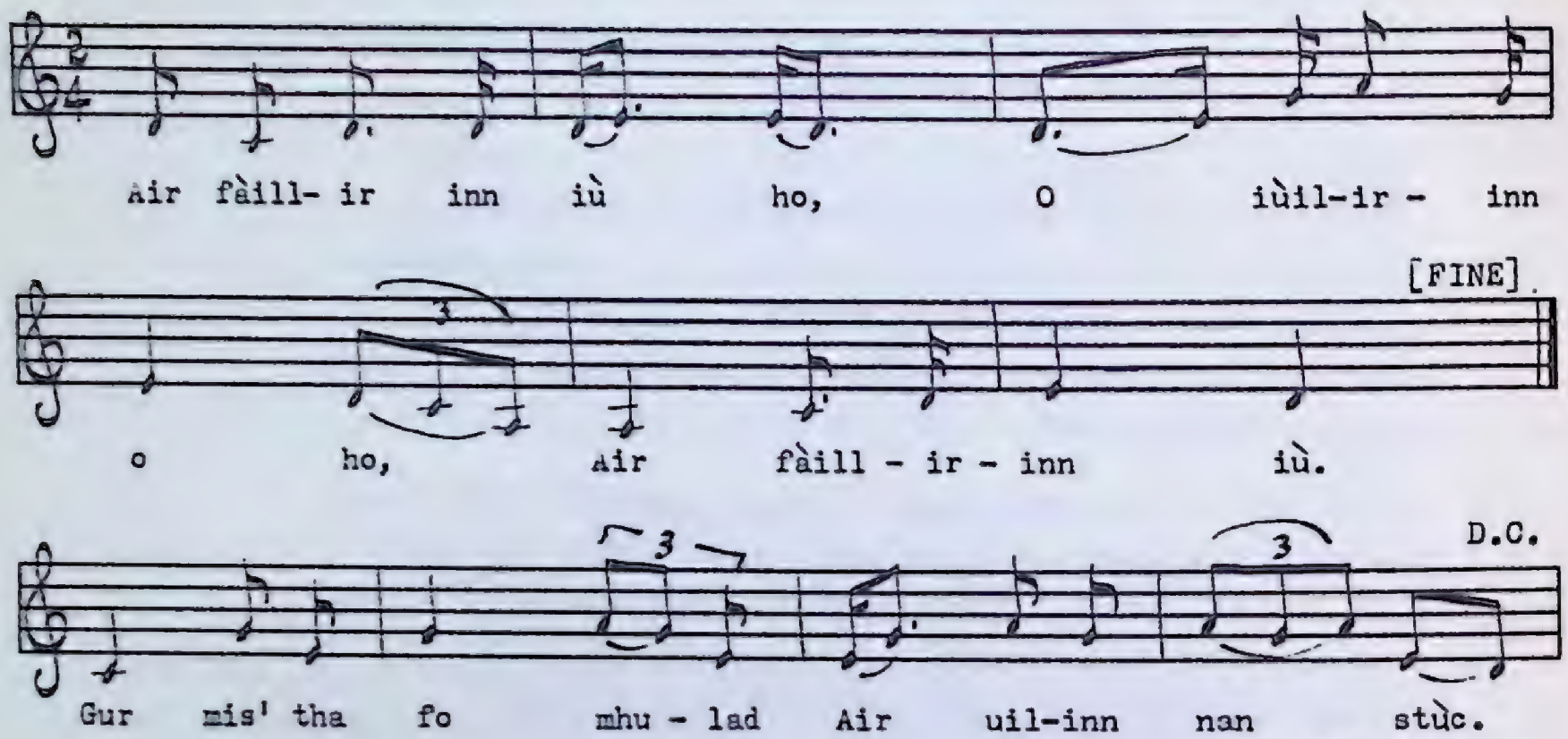
"Mìle fàilte dhuit le d'bhréid,
Fad do ré gun robh thu slàn.
Móran làithean dhuit is sìth,
Le d'mhaitheas is le d'nì bhi fàs."

"A thousand welcomes to you with your marriage kerchief,
may you be healthy all your days. May you be blessed
with long life and peace, may you grow old with
goodness, and with riches."

7. AIR FÀILLIRINN IÙ HO

Moderately fast, rhythmic

sung by Angus McLellan,
Grand Mira, N.S.



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Air fàillirinn iù ho,*
O iùilirinn o ho,
Air fàillirinn iù.

1. Gur mis' tha fo mhulad
   Air uilinn nan stùc.

2. Mi coimhead Caol Muile,
   'S cha ghrunnaich mi null.

3. Far an d'fhàg mi mo mhàthair
   Air a càradh 's an ùir.

4. Far an d'fhàg mi mo leannan,
   Caol mala 's rosg ciùin.

5. Chì mi'm bàta dol seachad
   Leam is lapach a "crew".

6. 'S mur a deachaidh mi mearachd,
   Bha mo leannan air stiùir.

7. Dol seachad air Ìle
   Leam is ìosal a cùrs'.

8. Dol seachad air Eige
   Tìr chreagach nan stùc.

9. Dol seachad air Cola
Chaill iad coltas mo rùin.

10. Dol seachad air Éirinn
Chaidh mo chéilidh[1] 's a' ghrunnd.

11. Chaidh m'eudail do'n fheamainn,
'S i dol fairis[2] a null.

12. Air bhàrr nan tonn uaine,
'S iad a suaineadh a siùil.

13. Air bhàrr nan tonn glasa,
'S muir a' sgapadh a bùird.

14. 'S daor a cheannaich mi'n t-eòrna,
'S beag a dh'òl mi de shùgh.

15. 'S daor a cheannaich mi'n sgadan
Air a phacadh as ùr.

16. 'S daor a cheannaich mi bhranndaidh
Thàinig nall ann as ùr.

17. 'S daor a cheannaich mi 'm bàta
Rinn am bàthadh 'n an triùir.

(*Translation*)

(AIR FÀILLIRINN IÙ HO)

CHORUS: *Air fàillirinn iù ho,*
O iùilirinn o ho,
Air fàillirinn iù.

1. Sad am I (reclining) on the slope of the rocks.
2. I look over in the direction of the Sound of Mull, yet I cannot wade across.
3. Where I left my mother buried in the sod.
4. Where I left my sweetheart of the thin eyebrows and the loving eyes.
5. I see the boat sailing past, her crew methinks is feeble.
6. And if I am not mistaken, I believe that my sweetheart is at the helm.
7. Passing Islay it seems to me that her course is too far off-shore.

---

(1) I have heard the two forms sung, viz., "chéile" and "chéilidh."
(2) "fairis" instead of "thairis" is a quite common dialectic variation in Cape Breton.

71399—3

8. Passing Eigg the rocky land of the peaks.
9. Passing Coll they lost the semblance of my love.
10. Passing Ireland[3] my spouse went down to the ocean floor.
11. My dear one landed in the seaweed as she was voyaging abroad.
12. On the crest of the green waves as they twisted her sails.
13. On the crest of the grey waves, the sea slashing along her decks.
14. Dearly did I pay for the barley, little did I drink of its juice.
15. Dearly did I pay for the herring, newly-packed.
16. Dearly did I pay for the brandy that had just been stowed a-board.
17. Dearly did I pay for the boat that was the cause of drowning the three.

TAPE 165

From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira South, Cape Breton. Ten couplets of this song were also recorded from Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. This song was obviously composed in Scotland and taken over to Nova Scotia by the first Highland Scottish settlers. In the process it has not suffered a "sea-change"; indeed, it is a striking example of a very successful cultural transplant, both linguistically and musically.

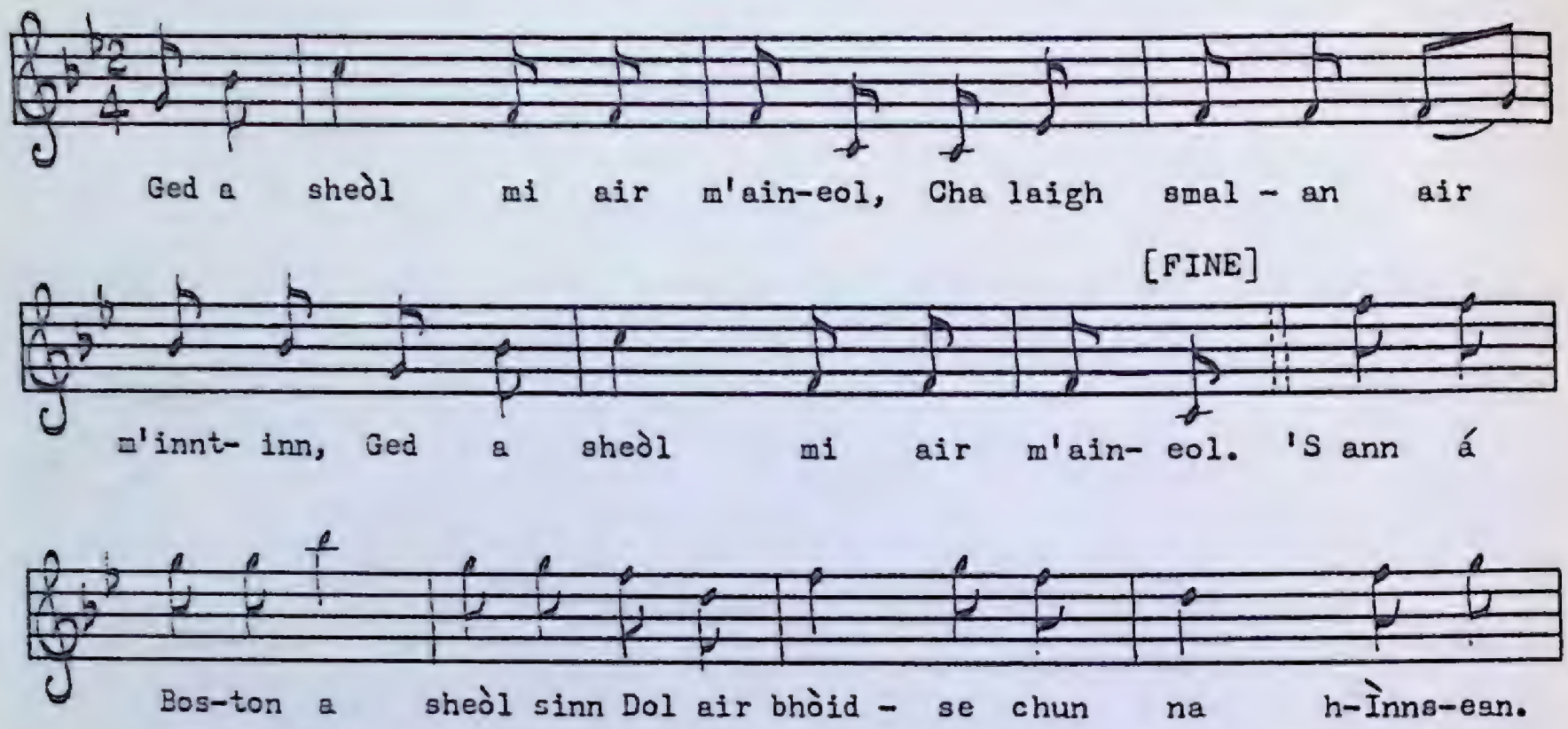
[3] The logical geographical course sequence would rather be—Eigg, Coll, Islay, and then Ireland. The Gaelic words, however, were transcribed exactly as sung on tape.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

Mira River, along whose banks singers Angus MacLellan and Lauchie Gillis have their farms.

8. GED A SHEÒL MI AIR M'AINEOL

Moderate



FONN: *Ged a sheòl mi air m'aineol,*
Cha laigh smalan air m'inntinn,
Ged a sheòl mi air m'aineol.

1. 'S ann á Boston a sheòl sinn
   Dol air bhóidse chun na h-Ìnnsean.
2. Rinn sinn còrdadh ri caiptean
   Air a' bhàrc a bha rìomhach.
3. Trì[1] là roimh 'n Nollaig
   Thàinig oirnn an droch shìde.
4. Shéid e cruaidh oirnn le frasan,
   'S clach-mheallain bha millteach.
5. Cha robh ròpa 's robh òirleach,
   'N uair reòth e nach robh trì ann.
6. Chaill sinn craiceann ar làmhan,
   'S bha ar gàirdeanan sgìth dheth.
7. Bha còignear 'n an seasamh,
   'S bha seachdnar 'n an sìneadh.
8. Trì là is trì oidhche,
   'S mi ri cuibhl' ri droch shìde.
9. Sin 'n uair labhair an caiptean,
   "Illean tapaidh na dìobraibh."

---

[1] Other variants are "ochd là" (eight days) and "for là" (on a day). This "for" may be Irish Gaelic meaning "upon."

10. "'N uair a ruigeas sibh caladh
Bidh ur drama dhuibh cinnteach".
11. Dh'fhalbh an "rigging" o'n "bhowsprit",
Leis an tonn a bha dìreadh.
12. Dh'fhalbh 'n seòl-mullaich 'n a shròicean,
Chan e spòrs a bhi 'g a ìnnse.
13. 'N uair a ruitheadh i 'm fuaradh,
'S ann a bhuanaicheadh i mìltean.
14. Tha lionn dubh air mo mhàthair,
Agus dùil aic' nach till mi.

(*Translation*)

ALTHOUGH I SAILED TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES

CHORUS: *Although I sailed to foreign countries,*
Sadness did not linger in my mind,
Although I sailed to foreign countries.

1. We sailed from Boston on a voyage to the Indies.
2. We came to an agreement with a skipper of a handsome ship.
3. Three days before Christmas bad weather descended upon us.
4. The wind blew strongly with rain-showers and stinging hail-stones.
5. When the inch-thick ropes froze they became three inches in girth.
6. We lost the skin of our hands, and our arms were tired of the struggle.
7. Five of the crew members were standing, and seven were prone.
8. I spent three days and three nights at the wheel during the storm.
9. That is when the skipper said, "Do not yield stout-hearted lads."
10. "When you reach port your dram will be certain."
11. The rigging and the bowsprit were washed away by the rising wave.
12. The top-sail was torn to shreds; it is no fun to tell about it.
13. When the ship would veer to windward she would gain many leagues.
14. My mother is dejected because she does not expect me to return.

TAPE 189

From Alex. Morrison, Marion Bridge, Cape Breton. I also recorded a similar version from D. A. MacKay, Grand River, Richmond County, Cape Breton, who declared that Roderick Morrison, Drummondville, Richmond County, was the author of this song.

9. AN TÉ A CHAILL A' GHÀIDHLIG

Andante mesto

Bha mi là air mo leab - - aidh, 'S chan ann 'n a m'chad- al

a bha mi, 'S iom-adh rud a bh'air m'air - - e Ged nach ab - air mi'n

dràsd' e, Gus an cual - a mi'n còmhradh Cùl na còmh-ladh 's a'

Ghàidh-lig; 'S ann am mionaid na h-uar-ach Bha mo chluas ris an sgàin-eadh, 'S mi aig an stòr.

Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Bha mi là air mo leabaidh,
   'S chan ann 'n a m'chadal a bhà mi,
   'S iomadh rud a bh'air m'aire
   Ged nach abair mi'n dràsd' e,
   Gus an cuala mi 'n còmhradh
   Cùl na còmhladh 's a' Ghàidhlig;
   'S ann am mionaid na h-uarach
   Bha mo chluas ris an sgàineadh,
   'S mi aig an stòr, 's mi aig an stòr.[1]

2. Bha mi sin ann 'n a m'ònar,
   'S mi gu brònach air m'aineol,
   'S mi ri smaointinn air sràid
   A ghabhail sìos feadh a' bhaile;
   'S mi ri smaointeanan brònach
   An iomadh dòigh nach gabh aithris,
   'S mi ri cumha na h-ìghneig'
   Té nam mìnshuilean mheallach,
   A rinn mo bhrath, a rinn mo bhrath.

---

[1] In Scotland, the Gaelic word for (shop) is "bùth"; "stòr" means treasure, hoard.

3. An sin chunna mi Ruairidh,
'S e bhuam fad mo sheallaidh,
'S e tighinn 'n a m'chòmhdhail
Le té cho bòidheach ri aingeal.
Cha robh fàluinn 'n a h-aodann;
Bha cuid aodaich 's an fhasan,
'S bha seudan gu boillsgeach
Air a' mhaighdinn a' lasadh,
A h-uile car, a h-uile car.

4. Gun do sheas mi le ìongnadh,
'S mi ri smaointinn car tamuill
Càit an d'fhuair e riamh eòlas
Air té cho bòidheach 's cho beartach.
'N uair a tharruing e dlùth rium
'S ann rinn mo shùilean mo mhealladh,
'S e bh'ann té mhuinntir mo dhùthcha
Chaidh thogail dlùth air tigh m'athar,
Air tighinn a mach, air tighinn a mach.

5. Labhair mise gu càirdeil,
"Ciamar tha thu, a sheann leannain?"
Gun do shìn mi mo làmh rith',
'S thuirt mi, "ghràidh, dean a crathadh."
"Bheil thu gu math 'n a d'shlàinte,
No bheil thu tàmh anns a' bhaile?
Ciamar tha d'athair 's do mhàthair,
'S a bheil mo chàirdean-sa fallain,
'S a h-uile neach, 's a h-uile neach?"

6. Fhreagair ise gu moiteil,
"You're a Scotchman, I reckon;
I don't know your Gaelic,
Perhaps you're from Cape Breton,
And I guess you're a farmer—
You're too saucy for better—
So I will not shake hands,
And I would rather at present,
Be going off, be going off.

7. Las mo ghruaidhean le tàmailt,
Ghluais m'àrdan le caise;
A thaobh cinnidh mo mhàthar
Cha robh àrach air agam;
'S o'n 's i fhéin bha gun nàire
Thàinig càil gu mo theanga,

'S thuirt mi rith' anns a' Ghàidhlig,
Gun ghuth àrd, gun droch fhacal,
Gun tuirt mi so, gun tuirt mi so.[2]

8. An cuimhne leat-sa 'n uair bhà sinn
'N ar pàisdean le chéile,
'S mise 's briogais bheag chlò orm,
'S droch bhròg an 'g a réir sin.
Thusa le d'chòta bheag dròg aid
Air a ghròbadh ri chéile,
Sin 'n uair bha thusa bòidheach
Mun mhill a' phròis do dheagh bheusan,
Mo chailin gheal, mo chailin gheal?

9. Bhiodhmaid greis feadh nan lòintean,
Cha robh bròn air ar n-aire;
'S ann bha'n samhradh 'n ar n-òige,
'S truagh, ochòin, nach do mhair e;
'S cha robh dhìth ort 's an t-saoghal
Ach mise daonnan bhi math riut,
'S tu le d'dhubhan bheag phrìne,
Falbh gu stìgeach 's an abhainn,
A' marbhadh bhreac, a' marbhadh bhreac.

10. 'N uair a bha thu 'n a d'nìgheanaig
Bha thu fìnealta, banail,
Cha robh meang ort ri fhaotainn
A thaobh aodaich no caisbheirt;
Gura mór thug mi spéis dhuit,
Cha robh mi-fhéin 'g a do mhealladh,
'S tric a bha mi 'g a d'phògadh
Air chùl a' stòbh[3] an tigh m'athar,
'S cha tuirt thu stad, 's cha tuirt thu stad.

11. Ach a nis dh'fhalbh an uair sin,
Dh'fhàs thu suarach mu m'dhéidhinn;
O'n a dh'fhàs thu 'n a d'mhnaoi uasal,
'S a thug thu dùthaich dhuit fhéin ort.
Ged a bha mise strì riut
Cha tug mi m'inntinn gu léir dhuit,
'S ann tha cruinneag mo ghràidh-sa
Ri tàladh na feudail
Am Breatainn Bheag, am Breatainn Bheag.

---

[2] Another variant of this line is "Direach mar so, direach mar so" (Just like this, just like this).

[3] A direct borrowing from English, usually masculine in Cape Breton. In this connection, Dr. John Lorne Campbell of Canna, states, "The popularity of 'MacTalla' is perhaps partly accounted for by the fact that its writers did not inflict complicated neologisms upon their readers, but borrowed the English terms. Although the frequency with which these occur is not immediately apparent, when collected together their number is really very large" (An Gàidheal, March 1948).

12. Tigh Iain Ghròta[4] gu sìorruidh,
'S mìle mialaint is mallachd
Dhuit fhéin 's dha do sheòrsa
Dh'fhàs cho pròiseil 's cho spaideil.
'N uair a thig sibh an taobh so
Bidh deis ùr oirbh is boineid;
Théid a' Ghàidhlig air chùl,
'S théid bhur cunntas mar "Yankaich",
A chinn nan creach, a chinn nan creach.

(*Translation*)

THE WOMAN WHO LOST HER GAELIC

1. One day I was in bed and I was not asleep. Many things were on my mind which I need not yet divulge. Presently, I heard talking at the back of the door-leaf, in Gaelic, and within the minute my ear was up against the door-chink in the shop, in the shop.
2. I was there all alone, feeling sad in a strange place, thinking of taking a stroll down town. My thoughts were dejected in many aspects that cannot be explained because I was lamenting the young lady of the mild and bewitching eyes who deceived me, who deceived me.
3. Then I saw Roderick approaching me from afar, coming to meet me accompanied by a lady as beautiful as an angel. There was no blemish in her face; her clothes were in fashion; and the maiden's bright jewels were sparkling as she stepped, as she stepped.
4. I stood, wonder-struck, and I meditated for a while as to where he ever became acquainted with such a beautiful and rich lady. When he came close to me I thought that my eyes were deceiving me as this was none other than a woman from my own domicile who was reared near my father's house, and who had come out here, and who had come out here.
5. I spoke kindly (and said), "How are you, my former sweetheart?" I stretched out my hand towards her, and I said, "Loved one, shake it. Are you well, and do you live in the city? How is your father and your mother; are my relatives in good health, and each person I know, and each person I know?"
6. She replied, haughtily, "You're a Scotchman, I reckon"; etc., (as in Gaelic text).
7. My cheeks flushed with reproach, my wrath swelled quickly; as far as my mother's ancestry was concerned I had no control; and

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[4] Compare the teasing expression, "Nach robh thu an t-Hirt" (I wish you were in St. Kilda). A common threat to a child is, "cuiridh mi Hirt air muin mairt thu" (I will send you to St. Kilda on a cow's back).

since the young lady herself was without shame, a marked desire came to my tongue, and I said to her, in Gaelic, without a loud voice or improper word, I said this, I said this.

8. "Do you remember when we were children together, I was dressed in short tweed trousers, and worn boots to match. You wore your short drugget coat, loosely sewn. This was the time when you were beautiful, before conceit tarnished your good manners, my radiant maid, my radiant maid.

9. "We would spend some time along the brook-banks. There would be no sadness in our thoughts, rather were we enjoying the summer of our youth, alas, ochoin, that it did not last; and all you wished in this world was that I should constantly be with you whilst you sneaked along the river with your little pin-hook, killing trout, killing trout.

10. "When a little girl, you were gentle and modest, no defect could be found regarding your dress or foot-gear. I did not deceive you. I kissed you frequently at the back of the stove in my father's house, and you did not say stop, and you did not say stop.

11. "But, now those times have gone. You have grown indifferent towards me since you became a stylish lady, and you departed to another country. Although I paid attention to you I did not concentrate completely upon you, the maiden of my love is tending cattle in Little Breton, in Little Breton.

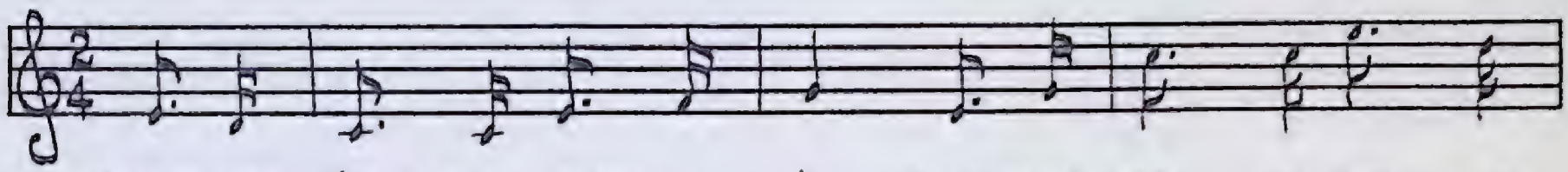
12. "May you stay in John o' Groat's House forever, and may misfortune and maledictions descend upon yourself and your kind who became so arrogant and smart. When you visit here you will be dressed in a new suit and bonnet; Gaelic will be brushed aside, and you will be called Yankees, you perpetrators of devastation, you perpetrators of devastation."

TAPE 189

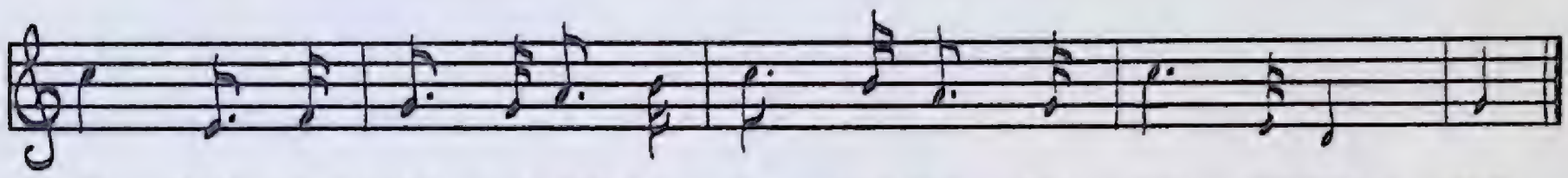
Composed by the Bard MacDearmid, North Shore, Cape Breton, c. 1880. Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Breton Cove, Cape Breton. Words recorded from Augustine MacDonald, Meat Cove, Cape Breton. A Gaelic song with the same title but with different words composed by James R. Ferguson, Boston, was published in the "Post Record Gaelic Column," Sydney.

10. FÀILL IL ÉILEADH, FÀILL IL O

Moderately fast, rhythmic



Fàill il éil - eadh, fàill il ò, First the heel and then the



toe. Pack your kits and off vou go. Hur-rah for our com-man - ders.

Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Fàill il éileadh, fàill il o.*
First the heel and then the toe.
Pack you kits, and off you go.
Hurrah for our commanders.
Murchadh Mór, an gobhainn ruadh,
Ged nach biodh aig' ach an tuagh,
Gheibh an "Kaiser" sud mu'n ghruaidh
When we go over to Flanders.

(*Translation*)

FÀILL IL ÉILEADH, FÀILL IL O

CHORUS: Fàill *il éileadh, fàill il o.*
First the heel and then the toe.
Pack your kits, and off we go.
Hurrah for our commanders.
Big Murdo, the red-haired smith,
Although he would only have an axe
Would strike it against the Kaiser's cheek
When we go over to Flanders.

TAPE 189

Known as the Flanders Great War Song. From Malcolm Gillis, Margaree, Cape Breton.

11. CAISMEACHD CHLOINN CHAMSHROIN

Moderate

téid dèon-ach fo
Chan'eil òg - an-ach treun de Chloinn Cham-shroin gu léir Nach

bhrat-aich Loch Eil, Gu buaidh no gu bàs bidh iad dìl-eas 's gach càs, Oir

géill cha d'rinn Cam-shron-ach riamh. Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pìob' a'

tigh-inn, Gu h-àrd thar monadh is ghleann; Ag-us cas cheu-man aot-rom a'
salt-airt an

fhraoich! 'S i cais-meachd Chloinn Cham shroin a th'ann! 'S i th'ann! 'S i

th'ann! 'S i cais-meachd Chloinn Cham - shroin a th'ann!

Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. Chan'eil òganach treun de Chloinn Chamshroin gu léir
   Nach téid deònach fo bhrataich Loch Eil,[1]
   Gu buaidh no gu bàs, bidh iad dìleas 's gach càs,
   Oir géill cha d'rinn Camshronach riamh.

---

[1] Kennedy sings "Eil," not "Iall," unstressed and unemphasized.

FONN: *Nach cluinn sibh fuaim na pìob' a' tighinn,*
Gu h-àrd thar monadh is ghleann;
Agus cas cheuman aotrom a' saltairt an fhraoich![2]
'S i caismeachd Chloinn Chamshroin a th'ann!
'S i th'ann!—'S i th'ann!
'S i caismeachd Chloinn Chamshroin a th'ann!

2. Gur uallach an ceum, ged tha fios aig gach treun
Gu faod e bhi màireach 's an ùir;
Ach gach àrmunn gun sgàth, théid le cheannard do'n bhlàr,
Far an dualach dhaibh buaidh agus cliù.

(*Translation*)

THE MARCH OF THE CAMERON CLAN

1. In the whole of the Cameron Clan there is not one brave youth who will not serve willingly under the banner of Lochiel. In victory or in death, they will be faithful in every circumstance, because a Cameron never yielded.

CHORUS: *Do you not hear the sounding of the bagpipe approaching, high over moorland and glen; and light footsteps tread the heather. It is the March of the Cameron Men! It is the March! . . . It is the March! It is the March of the Cameron Men!*

2. Sprightly are their steps although each one is aware that he may be under the sod to-morrow; but every hero is without fear who goes with his chief to the fray, where it was customary for them to win victory and fame.

From John Kennedy, Loch Katrine, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. Song published in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 21. Translation by the Rev. D. M'Naughton.

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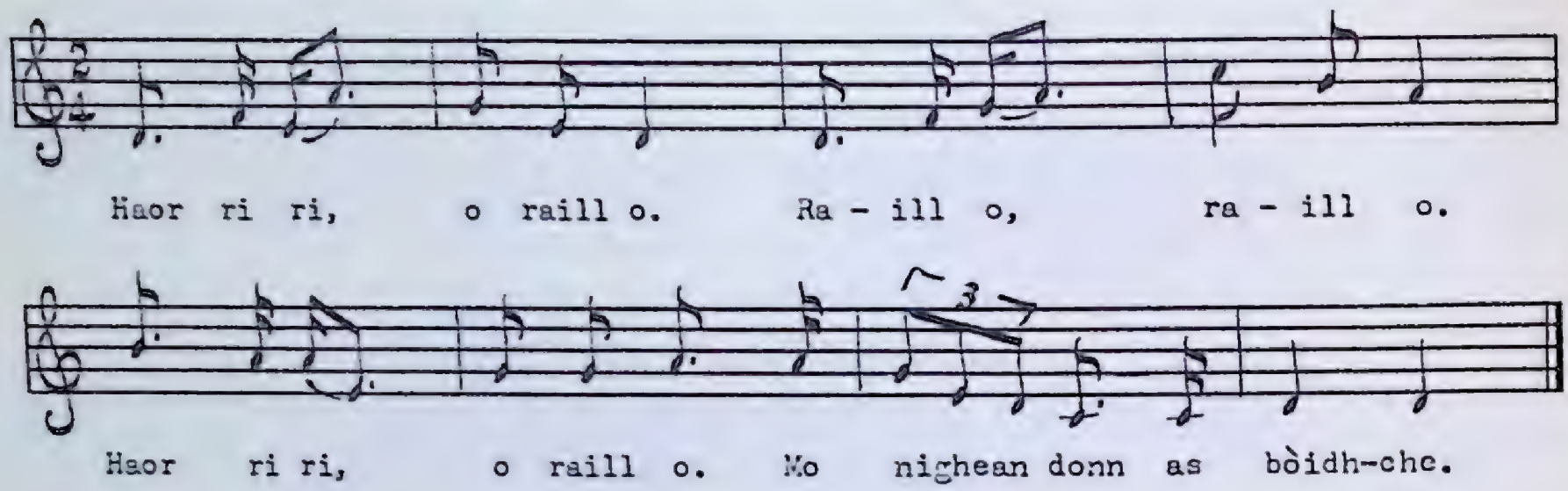
[2] Kennedy's genitive singular "fhraoich," however, is very distinct and accurate.

12. MO NIGHEAN DONN AS BÒIDHCHE



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Haor ri ri, o ràill o.*
Ràill o, ràill o.
Haor ri ri, o ràill o.
Mo nighean donn as bòidhche.

1. An oidhche bha mis' air chuan,
Shil, is shéid i, dh'fhàs i fuar;
Dhòmh-sa b'fheudar bhi dhol suas
Mo thruaighe 's gun mi eòlach.

2. Thuirst e rium a dhol dh'an chrann,
Thuirst mi-fhéin nach d'rachainn ann;
Thuirst e, "feumaidh tu dhol ann
Gur sid a gheall thu dhòmh-sa."

3. Chaidh mis' an sin suas
Rinn mi'n "topsail" chur mu'n cuairt,
'S thuirst e rium 'n uair thàin' mi nuas
Nach robh e uamhaidh bòdhach.

4. "Mur a bheil," thuirst mi-fhéin,
"So fear nach seall 'n a dhéidh;
Ged a rachadh e dh'an speur
'N a riobanan 's 'n a ròpan."

5. Théid mi sios gu ceann Loch Mhéinn?[1]
Far bheil d'athair gabhail tàimh,
'S gus a faigh mi thu air làimh
Gu bràth cha dean sinn pòsadh.

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[1] Not identified.

6. Théid mi sìos gu àit' an t-sagairt,
'S théid ar n-éigheach aig an altar,
'S mur tig sian sam bith 's an rathad
Thig sinn dhachaidh pòsda.

7. Bu ghòrach mi dar[2] thug mi dhuit mo ghaol,
Cha robh sid ach gnothach faoin;
Car 'n ar n-aghaidh bho gach taobh,
'S chan fhaod sinn a dhol còmhla.

8. 'S guma deas a rinn thu fàs
Bho mhullach do chinn gu d'shàil;
Có b'e có fear gheobh do làmh,
Gu bràth cha téid mi sheòladh.

(*Translation*)

MY MOST BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

CHORUS: *Haor ri ri, o ràill o.*
Ràill o, ràill o.
Haor ri ri, o ràill o.
My most beautiful brown-haired maiden.

1. The night I was on the ocean, it rained, it blew, and it became cold. I had to climb (the rigging), alas, I did not know much about this.

2. He told me to climb the mast; I said that I would not; he said, "you must go because that is what you promised me to do."

3. I then ascended and I turned the topsail around, and he said to me when I descended that it was not very trim.

4. "If it is not," said I, "here is a man who refuses to look after it although it would go up into the heavens in ribbons and ropes."

5. I will go down to the head of Loch Meinn where your father resides, and until I get your hand we will never be married.

6. I will go down to the priest's house, and our wedding-banns will be called at the altar, and provided there are no obstacles in our path, we will come home married.

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(2) "dar" instead of " 'n uair" is not too frequently heard in Cape Breton Gaelic, meaning "when."

7. I was foolish when I gave you my love, it was a futile affair at best. There were obstructions against us from every side so that we could not unite.

8. You grew up, well-proportioned, from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet; whoever may gain your hand,[3] I will, certainly, never go sailing again.

TAPE 172

From Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacMaster, Port Hastings, Cape Breton. Recorded in 1956. When singing duets this couple use a handkerchief and join hands in the swing. A variant of this song was also recorded from James D. Gillis, Lake Ainslie, Cape Breton. Mr. Gillis is now 91 years of age. His published works include "The Cape Breton Giant," "Modern English," "The Great Election," "A Brief Sketch of my Life," "A Maritime Life," "The Pie Social," and "My Palestine Pilgrimage." In cartography, he produced the "Cape Breton Author's Map of the World," a four-pole map completed in 1905.

[3] In the James D. Gillis variant, the poet states that an Englishman is her present suitor, and that he may finally succeed in marrying her.

13. O, TEANNAIBH DLÙTH IS TOGAIBH FONN

Moderate

O, teann-aibh dlùth is tog- aibh fonn, Mo

chridh-e trom air m'ain-eol, 'S mi fad' o eil - - - ean

nan damh donn, 'S bho thìr nan gleann 's nan gall-an.

Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *O, teannaibh dlùth is togaibh fonn,*
Mo chridhe trom air m'aineol,
'S mi fad' o eilean[1] *nan damh donn,*
'S bho thìr nan gleann 's nan gallan.

1. O! beir an t-soraidh so nis bhuam
Thar chuain[2] is chruaich[2] is bheannaibh
A dh'ionnsaigh Muile nam beann fuar',
O! Eilean uaine bharraich.

2. Och a rìgh! nach mi bha thall
An tìr nan gleann 's nam bealach,
Tìr nan craobh 's i tìr mo ghaoil,
Nan lagan fraoich 's an raithneach.

3. O sid na glinn 's am faighte 'n aoidh,
'S na roinn chum taobh na mara,
'S tha luchd mo ghaoil-s' an diugh ma sgaoil,
'S an t-àit' fo chaoraich Shasuinn.

4. 'S tha'n diugh gun tigh, gun sgrath, gun chruib,
Gun chloich os cionn na starsann,[3]
Tha leac-an-teinntein air fàs fuar
Le coinneach ruadh tighinn fairis.

---

(1) "Eilean" is pronounced "eileinn" in this particular sector of Cape Breton.
(2) [Sic], exactly as on tape. Such accurate genitives are unusual.
(3) Instead of "stairsnich."

5. Gur truagh a' Ghàidhlig bhi 'n a càs
O'n dh'fhalbh na Gàidheil a bh'againn;
A ghineil òig tha tighinn 'n an àit'
O togaibh àrd a bratoch.[4]

(*Translation*)

O, SIT CLOSER AND LET US SING A SONG

CHORUS: *O, sit closer and let us sing a song,*
My heart is dejected in a strange land,
I am far away from the island of the brown stags,
And from the land of the glens and saplings.

1. O, bear this greeting from me now over ocean, rounded hills, and bens, to Mull of the cold mountains, O green island of the birch trees.

2. Och, O God! I wish that I was over there in the land of the dales and mountain-gorges; the land of the trees is my own dear land with heather-hollows amongst the bracken.

3. O, these are the valleys of kindness especially in the districts beside the sea. My loved ones have now departed, and their homes are under English sheep-runs.

4. There is no house, roof-thatch, upright beam, or threshold-stone to be seen these days. The hearth has become cold, and red moss grows over it.

5. It is a pity that Gaelic is in such a precarious state since the departure of the Gaels we knew. O, youthful race that has replaced them, unfurl the (Gaelic) banner to its maximum height.

Library of Congress, Disc No. 195 A.

From John Neil Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. Compare version published in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 100.

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[4] As in Lewis Gaelic. It is a fairly frequent form in Cape Breton.

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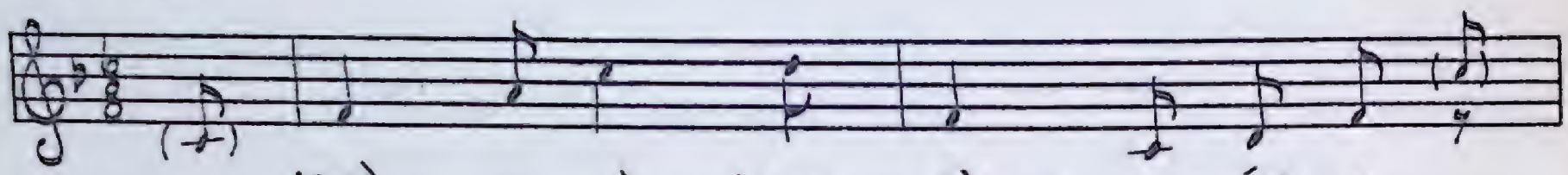
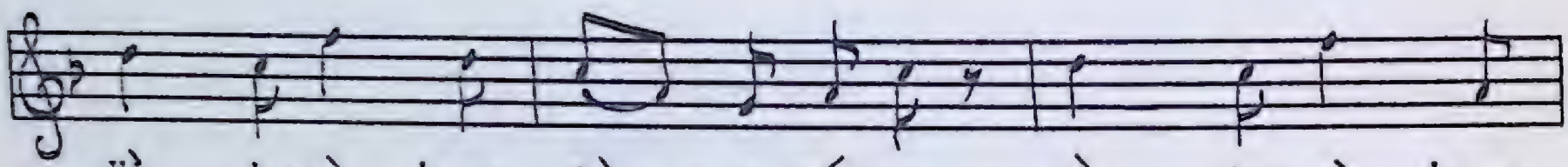
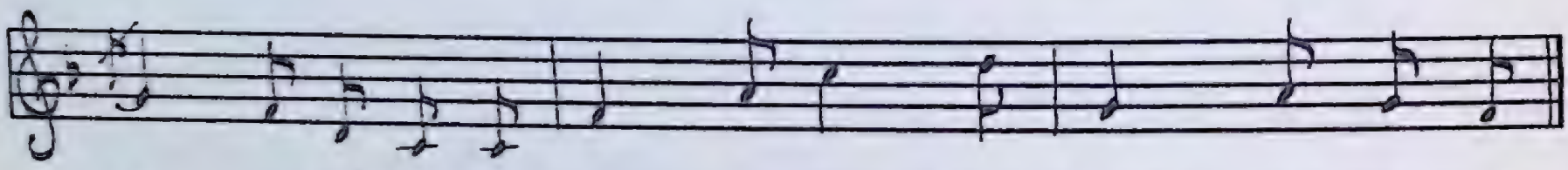
14. HI HORÒ 'S NA HÒRO H-ÉILE

Moderate







Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *'S hi horò 's na hòro h-éile,*
Hi horò 's na hòro h-éile,
Hi horò 's na hòro h-éile,
Gur tu mo luaidh 's ri m'bheò cha cheil mi.

1. 'N uair a bha mi'm chaileig ghòraich,
Thug mi gaol is gràdh dh'an òigear
Aig a bheil a' phearsa bhòdhach;
'S cha ghràdhaich mi ri m'bheò fear eile.

2. 'S o miar as grinn' le peann a sgrìobhas,
'S a thogas gleus air teudan fìdhle;
'S e do cheòl a thogadh m'inntinn,
'N uair a bhithinn sgìth fo smalan.

3. Chaithis[1] mi choill nan crann 's nan gallan;
Chuir mi sùil am fiùran maiseach—
'S ann an Glasacho nam bùthan
A thug mi rùn do'n diùlach fearail.

4. Ach tha mis' an dùil 's an dòchas
Gun tig an là 's am bi sinn còmhla;
'S ma bhios tusa dìleas dhòmh-sa,
Cha ghràdhaich mi ri m'bheò fear eile.

---

[1] In Colonsay and Tiree, Inner Hebrides, Scotland, the final -dh- in "chaidh" becomes, -ch. In Cape Breton it apparently becomes, -this.

(*Translation*)

HI HORÒ 'S NA HÒRO H-ÉILE

CHORUS: *'S hi horò 's na hòro h-éile,*
Hi horò 's na hòro h-éile,
Ho horò 's na hòro h-éile,
You are my love and as long as I live I will not conceal the fact.

1. When I was a foolish young girl, I gave my love and affection to the youth of handsome person; and never will I love anybody else.

2. And O those fingers that make a pen write so neatly, and that tune the fiddle; your music would uplift my mind when I would be weary, under sadness.

3. I travelled in the forest of the trees and saplings; I cast an eye on the handsome youth . . . It was in Glasgow of the shops that I gave my love to the manly hero.

4. But I live in expectation and hope that the day will come when we will be united; and if you remain faithful to me, I will never love another man.

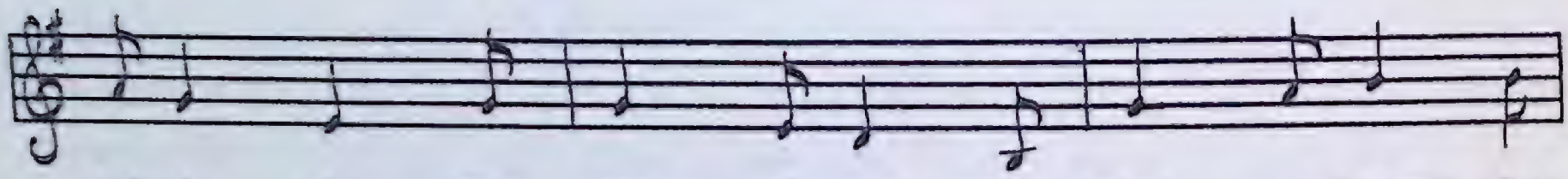
Library of Congress, Disc No. 195 B.

From John Neil Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. *See* version in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 2.

15. AN T-ALLTAN DUBH

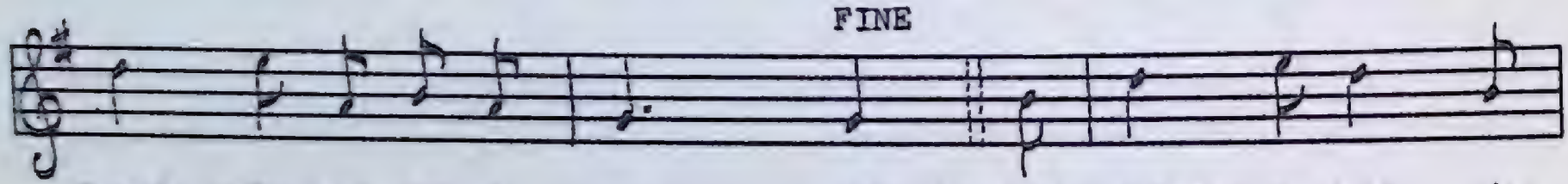
Moderately fast

Tha'n dìl' an diugh 's an allt - an dubh, 'S nach urr - ainn mi dhol

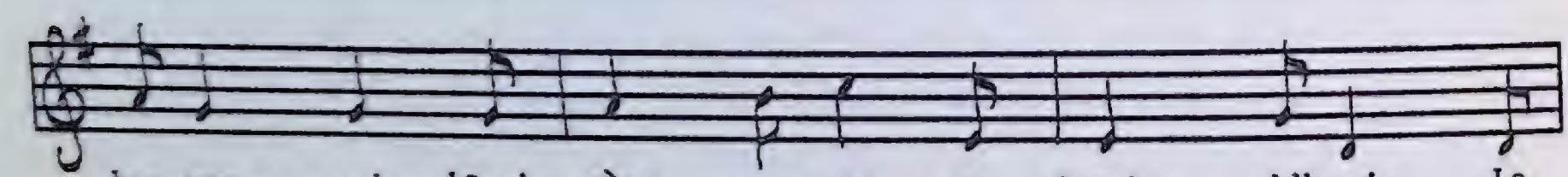


fair-is air. Tha eag - al orm aig miad an t-sruth Nach

FINE



fhaigh mi'n di- ugh a nunn air. 'S tha'n t-allt- an dubh cho



bag-arr - - ach, 'S e'n dùil gun till e dhach - aidh mi; Le

D.C.

thur - ar-aich 's le aid - each-adh, Le bhag - art-aich 's le bhùir - ich.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Tha'n dìl'*[1] *an diugh 's an alltan dubh,*
'S nach urrainn mi dhol fairis[2] *air.*
Tha eagal orm aig miad an t-sruth
Nach fhaigh mi'n diugh a nunn air.

1. 'S tha'n t-alltan dubh cho bagarrach,
'S e'n dùil gun till e dhachaidh mi;
Le thùraraich 's le aideachadh[3] (thartaraich),
Le bhagartaich 's le bhùirich.

---

(1) "lighe" (f), flood, spate, seems to be the original word in this case.
(2) "fairis" for "thairis" is common in Cape Breton Gaelic.
(3) "aideachadh" is actually what the reciter said on tape.

2. Chì mi na daimh chràiceach thall
'S an lagan far am b'àbhaist dhaibh;
'S nan tiginn uair mun dàna mi
Gum biodh iad gann[4] 's a' chunntas.

3. Saoil thu fhéin a Fhionnlaigh
An gléidh thu dhòmh-s' do ghealltanas,
Ma gheibh sinn fair an alltan so,
An toll thu fear de'n triùir ann?

4. 'S tha seachd bliadhn' is tamull ann
O'n thug mi a Strath-charrann thu;
'S i Nic-an-t-saoir a cheannaich thu,
'S chan aithreach leam an cùmhnant.

5. 'S thuirt Mòrag 's i a' freagairt rium,
"Na cuireadh sin bonn-eagail ort.
Nach fhaigh sinn fear as treasa dhiubh
Ma fhreagras do chuid fùdair."

(*Translation*)

THE LITTLE BLACK BROOK

CHORUS: *There is a spate today in the little black brook,*
And I cannot go across it.
I fear that because of the strength of the current
I will not be able to traverse it today.

1. And the little brook is so threatening, expecting that it will turn me back home; with its rumbling and its bustling, its denouncing and its babbling.

2. I see the antlered stags over there in their usual hollow; if I had arrived an hour before I came, they would have decreased in number.

3. Do you really think, Finlay, that you will keep your promise to me, if we get over this brook, will you put a hole in one of the three (stags) there?

4. Seven years and a little more have gone since I took you from Strath-carron. It was Miss Macintyre who bought you, and I do not regret the bargain.

---

[4] Other variant has "Cha bhiodh iad slàn 's a' chunntas" (their number would not be complete).

5. Marion said in reply to me, "Do not allow that to give you cause for alarm. We will surely get the strongest one if your powder is suitable."

Library of Congress, Disc No. 196 A.

From John Neil Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. This song was also published in the "Sydney Post-Record Gaelic Column."

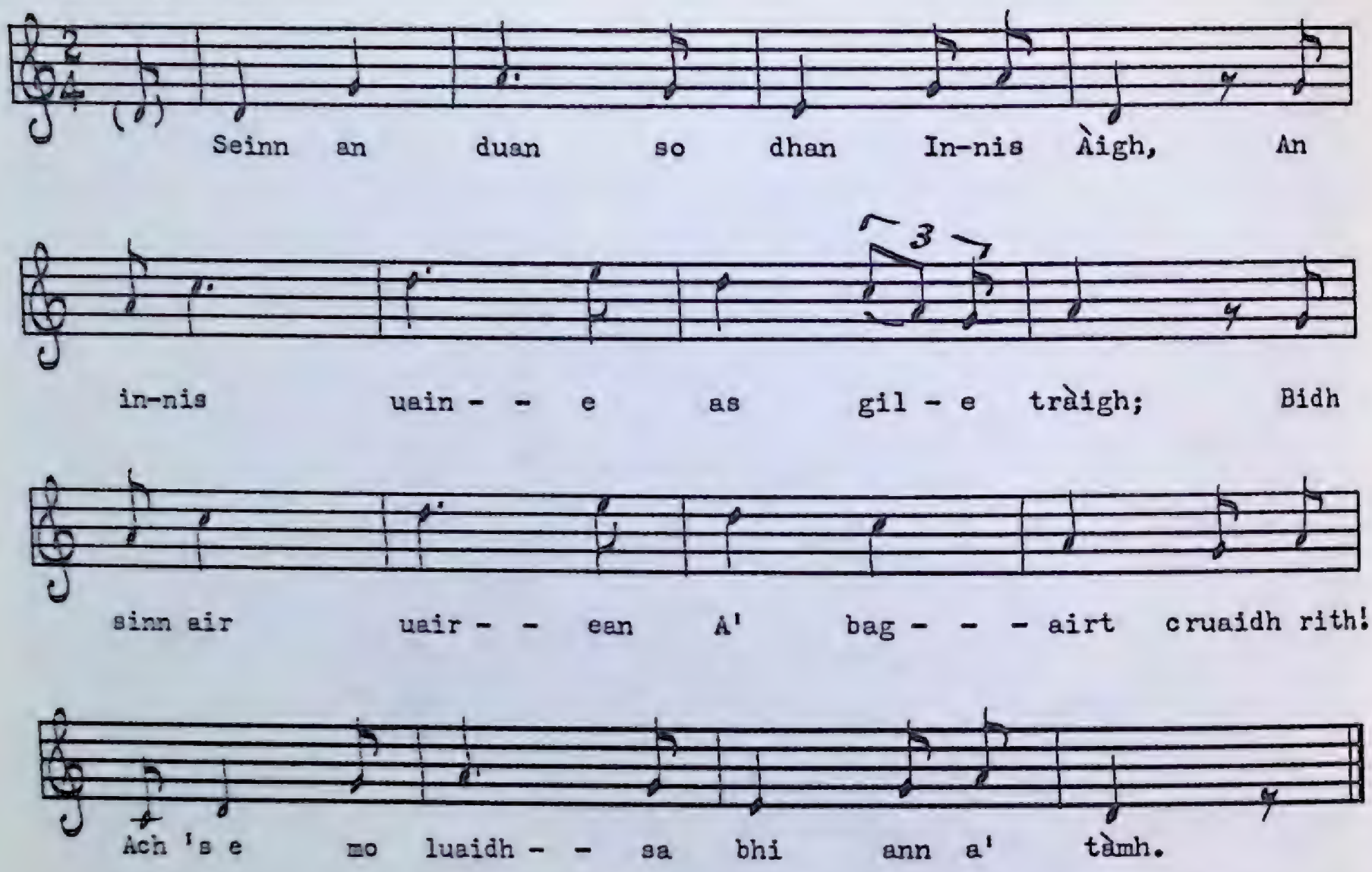
This song appears in "Òrain nam Beann," by Angus Morrison, with pianoforte accompaniment by C. R. Baptie.

(Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service)

Major Calum MacLeod adjudicating highland dancing at Pugwash.

16. AN INNIS ÀIGH

Moderate, in free time



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. Seinn an duan so dhan Innis Àigh,
   An innis uaine as gile tràigh;
   Bidh sian air uairean
   A' bagairt cruaidh rith',
   Ach 's e mo luaidh-sa bhi ann a' tàmh.

2. Càit an tràith' an tig samhradh caomh?
   Càit an tràith' a thig blàth air craobh?[1]
   Càit as bòidhche
   'S an seinn an smeòrach
   Air bhàrr nan ògan 's an Innis Àigh?

3. Tiugainn leam-sa chun na tràigh',
   'S an fheasgar chiùin-ghil aig ám an làin,
   'S chì thu'm bòidhchead,
   'S an liuthad seòrsa
   De dh'eòin tha còmhnuidh an Innis Àigh.

---

[1] [Sic], as on tape. "ao" diphthong rhyme takes precedence over dative, "craoibh."

4. An t-iasg as fiachaile, dlùth do'n tràigh,
Is ann m'a chrìochan is miann leis tàmh,
Bidh gillean easgaidh
Le dorgh is lìontan
Moch, moch 'g a iarraidh mu Innis Àigh.

5. 'S ged théid mi cuairt chun an taoibh ud thall,
'S mi'n dùil air uairibh gu fan mi ann,
Tha tàladh uaigneach
Le teas nach fuaraich
'G a m'tharruing buan do'n Innis Àigh.

6. O, 's gearr an ùine gu'n teirig là,
Thig an oidhche 's gun iarr mi tàmh,
Mo chadal buan-sa
Bidh e cho suaimhneach,
Ma bhios mo chluasag 's an Innis Àigh.

(*Translation*)

THE HAPPY ISLAND

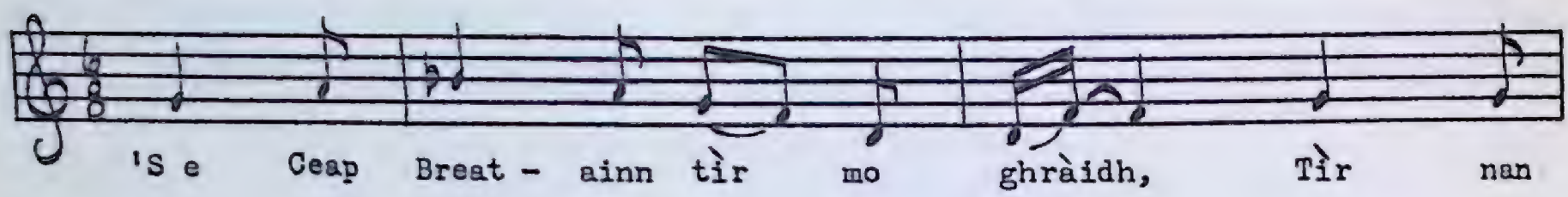
1. Sing this song to the Happy Island, the green island of white beaches; storms sometimes attack it severely, nevertheless I love to live there.
2. Where does sweet summer arrive earlier? Where does blossom burgeon on tree earlier? Where does the thrush sing more beautifully on the young branch-tips than in the Happy Island?
3. Come with me to the beach on a still, fine evening at high tide, and you will see the beauty and many species of birds that nest in the Happy Island.
4. The most valuable inshore fish prefers to remain around your boundaries. Nimble lads with handlines and nets go a-fishing near the Happy Island.
5. And although I go for a trip to that country-side over there, thinking that I may remain there, some secret enticement with a fever-heat that refuses to cool, draws me relentlessly towards the Happy Island.
6. O short is the time until the day fades, when night falls, and I ask for rest; my eternal slumber will be so tranquil if my pillow is placed in the Happy Island.

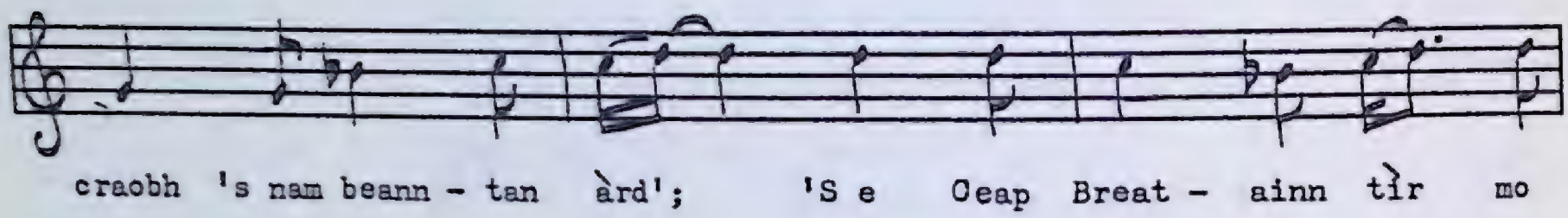
Library of Congress, Disc No. 196 B.

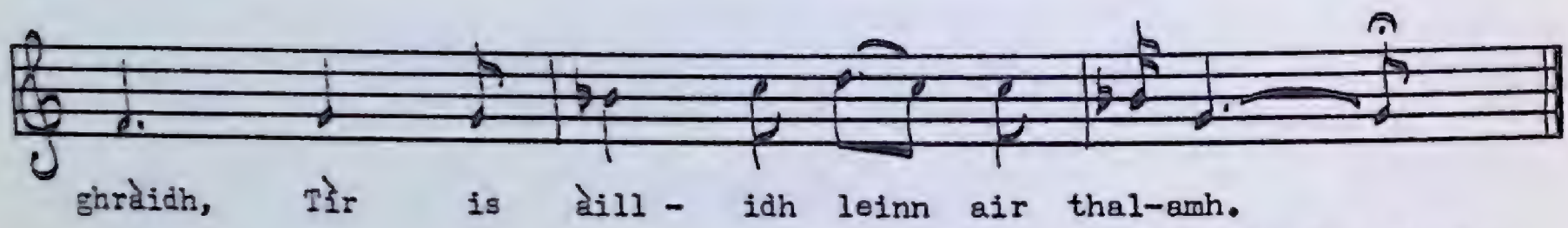
From John Neil Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. Composed by Angus MacLellan, Margaree Island, Cape Breton (Aonghus Iain 'ic Iain, 'ic Chaluim) (Angus John son of John son of Malcolm). MacLellan was the lighthouse-keeper on that island. His grandfather came from Morar, Scotland. The version of this song published in "Smeòrach nan Cnoc 's nan Gleann," p. 137–8, has nine verses.

17. ÒRAN DO CHEAP BREATAINN

Moderate







Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,*
Tìr nan craobh, 's nam beanntan àrd';
'S e Ceap Breatainn tìr mo ghràidh,
Tìr is àillidh leinn air thalamh.

1. 'S bho'n a tha mi anns an ám,
Còmhnaidh ann an tìr nam beann;
'S gad[1] a tha mo Ghàidhlig gann,
Ni mi rann do thìr nan gleannan.

2. Àit' as maisich' tha fo'n ghréin,
Smeòraich[2] seinn air bhàrr nan geug;
Gobhlain-gaoithe cluich ri chéil',
'S an nead' gléidhte fo na ceangail.

3. Feasgar foghair ám an fheòir,
'N uair a dhùnadh oirnn na neòil;
Ceò na mara tighinn 'n a thòrr,
'S e 'n a sgleò air bhàrr nam beannan.

---

[1] "gad" instead of "ged" is a frequent form in Inverness County, C.B. In Old Irish Gaelic it is "cid"; e.g., "Cid fáilte adcot-sa is du-n-gneu" (Although it be joy that I obtain). In the MacNicol MS., it appears thus:
"Gu raibh mi m'dheo-laoch air bheirt eile
GAD ha mi m'sheann Laoch san Lathas." (I was a doughty warrior of a different sort, though I am an old man (lit. "warrior") now.)

[2] "smeòrach," thrush, mavis, is actually a robin in Cape Breton Gaelic.

4. 'N uair théid a' ghrian dhan àird an iar,
'S a thig an dealt air an fhiar;
'S binne leam guth nan ian,
Seinn cho dian air bhàrr nam meangan.

5. Chluinnte "bellichean" le gliong,
Air a' chrodh ri taobh a' ghlinn';
'S na laoigh òga stigh 's na tuim,
'S iad fo chuing na cuileig seangaich.

6. Anns a' gheamhradh, ám an fhuachd,
Ám nam bainnsean, ám nan luadh;
Chluinnte gillean air cléith-luaidh,
'S gruagaich' le guth' cruaidh 'g an leanaid.[3]

7. 'N uair bhiodh am fùcadh ullamh, réidh,
Chuirt' an fhidheall sin air ghleus;
Dhannsamaid air ùrlar réidh,
Gur e "Cabar Féidh" bu mhath leinn.

8. Chìte cailleach ghasda, chòir,
Tighinn mu'n cuairt a thomhas a' chlò;
An cromadh aice air a dòrn,
'S cha robh dòigh ac' air a mealladh.

9. 'S e chuir mise nochd fo bhròn,
Cuimhneachadh air làithean m'òig';
Feadhainn a bhiodh leinn ri spòrs,
Gu bheil cuid diubh nach'eil maireann.

10. 'S ged a dh'fhalbh a' chuid sin bhuainn,
Chaithis[4] iad dhan dachaidh bhuan;
Ann am pàileas Rìgh an t-sluaigh,
Far'eil eòlas[5], (sòlas), buan bhios maireann.

11. Am Framboise fhuair mi m'àrachd òg,
Ann an nàbachd Chloinn Mhic Leòid;
'S tric bha sinn ri mir' is spòrs,
Làithean sòlasach nach maireann.

12. Chan urrainn dhòmh-sa leth dhuibh ìnns',
Na tha mhaisealachd 's an tìr;
Stadaidh mi bho'n tha mi sgìth,
Beannachd leibh, is oidhche mhath leibh.

---

(3) Dialectic.
(4) Dialectic.
(5) [*Sic*], as sung by reciter, but, "sòlas" is the word.

(*Translation*)

CAPE BRETON IS THE LAND OF MY LOVE

CHORUS: *Cape Breton is the land of my love, the land of trees and high mountains. Cape Breton is the land of my love; we deem it the most beautiful land on earth.*

1. Since I am, at this time, living in the land of the mountains; and although my Gaelic is meagre, I will compose a verse to the land of the glens.

2. The most beautiful place under the sun, thrushes sing on the tips of the branches. Swallows play with one another, with their nests secure underneath the rafters.

3. On an Autumn evening, at hay-making time, when the clouds close in upon us, as the sea mist unfurls in banks spreading a film over the peaks of the mountains.

4. When the sun sets in the West, and the dew covers the grass, melodious to me is the warbling of the birds singing eagerly on the tips of the branches.

5. The tinkling of cow-bells may be heard on the glen-slope, and the young calves may be seen clustering amongst the hillocks under the bondage of hungry flies.

6. In cold Winter, the time for weddings and for milling frolics, young men may be heard at the fuller's hurdle, whilst the maidens follow them, singing with clear voices.

7. When the fulling would be complete and in order, the fiddle would then be tuned; dancing would then take place on a smooth floor; "Cabar Feidh" would be our favourite tune.

8. An affable, kindly old lady would be seen making her visit to measure the cloth. She would measure with the full middle finger of her fist, and there was no means by which they could deceive her.

9. To-night, I am sad thinking about the days of my youth, and those people who used to be with us making fun; some of them are no longer living.

10. Although these people have departed from us, they went to their eternal home; in the palace of the King of hosts where there is everlasting happiness.

11. I was reared in my youth, in Framboise, in the neighbourhood of the Clan MacLeod. Many a time we were joyful and sportive in the happy days that are no more.

12. I cannot describe to you even the half-measure of beauty that exists in the land. I will conclude because I am tired; blessings be with you and good-night.

Library of Congress, Disc No. 196 A.

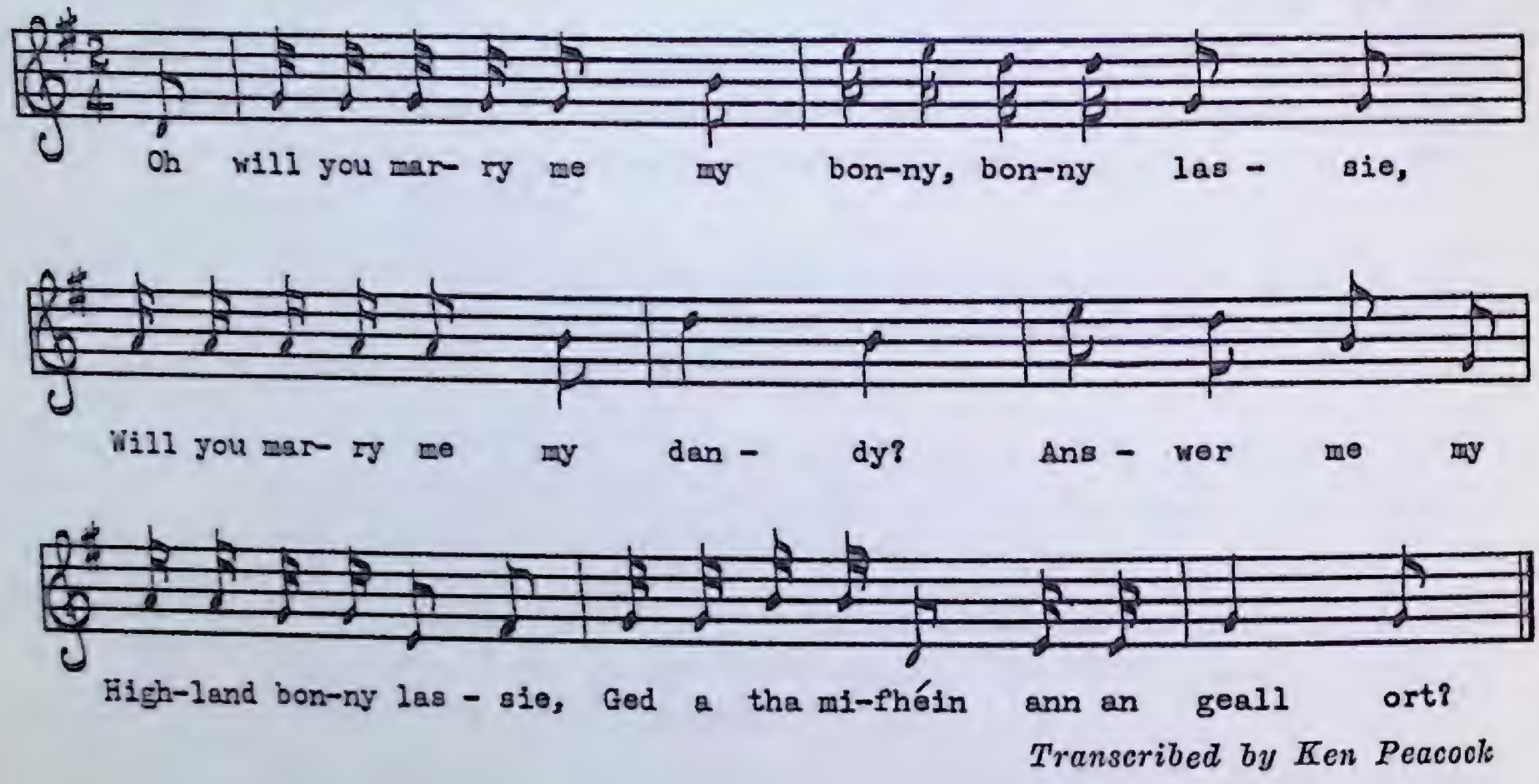
From John Neil Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. Composed by Dan Alex. MacDonald, Framboise, Richmond County, Cape Breton. The original song has thirteen verses, I believe. The missing verse begins "Chan urrainn domh-sa chur air doigh," etc. The reciter, in this case, raised his voice during his singing of the last verse.

18. O WILL YOU MARRY ME?

(*Milling Frolic Song*)

Very fast

sung by Mrs. Dan Livingstone,
Halifax, N.S.



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

O will you marry me
My bonny, bonny lassie,
O will you marry me my dandy,
O answer me my Highland bonny lassie,
Ged a tha mi-fhéin ann an geall ort?

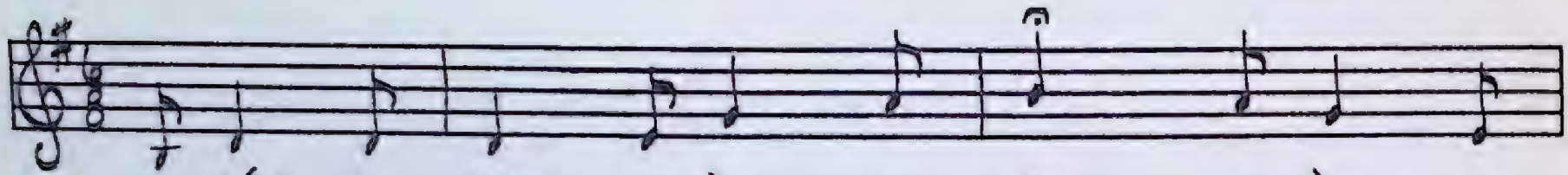
TAPE 62

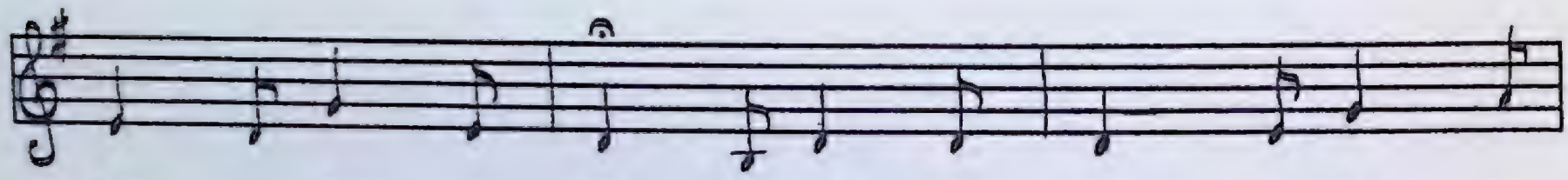
From Mrs. Dan Livingstone, Boulardarie, Cape Breton. The last line means, "Although I am very fond of you."

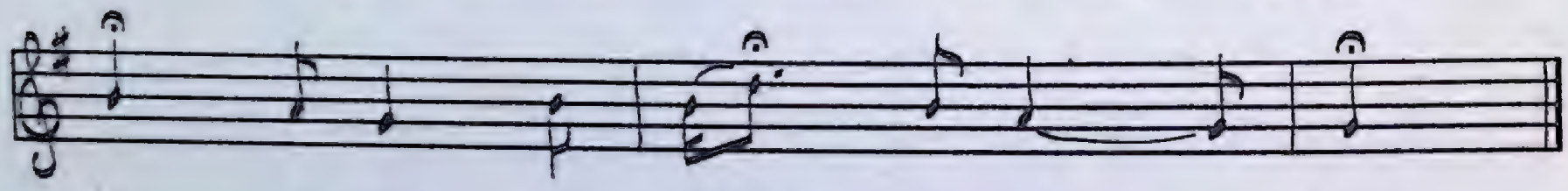
19. AN TÉID THU LEAM, A RÌGHINN ÒG?

Moderate

sung by Rev. J. D. MacDonald,
Woodlawn, N.S.







Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *An téid thu leam, a rìghinn*[1] *òg,*
A rìghinn òg, a rìghinn òg,
An téid thu leam a rìghinn òg,
A null do thìr nam beanntan?

1. Chì thu'n ròs a' fàs fo'n driùchd,
'S a' mhil ag éirigh suas 'n a smùid,
Bidh eòin nan geug a' seinn duinn ciùil
Le sunnd an tìr nam beanntan.

2. Chì thu'n gleann 's an robh mi òg,
'N uair bha mo chridhe maoth gun ghò,
Mun d'fhuair mi còlas riamh air bròn,
No leòn an tìr nam beanntan.

3. Chì thu creagan gruamach àrd,
Na neòil a' sguabadh air am bàrr,
Bidh fuaim nan allt a' ruith le gàir,
Gu tràigh an tìr nam beanntan.

---

[1] "gh" rather than "bh" in pronunciation. Professor Donald MacKinnon held that "rìbhinn" was a mistake for "rìghinn," which is suggested for "rìghbhean" in Irish Gaelic.

4. Chì thu òighean bòidheach, ciùin,
Chaidh àrach ann an glinn mo rùin,
Gu maiseach, fìnealt', glan gun smùr,
Cho ùr an tìr nam beanntan.

5. Gheibh thu càirdeas, blàths, is mùirn,
Is chì thu caoibhneas anns gach sùil,
Tha iochd is bàigh a' snàmh an gnùis
Gach dùil tha'n tìr nam beanntan.

6. Tìr nam fiùran fearail, fial.
Nach tug cùl ri nàmhaid riamh,
Bidh cliù, cho fad 's a dh'éireas grian,
Air iarmad tìr nam beanntan.

7. Ged chaidh an sgaoileadh anns gach cearn,
Air feadh gach tìr mu'n iadh an sàl,
Bidh cuimhn' aca le aigne blàth,
Gu bràth air tìr nam beanntan.

(*Translation*)

WILL YOU GO WITH ME, YOUNG MAIDEN?

CHORUS: *Will you go with me, young maiden, young maiden, young maiden; will you go with me, young maiden, over to the land of the mountains?*

1. You will see the rose growing under the dew, and honey ascending in vapour-mist. The birds on the branches will sing spirited music for us in the land of the mountains.

2. You will see the glen where I was young, when my heart was tender without guile, before I ever knew sorrow or affliction in the land of the mountains.

3. You can see gloomy, high rocks with clouds brushing over their peaks. You can hear the noise of the brooks as they course resoundingly towards the sea-shore in the land of the mountains.

4. You can see beautiful, quiet-spoken maidens who were reared in the glens of my love; who are handsome, elegant, pure without blemish, and so unsophisticated, in the land of the mountains.

5. You can receive friendship, warmth, and respect, and you can see kindness in every eye. Compassion and affection swim in the countenance of every person who lives in the land of the mountains.

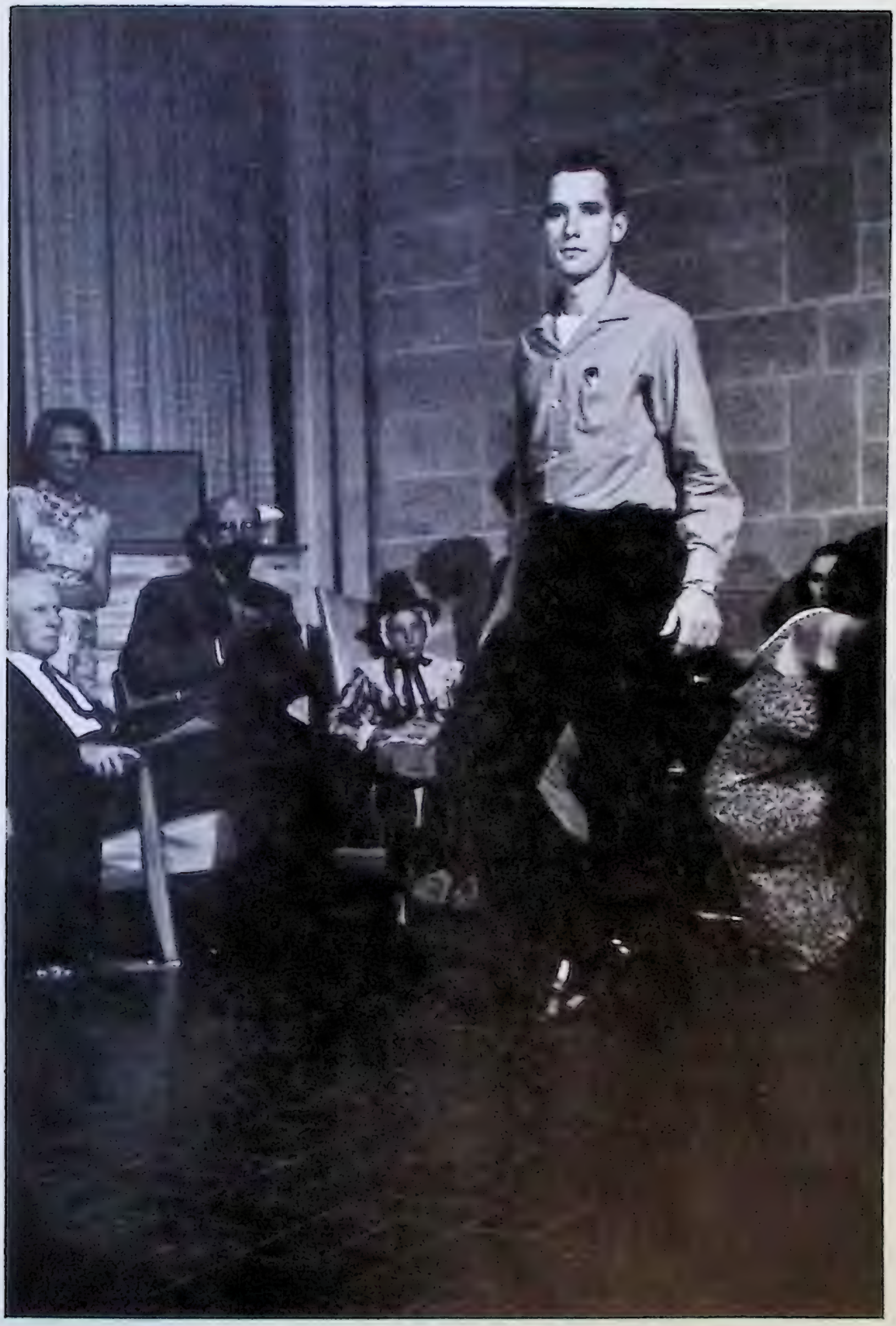
71399—5½

6. The land of the manly and generous heroes who never ever turned their backs on the enemy. As long as the sun rises, their posterity will be respected in the land of the mountains.

7. Although they have been dispersed into every corner of the earth, throughout every country surrounded by the sea, they will always remember with a warm affection the land of the mountains.

TAPE 63

From the Rev. J. D. Nelson MacDonald, Middle River, Cape Breton. Compare version in "Clàrsach an Doire," p. 54–55, which has eight verses originally composed by Neil MacLeod, the Skye Bard. Mr. MacDonald is a fluent preacher in Gaelic. He can read and write the language with ease, therefore, his most accurate rendition of this song, on tape, was expected.

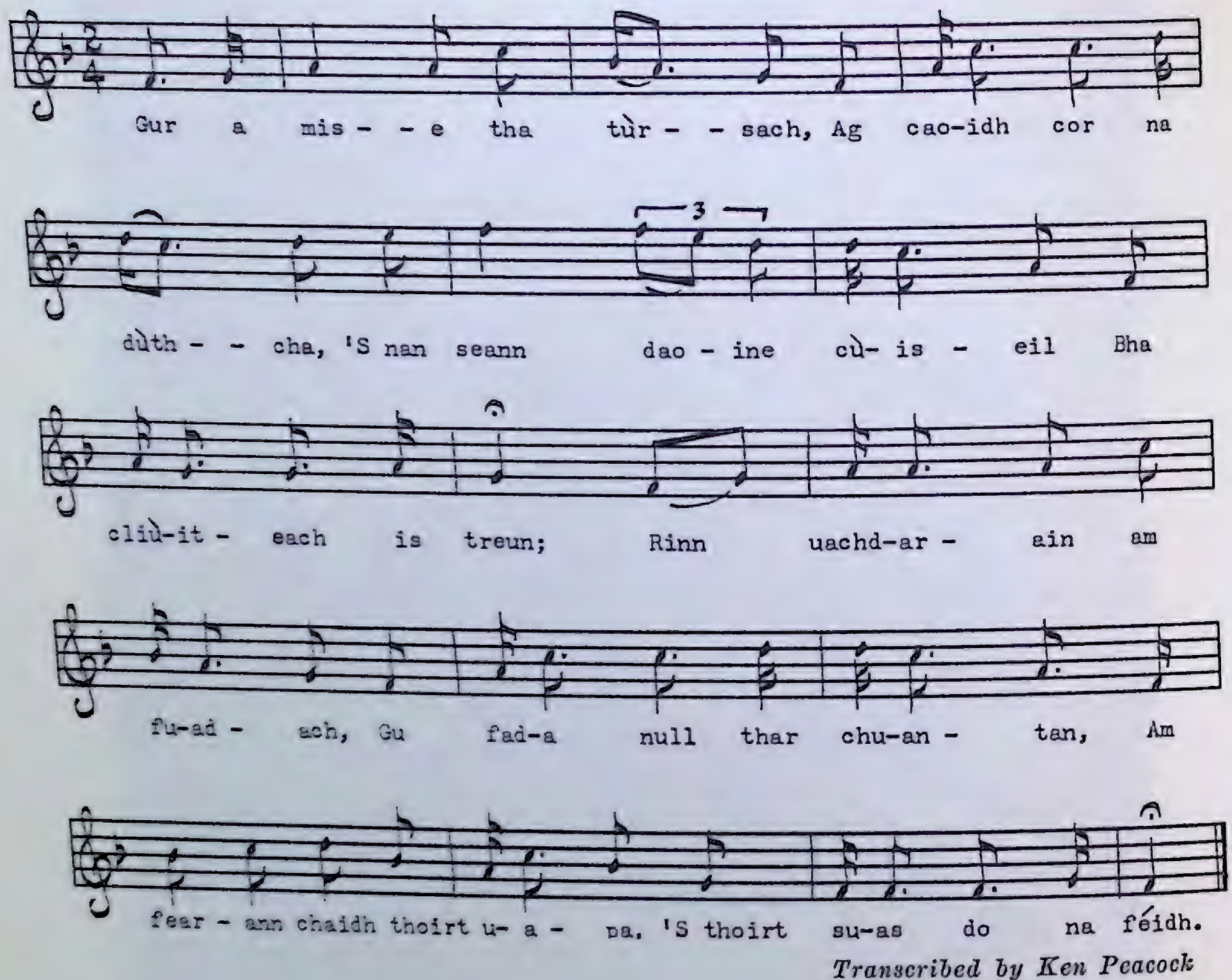


Harvey MacKinnon step-dancing at the International Folk Music Council's meeting in Quebec. *Left to right*: George Coutts, Toronto; Barbara Cass-Beggs, Winnipeg; Richard Johnston, Toronto.

20. FUADACH NAN GÀIDHEAL

Moderate

sung by Rev. J. D. MacDonald,
Woodlawn, N.S.



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. Gur a mise tha tùrsach,
   Ag caoidh cor na dùthcha,
   'S nan seann daoine cùiseil
   Bha cliùiteach is treun;
   Rinn uachdarain am fuadach,
   Gu fada null thar chuantan,
   Am fearann chaidh thoirt uapa,
   'S thoirt suas do na féidh.

2. 'S e sud a' chulaidh-nàire,
   Bhi faicinn dhaoine làidir,
   "'G am fuadach thar sàile
   Mar bhàrrlach gun fheum";

'S am fonn a bha àlainn,
Chaidh chur fo chaoirich bhàna,
Tha feanntagach 's a' ghàradh,
'S an làrach fo fheur.

3. Far an robh móran dhaoine
Le 'm mnathan is le'n teaghlaich,
Chan'eil ach caoraich-mhaola
Ri fhaotainn 'n an àit',
Chan fhaicear air a' bhuailidh[1]
A' bhanarach le buaraich,
No idir an crodh guaillfhionn,
'S am buachaille bàn.

4. Tha'n uiseag anns na speuran,
A' seinn a luinneig ghleusda,
'S gun neach ann 'g a h-éisdeachd,
'N uair dh'éireas i àrd;
Cha till, cha till na daoine,
Bha cridheil agus aoibhneil,[2]
Mar mholl air latha gaothaidh,[3]
Chaidh 'n sgaoileadh gu bràth.

(*Translation*)

THE EVICTION OF THE HIGHLANDERS

1. Sad am I mourning for the state of the country, and the old, scrupulous people who were worthy and courageous. Landlords evicted them far over the seas; their lands were taken from them, and given up to the deer.

2. It was, indeed, an object of shame to see strong people being evicted over the ocean like a useless tramp, and Cheviot sheep being placed to graze on the beautiful land. There are nettles in the garden, and the ruins are covered with grass.

3. Where there used to be many people with their women-folk and families, there are now only hornless sheep to be found in their place. No longer do you see the milk-maid with her spancel, or even the white-shouldered cattle and the fair-haired herdsman.

---

(1) An old dative case still used in Cape Breton.
(2) Dialectic variation.
(3) Seems to be used in the adjectival sense; "gaoithe" is the original word.

4. The lark is in the firmament singing its tuneful song, yet nobody is present to listen to her when she ascends the heights. The people will never return, never return, who were hearty and cheerful. They have been dispersed for ever like chaff on a windy day.

TAPE 63

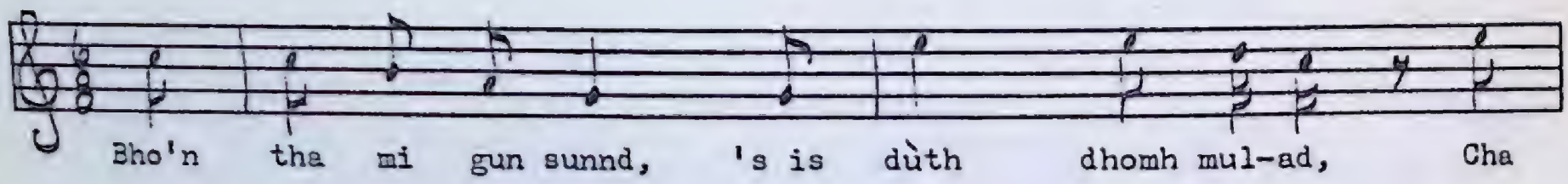
From the Rev. J. D. N. MacDonald. Song originally composed by Henry Whyte, Scotland (Fionn). Versions appear in "The Celtic Garland," p. 180–81, and in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands," p. 130–31. The air is "Lord Lovat's Lament," a tune that is played frequently on the pipes in Nova Scotia, on appropriate occasions, in preference to "The Flowers of the Forest."

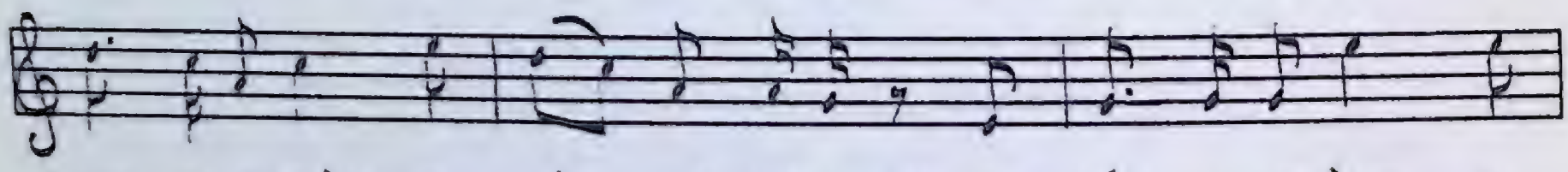
The Highland Scottish emigrations to North America in the 18th century can be attributed to the economic, social, political, and religious conditions of the period. Those who crossed the Atlantic left behind empty valleys, deserted homes, and vacant crofts. But they took with them a far finer heritage, inbred in the Highlander: an unconquerable spirit to face the vicissitudes of a New World, a firm faith on which to lay the foundations of a new life, and an unquenchable capacity for work that enabled them to become respectable and respected citizens of a New Republic.

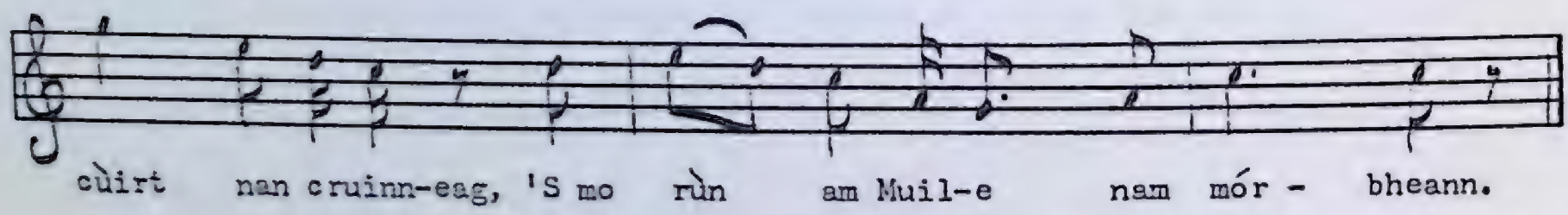
21. MUILE NAM MÒRBHEANN

Moderately slow

sung by Rev. J. D. MacDonald,
Woodlawn, N.S.







Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Bho'n tha mi gun sunnd, 's is dùth dhomh mulad,*
Cha tog mi mo shùil ri sùgradh tuilleadh;
Cha téid mi le mùirn gu cùirt nan cruinneag,
'S mo rùn am Muile nam mòrbheann.

1. Am Muile nan craobh tha mhaighdeann bhanail,
D'an tug mi mo ghaol 's mi faoin am bharail;
'S ma chaidh i fo sgaoil 's nach faod mi faighinn,
Gun taobh mi caileagan Chòmhail.

2. Tha maise is uaisle, suairceas is ceanal,
A' dìreadh a suas an gruaidh mo leannain;
Ma bheir thu dhomh fuath, 's nach buan do ghealladh
Ni uaigh is anart mo chòmhdach.

3. Do shlios mar an fhaoileann, taobh na mara,
Do ghruaidh mar an caorann, sgaoilt' air mheangan;
Sùil ghorm is glan aoidh, fo chaoinrosg tana—
'S tu'n òigh a mhealladh gach òigear.

4. Do chùl mar an lìon 'n a mhìle camag,
Nach greannach fo chìr, is sìod' 'g a cheangal;
Do dheud mar na dìsnean, dìonach, daingeann;
Beul binn a ghabhail nan òran.

(*Translation*)

MULL OF THE BIG BENS

CHORUS: *Since I feel depressed and sadness is befitting to me, I will not focus my eye on mirth any more. I will not frequent the company of the maidens with tenderness, as my love resides in Mull of the Big Bens.*

1. In Mull of the trees dwells the modest lass to whom I gave my love when I was light of heart; and if she has drifted away, out of reach, I will make up with the girls of Còmhail.[1]

2. Beauty and nobility, complaisance and mildness, reveal themselves in my sweetheart's cheek; if you hate me, and your promise is not fulfilled, the grave and a shroud will cover me.

3. Your side is as white as the sea-gull beside the sea; your cheek is like the rowan, spread out on branches; eyes of blue (revealing) a clear, cheerful countenance under smooth and slender eye-lashes . . . you are the maiden who would entice every young man.

4. Your hair like a net with a thousand ringlets, not bristly when combed, and tied with silk. Your teeth are like dice, closely-set, and firm; a melodious mouth for the singing of songs.

TAPE 63

From the Rev. J. D. N. MacDonald. Song composed by Duncan Livingston, Crogan, Mull, Inner Hebrides, Scotland. Compare versions in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 14–15; in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 184–86, and in, "Ceòl nan Gàidheal," p. 10–12.

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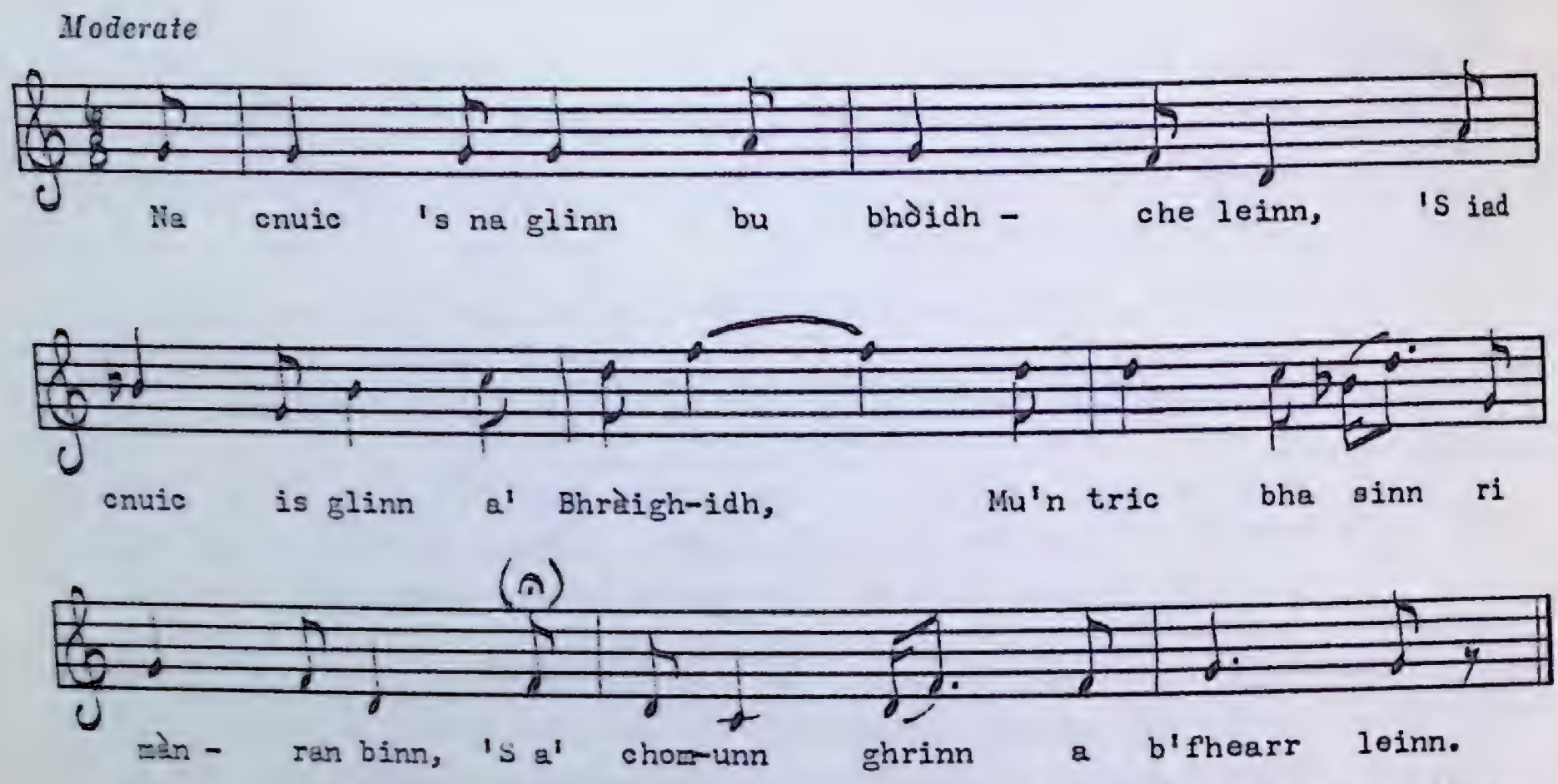
[1] I have also heard "Còmhnall," "Còingheal," and "Conghail" (Connel).

22. AM BRÀIGHE



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Na cnuic 's na glinn bu bhòidhche leinn,*
'S iad cnuic is glinn a' Bhràighidh,[1]
Mu'n tric bha sinn ri mànran binn,
'S a' chomunn ghrinn a b'fhearr leinn.

1. Chan'eil àit' an diugh fo'n ghréin,
'S am b'fhearr leam fhéin bhi tàmhachd
Na Bràigh' na h-Aibhne measg nan sonn
O'm faighte fuinn na Gàidhlig.

2. Do bhruachan gorm 's am faighte spréidh,
Do ghlacan réidh gun àireamh,
Mar uachdar thonn, 's an soirbheas trom,
A' ruith gu bonn nan àrdbheann.

3. Gur pailt gach flùr a' fàs gu dlùth
Air maduinn chùbhraidh Mhàigh ann;
'S bidh ceòl nan ian gu fonnmhor, dian,
'N uair thig a' ghrian le fàilt' ann.

4. Bidh sruthain fhuar de uisge glan
A' brùchdadh mach mu ràth'dean;
Bidh crodh is caoraich pailt ri 'm faotainn
Feadh nan aodann àrda.

---

[1] A form prevalent in Antigonish County.

5. Gur binn leam ceòl na h-aibhne móir',
'S i falbh an glòir a h-àilleachd;
Cho fad 's a shiùbhlas i gu cuan
Cha toir mi fuath do'n Bhràighidh.

6. Gur lìonmhor fear ag iasgach bhradan
Mu do chladaich bhàna;
Daoin-uaisle Shasuinn tighinn a nall
Chur seachad samhraidh làmh riut.

7. Air gach frolig, bàl is banais
Gum bi caithream gràdhach;
Le ceòl na fìdhle dol 's an rìghlidh,[2]
Cosg na tìm mar b'àill leinn.

8. 'S iomadh fleasgach làidir, grinn,
Chaidh anns na glinn so àrach,
Is maighdeann gléghlan,[3] dhìreach, òg,
Le h-aodann bòidheach, nàrach.

9. 'S i'n ainnir dhonn as binne fonn
A choinnich rium Di-màirt ann,
A thug fo chìs gu daingeann mi—
Mo shòlas crìdh' bhi làimh rith'!

10. Do chòmhradh ciùin tha tighinn fo m'aire,
Rìbhinn bhanail, bhàidheil;
Gun d'fhuair thu buaidh bho Nàdur fhéin
A chuir mór spéis 's gach àit' ort.

11. Soraidh leis a' chomunn rìoghail
Bho'n is tìm dhomh 'm fàgail;
Gur tearc ri'm faotainn feadh an t-saoghail
An diugh daoin' bheir bàrr orr'.

(*Translation*)

THE BRAES OF MARGAREE

CHORUS: *The hills and the dales most beautiful to us are the hills and the dales of the Braes (Margaree), where we often sang sweet melodies in the friendly company we liked best.*

1. There is no place to-day, under the sun, where I would prefer to live than in the Braes of the River amongst the heroes who were wont to sing Gaelic songs.

---

[2] An old dative case.
[3] I have not heard any aspiration of "glé," in this particular case, in Antigonish County.

2. Your green slopes frequented by cattle, your level valleys without number, like the crests of the waves driven by heavy winds racing to the foot of the high mountains.

3. Abundant is every flower growing side by side on a fragrant May morning, whilst the music of birds, melodious and brisk, greets the sun when it shines.

4. Cool brooks of clear water burst forth along your path-ways; cattle and sheep are plentiful in the upland slopes.

5. Sweet to me is the music of the great river as it meanders amidst the glory of its beauty; as long as it continues to course to the sea, I will never hate the Braes.

6. Many a man fishes for salmon around your fair shores; gentlemen from England come over to pass summer near you.

7. Joyful sounds may be heard at each milling-frolic, ball and wedding, with fiddle music giving rhythm to the reel, as the time passes by according to our wishes.

8. Many a strong, trim young man was reared in these glens, and maidens, exceedingly pure, erect in bearing, and youthful, with radiant and modest countenances.

9. The young, brown-haired lady of sweetest voice whom I met there on Tuesday, has placed me under binding subjection with her love—to be near her is a solace to my heart.

10. Maiden, modest and affectionate, I remember your quiet conversation; you received virtues from Nature herself that gave you great respect in every place.

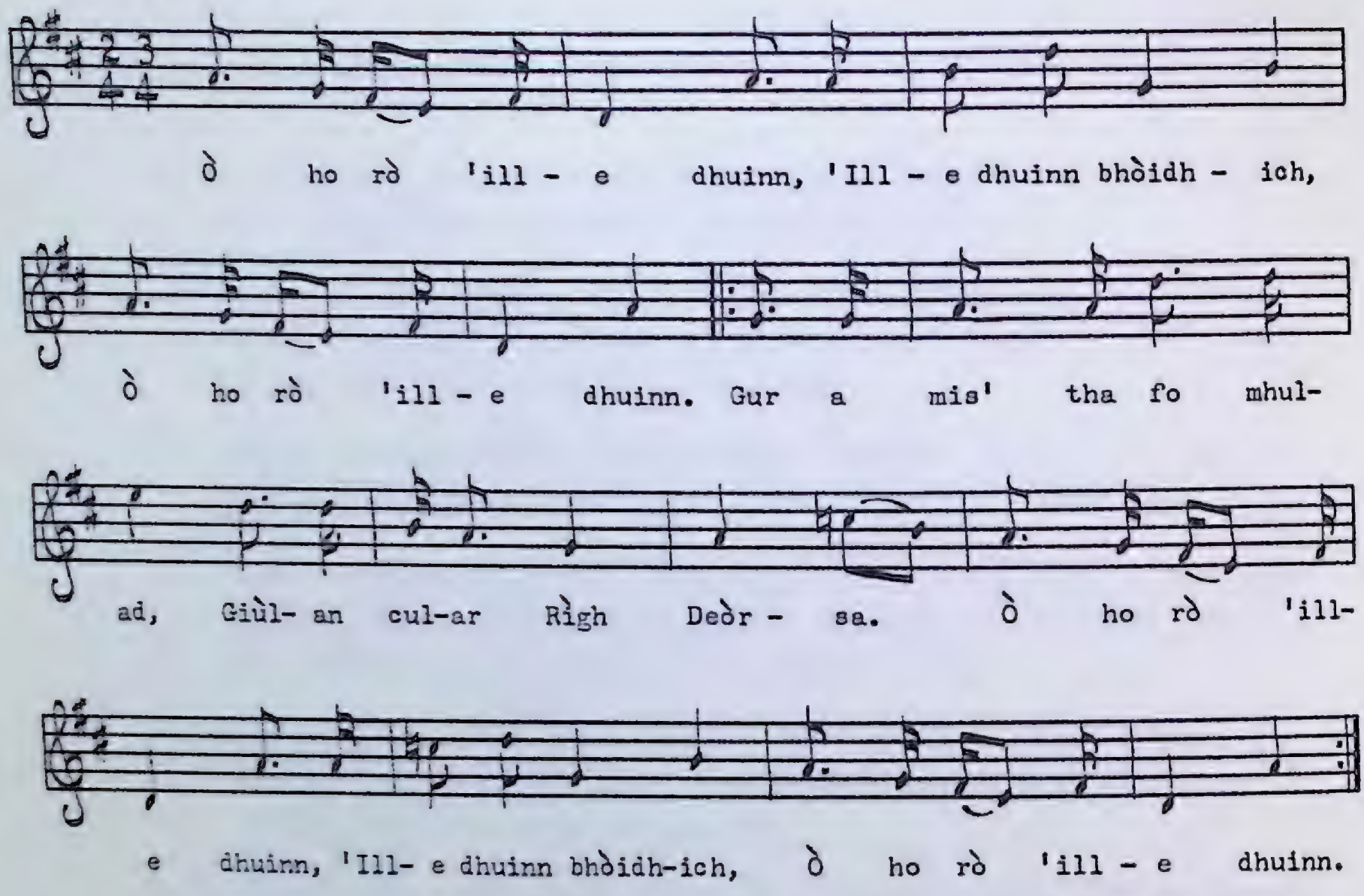
11. Farewell to the loyal company as it is time to leave them; it would be hard to find throughout the world, people who, to-day, could surpass them.

TAPE 154

From Vincent MacPherson, Upper South River, Antigonish, N.S. Another version was also recorded from Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Melodic versions were received from D.B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, C.B., and from Malcolm Angus MacLeod, Sgir Dhu, C.B. The song was originally composed by Malcolm Gillis, a native of Margaree, Cape Breton, who died in 1929. Compare versions in "Smeòrach nan Cnoc 's nan Gleann," p. 1 and 2. In "Mactalla nan Tùr," p. 121–22. In "Teachdaire nan Gàidheal," No. 8, p. 8, July 1925.

23. AN GILLE DONN

Moderate, in free time



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *O ho rò 'ille dhuinn,*
'Ille dhuinn bhòidhich,
O ho rò 'ille dhuinn.

1. Gura mis' tha fo mhulad,
Giùlan cular Rìgh Deòrsa.

2. Mi bhi giùlan a' ghunna,
Ann an cuideachd a' Chòirneil.

3. Fhuair sinn òrdugh a bhi "màrsadh"
Gu sràid nan ceum còmhnarsd.[1]

4. Gu stràid nan ceum socrach,
Nach dochainn ar bròg an.

5. 'N uair a rinn mi moch gluasad
Chunna mi'm bruadar a bha neònach.

---

[1] The epenthetic -s- between -r- and -d- is common in Cape Breton Gaelic.

6. Luchd nan còtaichean ruadha
'G an cur suas an deagh òrdan.

7. Luchd nan còtaichean dubha,
Chùil bhuidhe, chruinn, chòmhnairsd.

8. Luchd nan còtaichean tartain,
'S iad gu sgairteil-e,[2] seòlta.

9. Luchd nan claidheamhnan geala,
Chìte fada fo cheò iad.

10. 'S ann air feasgar Di-Sathuirn'
Thug sinn cath a bha deònach.

11. 'S iomadh té bha gun chéilidh[3]
'N am éirigh Di-Dòmhnaich.

12. 'S iomadh té a tha uasal
A bhios air cluasaig 'n a h-ònrachd.

13. Agus nighean fear fearainn
Bhios 'n a laighe 'n a h-ònar.

14. An déidh a céilidh thoirt uaipe,
'S nach fuasgaileadh òr e.

15. E 'n a shìneadh 's an luachair,
'S fuil mu ghualainn a' dòrtadh.

16. E fo fhùdar, no'n "cannon",
Call fala le dòruinn.

17. Thoir uam soraidh thar mhonaidh
Gu Muile nam mórbheann.

18. Far an goireadh a' chuthag
Anns gach bruthach roimh Bhealltuinn.

19. Thoir uam soraidh gu m'mhàthair,
'S i dh'àraich glé òg mi.

20. Soraidh eile gu m'phiuthair,
Tha i cumha gu brònach.

21. Is an t-soraidh gu m'leannan:
Théid mi dhachaidh ma's beò mi.

22. 'S mo bheannachd leibh uile,
'S do Mhuile 's do Mhórar.

---

(2) "sgairteil-e": a similar device is used by Rob Donn, (1714-78), in the following: "Cuimhneachadh bhi òg air féilltibh, sealltuinn as mo dhéidh, 's mi sean-a" (Remembering my youth when attending Fairs, looking back when I am old).

(3) This form instead of "chéile."

71399—6

(*Translation*)

THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD

CHORUS: *O ho rò brown-haired lad,*
Handsome brown-haired lad,
O ho rò brown-haired lad.

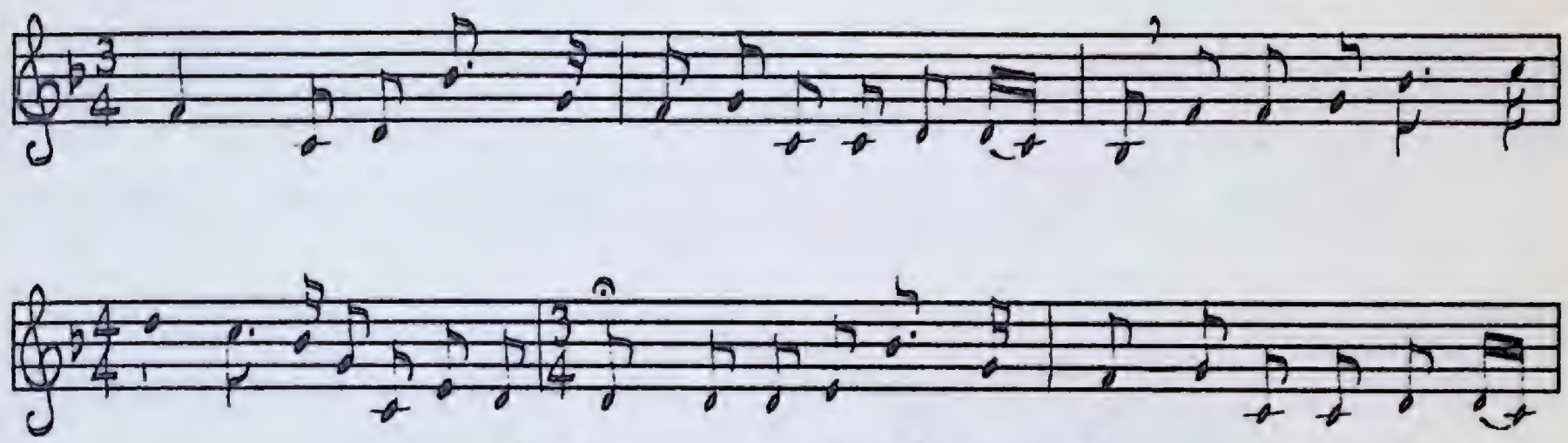
1. I am, indeed, sad carrying the banner of King George.
2. Carrying the gun in company with the Colonel.
3. We received a command to march to the street of level-stepping.
4. To the street of easy stepping that will not hurt our boots.
5. As I awakened early I saw a strange dream.
6. A company of red-coats being established in good order.
7. A company of black-coats, yellow-haired, neat and smooth.
8. A company of tartan-coats, robust, and cunning.
9. A company of glistening swords visible at a great distance in the mist.
10. It was on Saturday afternoon that we fought the battle willingly.
11. Many a woman was without her husband when arising on Sunday.
12. Many a lady of noble birth will lie on her pillow alone.
13. And the daughter of a landlord will be a-bed alone.
14. Her husband taken from her, and even gold will not redeem him.
15. He lies in the rushes, blood pouring from his shoulder.
16. (As a result of) gunpowder or cannon-shot, he is losing blood and in pain.
17. Bear my greetings over the moorland to Mull of the high mountains.
18. Where the cuckoo is wont to call in every slope before May-day.
19. Bear my greetings to my mother who reared me when I was young.
20. Another greeting to my sister, she is lamenting sorrowfully.
21. And a greeting to my sweetheart: I will go home if I remain alive.
22. And my blessings to all of you, to Mull and to Morar.

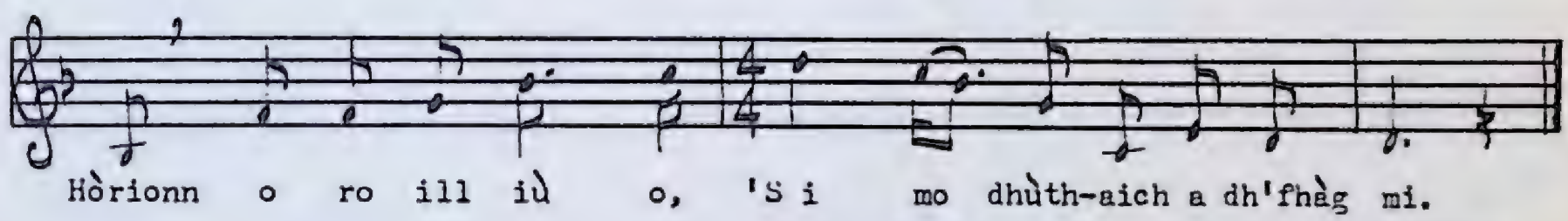
TAPE 163.

From William E. MacDonald, Marion Bridge, Cape Breton. Versions also recorded from Vincent MacPherson, Upper South River, Antigonish, and Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. Song already published in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 456–7; "Òrain Luaidh" (Craig), p. 49–51.

24. 'S HÒRIONN O RO ILL IÙ O

Moderate
Refrain





Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *'S hòrionn o ro ill iù o,*
'S hòrionn o ro ill iù o,
Hòrionn o ro ill iù o,
'S i mo dhùthaich a dh'fhàg mi.

(*Translation*)

'S HÒRIONN O RO ILL IÙ O

CHORUS: *'S hòrionn o ro ill iù o,*
'S hòrionn o ro ill iù o,
Hòrionn o ro ill iù o,
'Tis my country that I left behind me.

TAPE 154

Words and melody from Vincent MacPherson, Upper South River, Antigonish. The melody as recorded from Mr. MacPherson is quite similar to that of "A' Bhanarach Dhonn a' Chruidh," a Gaelic poem composed by Alexander MacDonald, Alasdair Mac Mhaighistir Alasdair.

" 'S hòrionn o ro ill iù o," was composed by Malcolm Gillis, Margaree, Cape Breton, when the bard was teaching school at Cheticamp, C.B., in 1875. A complete version of the song appears in "Smeòrach nan Cnoc 's nan Gleann," p. 8–10.

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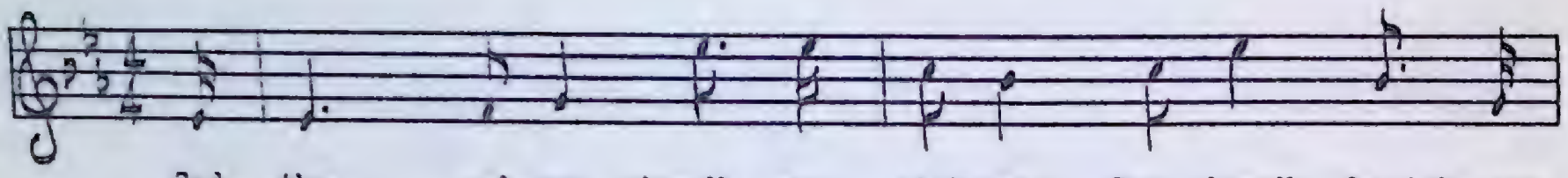
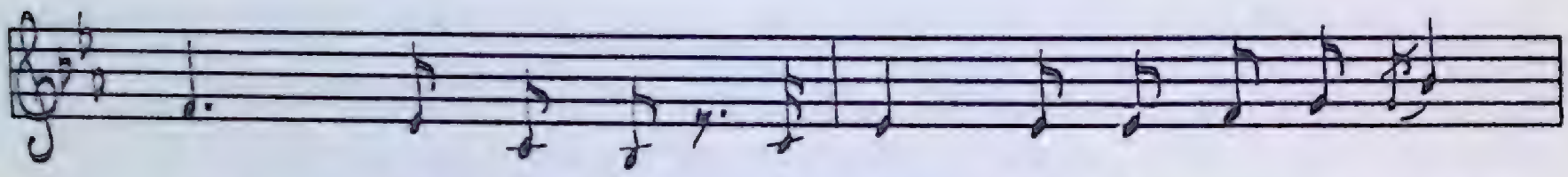
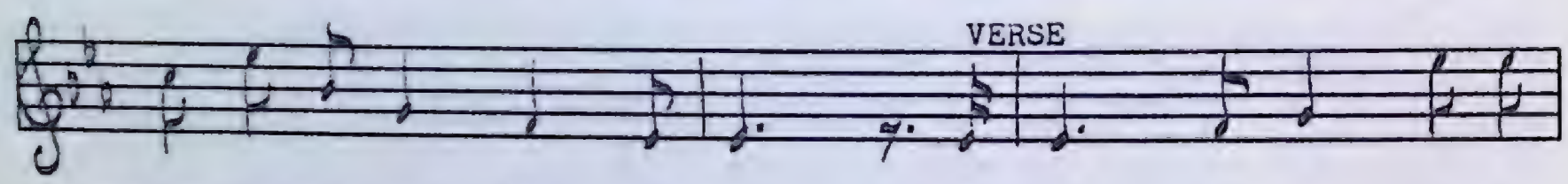
71399—6½

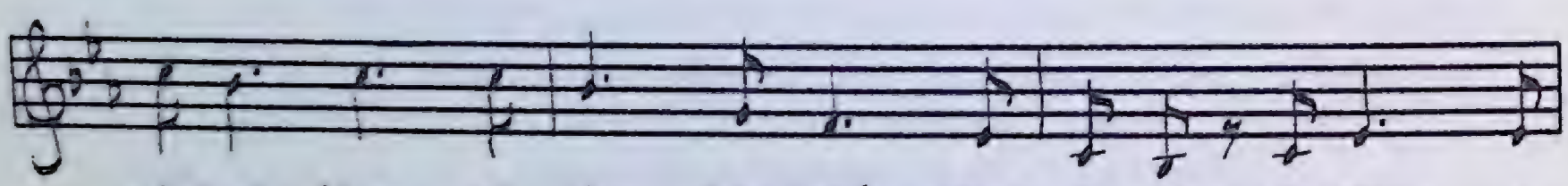
25. GUN CHRODH GUN AIGHEAN

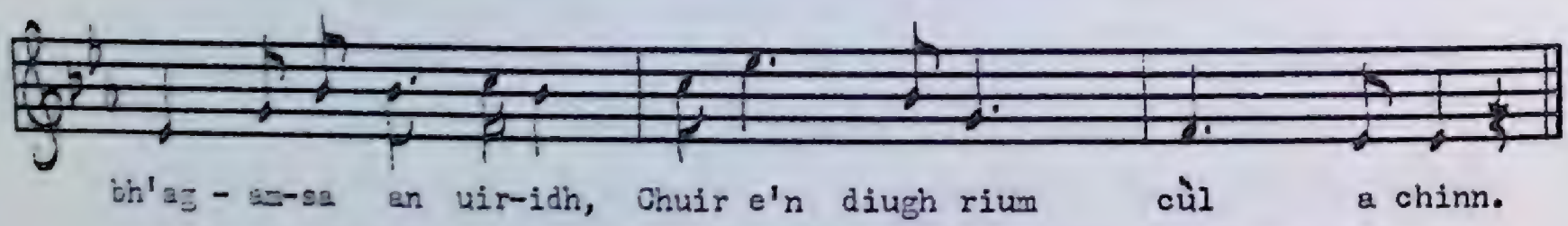
Moderate
Refrain











Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Gad tha mi gun chrodh, gun aighean,*
Gun chrodh-laoigh, gun chaoraich agam;
Gad tha mi gun chrodh, gun aighean,
Gheobh mi fhathast òigear grinn.

1. Gur e mise tha fo mhulad,
'S mi a' tàmh 's an t-séimear[1] mhullaich;
An leannan bh'agam-sa an uiridh,
Chuir e'n diugh rium cùl a chinn.

---

[1] Dialectic.

2. Nàile! 's mise tha gu deurach,
'N séimear àrd a' fuaigheal léiniu;[2]
Chaidh mo leannan do Dhùn-Éideann,[3]
'S chan'eil feum dhomh bhi 'g a chaoidh.

3. 'S gad nach'eil mo spréidh air lòintean
Mo chrodh no mo chaoraich bhòidheach,
Bheirinn tochradh dhuit an òrdagh,
Cho math ri té òig 's an tìr.

(*Translation*)

WITHOUT CATTLE, WITHOUT HEIFERS

CHORUS: *Although I am without cattle, without heifers, without calves, without sheep; although I am without cattle, without heifers, I will possess, some day, a handsome young man.*

1. I am very sad dwelling in the garret; the sweetheart I had last year has turned the back of his head on me to-day.

2. Indeed! I am very tearful occupying the upper room whilst I sew a shirt. My sweetheart has gone to Edinburgh, and it is futile for me to lament his departure.

3. And, although my live-stock is not to be seen in the pastures, my cattle or my beautiful sheep, I would give you a dowry in good order, as valuable as any young lady in the land could dispense.

TAPE 154

From Vincent MacPherson, Upper South River, Antigonish, N.S. This is a well known and popular song in Nova Scotia.

TAPE 172

Another version of this song was recorded from Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacMaster, Port Hastings, Cape Breton, with the addition of some locally composed stanzas such as:

" 'S gud tha mi gun chrodh, gun chaoraich,
Gin dhiubh agam ris an t-saoghal|
Gheobh mi fhathast caileag ghaolach
A bhios aotrom air an "tea."

"Although I have no cattle or sheep, none of these do I possess in the world; I will yet procure an affectionate girl who will be a light tea-drinker."

A complete version of this song is published in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 167–8.

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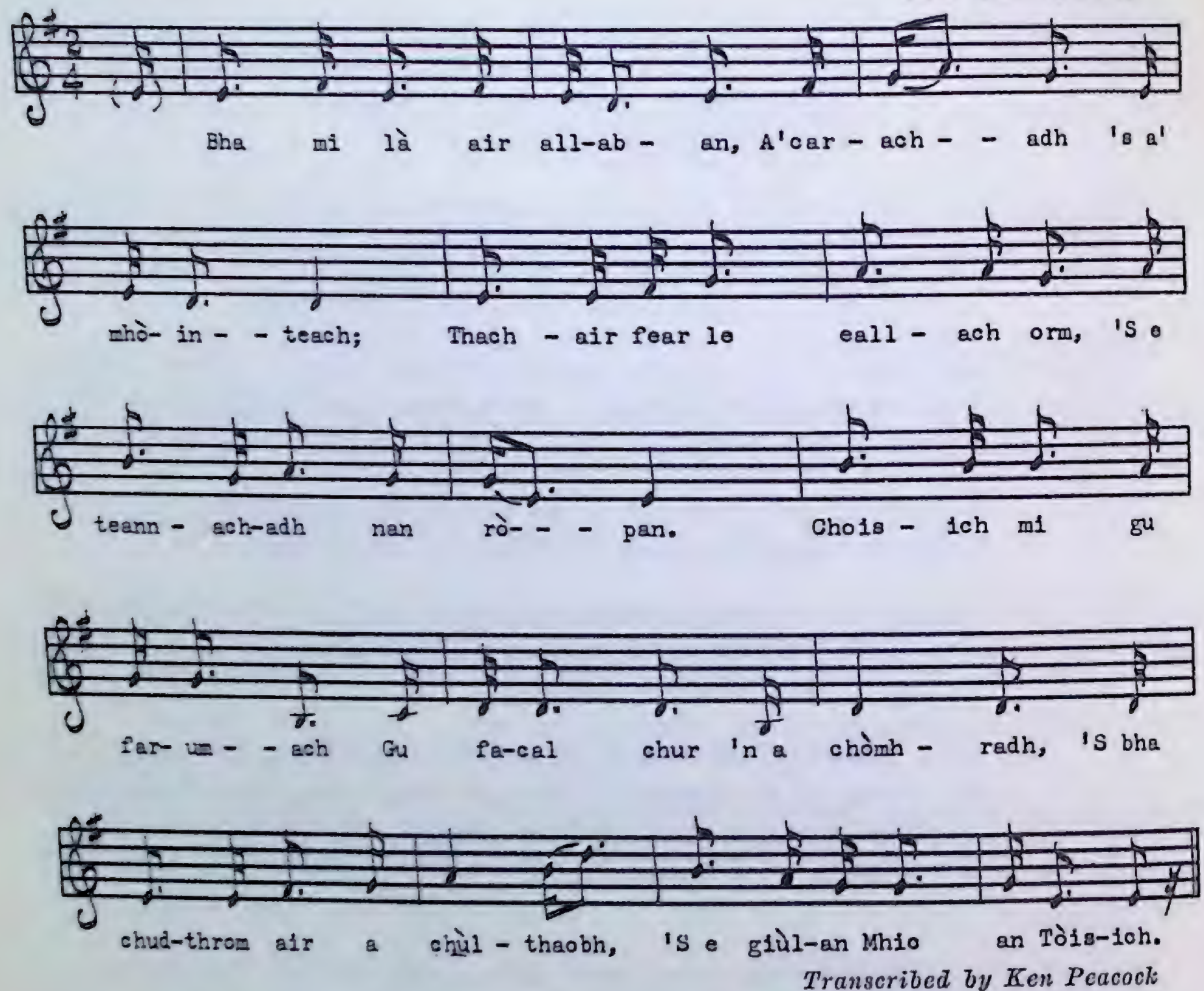
[2] Dialectic, and fairly common.
[3] Jamaica, in the original.

26. ÒRAN NA POITE DUIBHE

CR 166 A-1
MOONSHINE SONG (GAELIC)
sung by Archie McMaster,
Port Hastings, N.S.

Fast, strict time



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. Bha mi là air allaban,
   A' carachadh 's a' mhòinteach;
   Thachair fear le eallach orm,
   'S e teannachadh nan ròpan.
   Choisich mi gu farumach
   Gu facal chur 'n a chòmhradh,
   'S bha chudthrom air a chùlthaobh,
   'S e giùlan Mhic an Tòisich.

2. " 'S mise mac na Poite Duibhe,
   'S mi 'n a m'shuidhe bun an gealbhain,
   'S e'n t-còrna buidhe b'athair dhomh;
   B'e'n atharnach[1] mo sheanmhair.

---

[1] Ground from which potatoes or turnips have been lifted.

Aonghus Dubh 's an duine sin
Bha sinn an uiridh conailbheach;[2]
Chan fhaca mi aon fhathast
A thug bàrr ort an Albainn."

3. A dhuine 's ann a shuidheas sinn,
'S a theannas sinn ri seanchas;
Gun d'fhuirich sinn an oidhche
Gun choinnlean, no gun dannsa.
An oidhche ghabh mi'n t-eagal,
Ged bu bheag a ghabh mi cùram,
Bha'n dreathann-donn ri feadalaich,
'S cha chreid mi nach robh triùir ann.

(*Translation*)

THE SONG OF THE BLACK POT (Still)

1. I was, one day, a-wandering, moving around in the moorland, when I met a man with a burden, and he was tightening the ropes. I walked over to him eagerly to engage him in conversation, and the weight of his pack was behind him as he carried the Son of Tosh whisky.

2. "I am the son of the Black Pot (i.e., the Still), and I am sitting at the fire-hearth. The yellow barley was my father, and the second crop was my grandmother. That man there, Black Angus, and myself were friendly last year. I have not seen one yet that surpassed you in Scotland."

3. "Friend, let us sit down and begin to talk"; we stayed the night without candle-light or without dancing. The evening I was afraid, although unduly anxious, the wren was whistling and I believe that there were three present.

TAPE 166 A.

From Mr. Archie MacMaster, Port Hastings, Cape Breton.

I received the following Gaelic names for the parts of the still (poit-dhubh) from the late Jim Hugh McNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney:

An Gealbhan, the fire-place.
Bod-an-leanna, the discharge cock.
Am Bràighe, the shoulder.
An Lìonadair, the charger.
An Ceann, the still-head.
An Gearradan, the connecting tube.
A' Chaora Chrom, the crooked sheep (i.e., the worm)
An Stann Cléithe, the worm-tub.
Am Feadan, the spout.
An Spùdan, the chute for supplying the worm-tub with cold water for condensing the vapour that passes from the still to the worm.

---

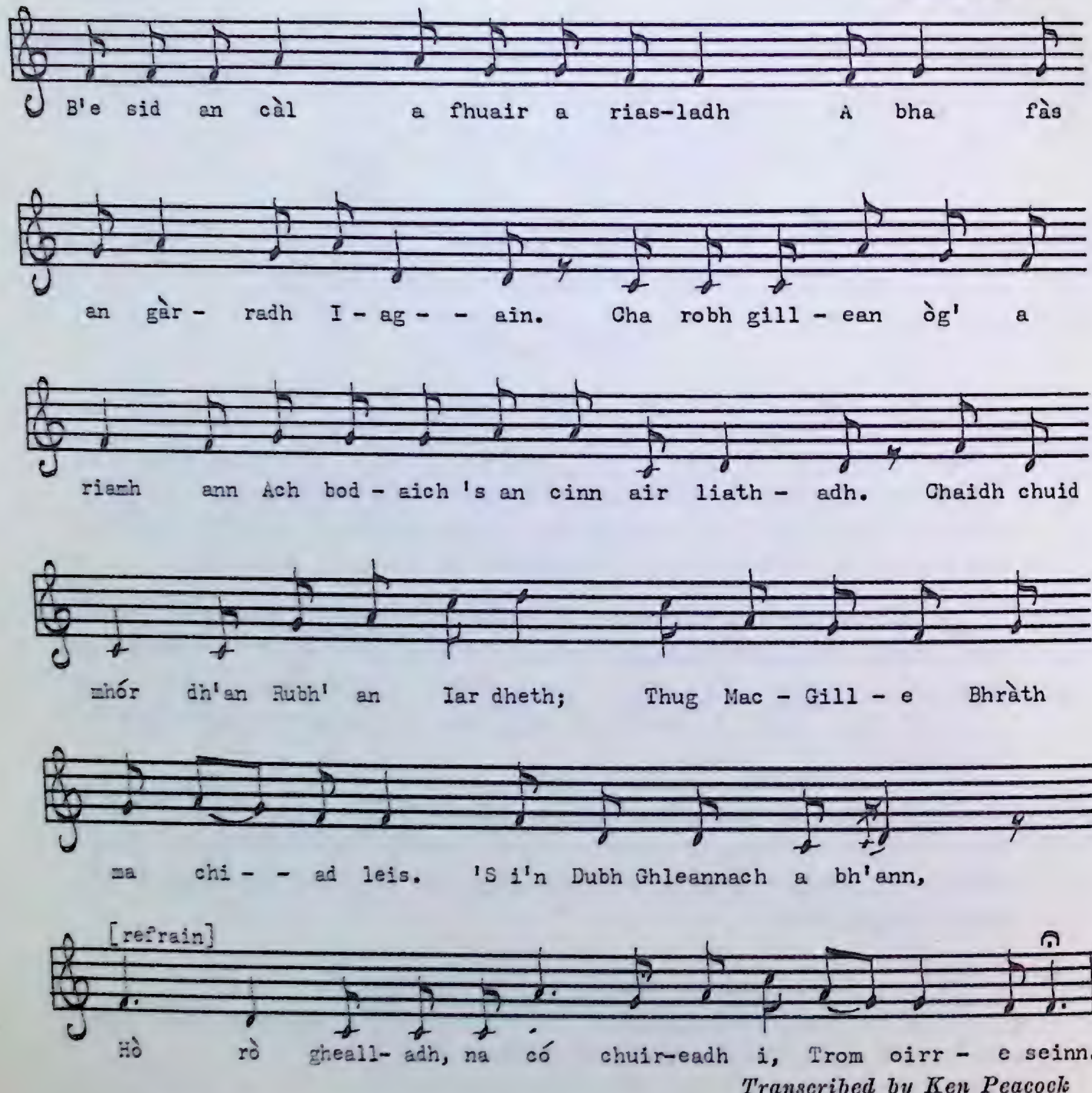
[2] [*Sic*], as on tape, but I have also heard a version which uses the word "colmadh," which may have some connection with the "mixing" of the ingredients for the still.

27. CREACH NA SAMHNA

CR 165 B-1

Fast, free time
Verse 2

sung by Angus McLellan,
Grand Mira, N.S.



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

NOTE: Since the metre of the melody depends upon the words of the text, it is impossible to divide the melody by regular bar lines. The melody transcribed fits verse 2.

1. Oidhche Shamhna rinn iad sprùilleadh,
   Gàrraidhean càil air an spùilleadh;
   Nam biodh agam beagan ùine
   Rachadh na bh'ann a chunntadh;
   Lachainn Bàn is Iain MacÙisdein,

'S Alasdair MacNéill Mhic Dhùghaill,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann,
Hò rò ghealladh, na có chuireadh i,
Trom oirre seinn.

2. B'e sid an càl a fhuair a riasladh
A bha fàs an gàrradh Iagain.
Cha robh gillean òg' a riamh ann
Ach bodaich 's an cinn air liathadh.
Chaidh chuid mhór dh'an Rubh' an Iar dheth;
Thug Mac Gille Bhràth ma chiad leis.
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann,
Hò rò ghealladh, na có chuireadh i,
Trom oirre seinn.

3. Cha chualas a leithid de stàplaich
O'n gheamhradh a phòs MacPhàidein;
Cha robh duine beò 's an àite
Nach do thruis a ghoid a' chàil e.
Thàinig Mór 's Aonghus Mac Àidh,
'S Uilleam Dòmhnallach gu làidir,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

4. Tha na daoin' air fàs cho dàna,
Thàinig iad o thaobh an t-sàile.
Bha Eòghann Mac Gille Bhràth ann,
Alasdair Eòghainn 's a bhràthair;
Bha fear eile 's fiasag bhàn air
Coltach ri Eòghann an Tàilleir,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

5. Bha iad ann ás gach àite,
'S fear a' Chùil a Tuath gu h-àraidh;
Daoine móra, luatha, làidir,
Peadair Iain Mhuileir 's a bhràthair.
Bha Steaphan mac Aonghuis bhàin ann,
'S Alasdair bràthair a mhàthar,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

6. 'N uair chaidh Iagan chur 'n a fhaireachadh
Fiach an deanadh e'n aithneachadh,
Chunnaic e le soillseadh na gealaich'
Boillsgeadh de Sheumas mac Ailein ann.
Shìn e air cho luath ri dealanach,
'S chuir e ruaig gu Allt na Maiseadh air,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

7. Thuirt Iain Mac Ùisdein ri Alasdair,
"O'n tha oidhche bhrèagha ghealaich ann,
Bheir mi-fhéin 's tu-fhéin leinn eallaich às,
'S tiotaidh sinn a null am "barren" leis;[1]
Ach faigh an dùdach 's cuir a falach i
Air eagal gun dùisg iad "Penny" leis,"
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

8. Ma's a th'ann fìor a tha m'amharus
Gu robh feadhainn ann á Mira;
Bha Ruairidh Eòin air an ceann ann,
'S e 'g iarraidh càil gu feòil a' Gheamhraidh;
Calum Mac Carmaig 's e cho sanntach,
'S thug e còrr is lethchiad plannd leis,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

9. Chualas staraban 's a' ghàrradh
Có bha sid ach Maighstir Àrchaidh,
Lachaidh Iain air a shàiltean,
'S mocaisean air mar a b'àbhaist;
Leum e deich troighean a dh'àirde,
'S thug e leis na cliathan slàn ás,[2]
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

10. 'N uair thruis iad ann ás gach àite
Cha toilleadh trian dhiùbh 's a' ghàrradh;
Sgianan ac' cho giar ri ràsoran,
'S iad fiachainn có bu mhutha thàireadh.
Aonghus Mór mac Ailein Ghràisear,
Spìonadh e na craobhan slàn leis,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

11. Bha MacÌosaig an taobh eile dheth,
Bha esan 'g a roinn gun deireas air,
Fad na h-oidhche 's féileadh goirid air,
'S e cho luath, 's e'n luathmharc bheireadh air.
Dòmhnall Bàn a bha 's an eilean,
Gun sguab e leis na dhà mu dheireadh dhiùbh,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

12. Beagan roimh éirigh na gréine
Chunnacas dithis ás an léintean
'N an ruith as déidh a chéile,

---

(1) "barren." In Nova Scotia, an open place in a forest, derived from Old French "baraigne," barren.
(2) "cliath," meaning a panel-fence in Nova Scotia. It also means a strong stockade constructed of wood and wattle, and erected to protect sheep and goats from the ravages of wild animals (Stephen J. MacKinnon, Antigonish, supplied this information).

'S iad fiachainn an tàireadh iad fhéin dad.
An tàillear a Beinn a' bhaoghla,
'S Ùisdean mac Aonghuis mhic Raghnaill,
'S i 'n Dubh Ghleannach a bh'ann, etc.

(*Translation*)

THE HALLOW-E'EN RAID

1. On Hallow-e'en night they plundered, cabbage gardens were robbed. If I had a little time, those who were there would be counted; Fair-Haired Lachlan and John, son of Hugh, and Alasdair MacNeill MacDougall. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

2. The cabbage that grew in Iagan's garden was, indeed, torn asunder. Young lads were not present at all, but old, grey-haired men were there. A goodly portion of the cabbage went to the West Point; MacGillivray took about one hundred plants with him. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

3. Such a clashing stampede was not heard since the winter of MacFadyen's wedding. There was no living person in the locality who did not congregate to steal the cabbage. Sarah [*sic*] and Angus MacKay arrived, and vigorous William MacDonald. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

4. The people became so daring that they arrived from the sea-coast areas. Ewen MacGillivray was there, Alasdair Ewen and his brother. There was another man there with a white beard like Ewen the Tailor. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

5. They were there from every location, including the man from the Northern Airt, especially; big, swift, and strong men, Peter John the Miller and his brother. Stephen, son of Fair-Haired Angus was there, and Alasdair the brother of his mother. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

6. When Iagan was warned about the escapade, in order that he might recognize the perpetrators, he saw, there, by the light of the moon, a glimpse of James, son of Allan. He ran after him as quick as lightning, and he chased him as far as Allt na Maiseadh. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

7. John, son of Hugh said to Alasdair, "since it is a beautiful moonlight night, let us take away bundles (of cabbages), and we will dispatch them quickly over the barrens, but, take hold of the trumpet and hide it, in case they awaken 'Penny' with it." It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

8. If my suspicion is true that some were there from Mira, Roderick John was the head of the group, because he wanted cabbage to supplement his winter's supply of meat. Malcolm MacCormick was there, so greedy, in fact, that he took more than fifty cabbage plants with him. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

9. A rustling noise was heard in the garden; who was there but Father Archie with Lachie John at his heels wearing his moccasins as usual. He jumped ten feet high, and he tore away the panel-fence completely from the garden. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

10. When they gathered there from every place not even a third of them could be accommodated within the garden. They had knives as sharp as razors, each person vying with the other as to who would obtain the greatest number (of cabbages). Big Angus, son of Allan Ghraisear, was there; he could uproot the trees in their entirety. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

11. MacIsaac was on the other side of him, he was dividing the spoil without delay (loss); the whole night through wearing a short kilt, and he was so quick that only the swift-steed could catch him. Fair-Haired Donald who was in the island, snatched away the two remaining cabbages. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

12. A short time before sun-rise, two people were seen in their shirts, chasing one another, essaying to procure something for themselves . . . the tailor from Benbecula, and Hugh, son of Angus, son of Ronald. It was the Dubh Ghleannach that was there, etc.

TAPE 165 B.

From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. This song was composed in Cape Breton by Angus Campbell, a native of Benbecula, Outer Hebrides, Scotland. Our reciter had this to say about the song: "Youngsters raided a cabbage patch on the mountain above Salmon River, that is, between Salmon River and East Bay, owned by Iagan, and Angus Campbell, the bard, born in Benbecula, Scotland, mentioned in his song every old man in the country, and made it look as if old men only had raided the garden. Angus Campbell came to Cape Breton when 18 years of age to Salmon River. He made up this song in either 1872 or 1873. Father Archie Chisholm, P.P., was at Grand Mira in 1871, and Campbell mentioned him as being one of the fellows who took part in the raid."

In "Stray Leaves from Highland History," published in Sydney, C.B., in 1918. Introduction by Rev. D. J. Rankin, P.P., Angus Campbell is mentioned as follows: "Angus Campbell seemed to have been one of the sweetest singers that Gaelic poetry could ever claim. He was a musician himself, and it only required an event of little out of the ordinary to move him to set his lyre in order, and the result was an overflow of rhyme, rhyming easily and jingling merrily, full of light and care-repelling humour. . . . He was asked one time whether he thought the gift of song was brought over from Scotland to America. He answered, "Certainly it exists here in America, but there is no one who appreciates a good poem in America. In Scotland the bard received a sovereign or even a guinea for an ordinary song, and then he could afford to forget even the ordinary cares of life while he was composing a much better one." Angus Campbell's marriage is mentioned in this book on page 39.

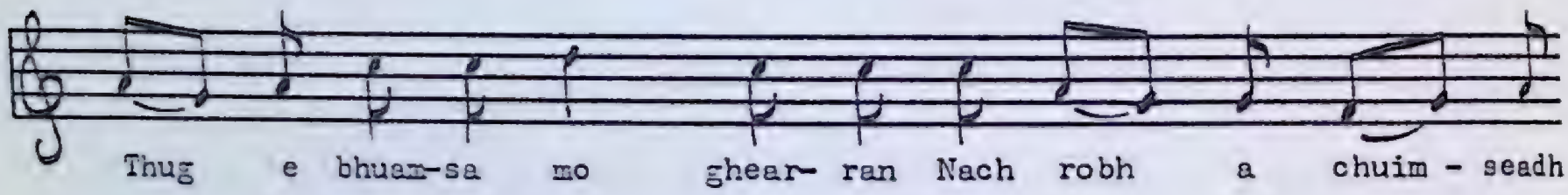
Angus Campbell uses the melody of "An Dubh Ghleannach," with slight variations for his song, and the last three lines of each verse are exactly the same as in the original "Dubh Ghleannach." The Piper mentioned in the "Dubh Ghleannach" was John MacGillivray who lived during the latter part of his life at Malignant Brook, Gulf Shore, Antigonish, Nova Scotia. He died in 1862.

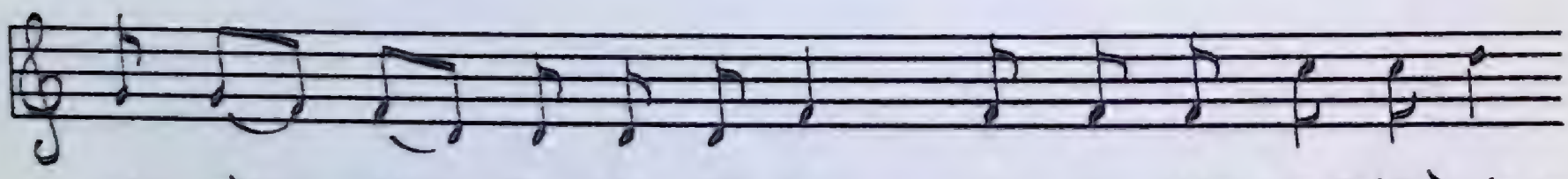
28. MO BHRÙID GEAL ÒG

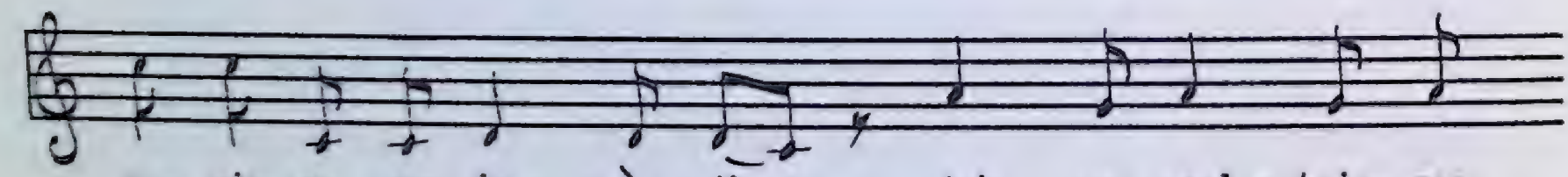
CR 165 B-2

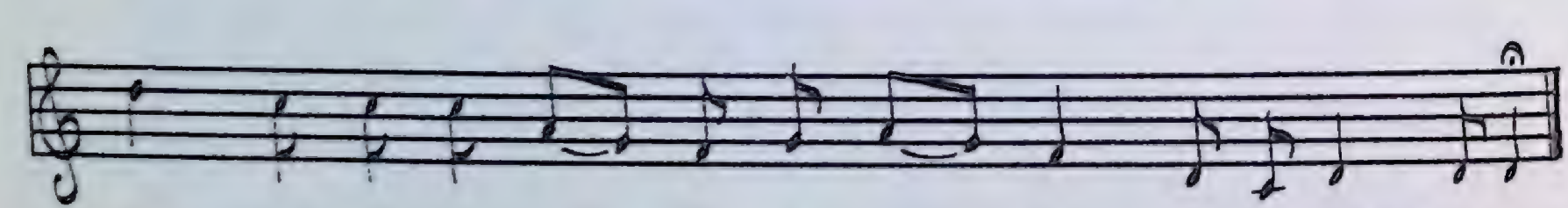
Fast, free time
Verse 1

sung by Angus McLellan,
Grand Mira, N.S.









Transcribed by Ken Peacock

NOTE: Since the metre of the melody depends upon the words of the text, it is impossible to divide the melody by regular bar lines. The melody transcribed above fits verse 1.

1. 'S daor a cheannaich mi'n cogadh
Ann an toiseach a thòis'idh;
Thug e bhuam-sa mo ghearran
Nach robh a chuimseadh air mòintich.
Cha b'e fùdar no luaidhe
Dh'fhàg 's an uair so gun deò thu
Ach na gealtairean suarach
Nach gearradh uibhir 's an torc ort?[1]
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

---

[1] [*Sic*], exactly as sung on tape.

2. Cha robh "pony" á Sasunn
A bha cho math air an fhalbh riut,
Na gin idir 's an Fhrainge
A bha cho sleamhainn an calg riut.
'S tu bu deise ann am bodhaig
Na'n each odhar bha'n Albainn;
Gad a ràinig an aois ort
Cha robh a' ghaoisid air falbh dhiot,
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

3. Bian bu mhìne na'n canach,
Bha do dhath mar an fhaoileig;
'S tu bu ghile na'n anart
Cha robh smal ort ri fhaotainn.
Bu tu mo rogha de "Phìlot",
Chithinn fìnealt thu daonnan,
'S mi nach rachadh leat iomrall
Dol timchioll an t-saoghal,
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

4. An ám togail bho'n bhaile
An ám moch agus anmoch,
Cha bhiodh cùram no gealtachd
An ám sneachda no steirm orm.
Mar a h-éireadh a' ghealach
Biodh aice, fanadh i dorcha;
'S tu bu ghile na'n fhaoileig
Na cop aotrom na fairge,
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

5. Tha mo bhàta gun aodach,
Bidh mi daonnan 'g a h-iomradh;
Tha meadhon air sgaoileadh,
An darna taobh dhith gu h-iomlan;
Tha am bogha gun ghaoisid,
'S gur tric mi faotainn air t'iorball
A dh'fhàs gu camlubach, dualach,
'S cha bhiodh am buachar m'a thimchioll.
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

6. Cha b'e cion-coirce no feòire
Dh'fhàg 's an dòigh so gun each mi.
Bha do dhìol agus còrr dheth
'N a thòrr air a' Mhaisidh;
Ach bha Gilleasbuig is Tormod

'G a thoirst air falbh bhuam 'n a bheairtean
A dh'ionnsaigh "Yankaich" ruaidh, ròmaich,
An àite còinnich gu calcadh,[2]
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

7. Cha b'e 'n gobhainn gun eanchainn
A chuir teanachair m'a bhròganan;
Cha bu bheag an ceap-iarainn
A thomhais liad do chuid spògan;
A bhi 'n a d'shìneadh 's an fhuarshneachd,
Mo chreach thruagh is mo leòn e,
Mo sheachd mallachd aig Ruairidh
Nach do dh'fhuasgail e 'n lòd dhiot,
Mo bhrùid geal òg.

(*Translation*)

MY DEAR YOUNG BEAST

1. Dearly did I buy the war in the initial stage of its commencement. It deprived me of my gelding whose equal was not to be found in the moorland. It was not gunpowder or lead that left you at this time without a breath, but the contemptible cowards who would not even cut the collar from you? My dear young beast.

2. There was not a pony from England that was so good to travel as you, or none at all in France so sleek of coat. You were more shapely in body than the dappled horse that was in Scotland, and although old age reached you, your hair had not thinned, my dear young beast.

3. A hide smoother than cotton-grass, your colour was like the sea-gull. You were whiter than bleached linen, you had no blemish. You were my choice of pilot; in my estimation you were always handsome, and whilst travelling around the world you would not misdirect me, my dear young beast.

4. When setting out from the homestead, early and late, I would not be anxious or afraid during snowstorms or gales. If the moon did not appear, so let her be, let her remain dark; you were whiter than the seagull or the light foam of the ocean, my dear young beast.

5. My boat is without canvas (sails), I always have to row it; its centre has warped, one side completely. The bow is without horse-hair which I often plucked from your tail that grew in curls, and was braided, and there would be no dung around it, my dear young beast.

---

[2] "còinneach," moss, used for insulating purposes between logs in log cabins.

6. It was not the scarcity of oats or hay that left me in this horse-less state. You had your fill and more in heaps on the Maiseadh; but Archibald and Norman were leading you away in harness towards the red, hairy Yankees, instead of procuring moss for caulking purposes, my dear young beast.

7. He was not a smith without ingenuity who put the tongs on your shoes. It was not a small last that would measure the breadth of your hooves. It was my wretched ruin and grief to see you stretched out in the cold snow; my seven curses upon Roderick who did not loosen the load from you, my dear young beast.

TAPE 165

From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Angus Campbell. Metrical pattern fashioned after the style of "Mo rùn geal òg," published in "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," p. 409–10, where the history of the original composition is given. Melody published in "An Deò-Gréine," Book 11, Section 5, February, 1907, p. 83, and in "Còisir a' Mhòid," 3, p. 41.

Angus MacLellan gave the following account of the local composition: "Composed by Angus Campbell for a horse that got driven to death in the winter of 1866 when Canadians expected a raid from the Fenians, and two men were going up the Mira River with a load of hay from Salmon River, and they saw a funeral coming in from French River. They mistook the group at the funeral for a bunch of the Fenian raiders, and they drove the old horse till he stretched himself out on the ice and died. Composed as if it was made by the owner of the horse blaming the fellow who went with his son to make the load of hay."

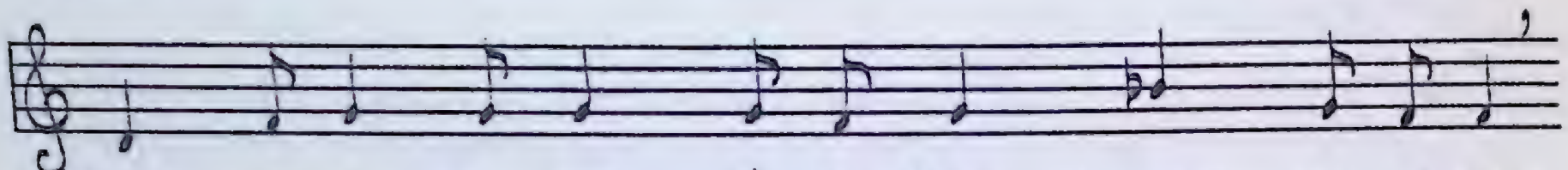
71399—7

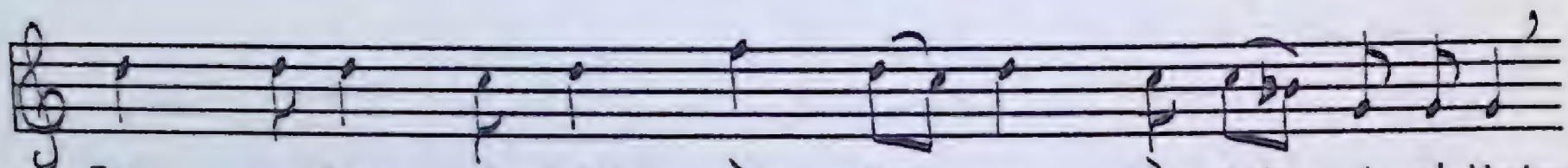
29. ÒRAN A' MHATHAIN

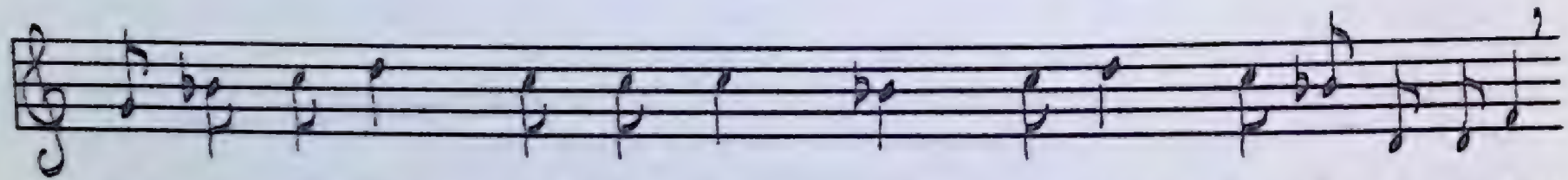
CR 165 B-3

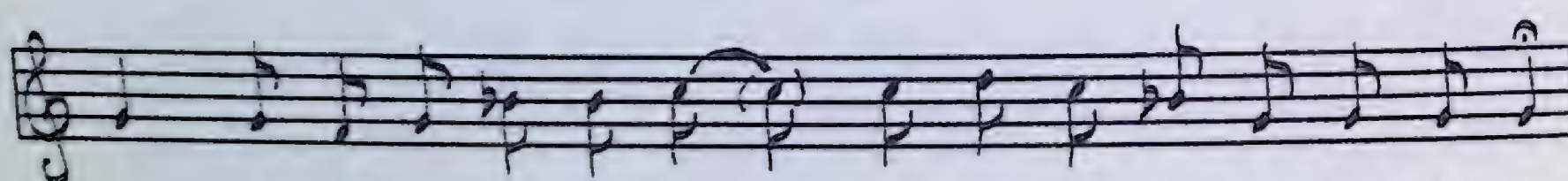
Fast, free time
Verse 1

sung by Angus MacLellan,
Grand Mira, N.S.









Transcribed by Ken Peacock

NOTE: Since the metre of the melody depends upon the words of each verse, it is impossible to divide the music into regular bar lines. The melody transcribed above fits verse 1.

1. Thuirt am mathan 's e bìgeil,
   " 'S bochd m'uirsgeul ri sheinn,
   Fear gun leag mi deich mìle
   Mach mun dìrich mi a' bheinn;
   Le gunna dùbailt 's crios ort
   Gun shealg thu mise le fòill,
   'S ann ri solus na gealaich'
   A bhuail thu fairis mi'n raoir."

2. Thuirt Dòmhnall Sheumais,[1] "chan fhaod thu
   Bhi cho daonnan ri call,
   A' sìor mharbhadh nan caorach,
   'S ad aig daoine cho gann.

---

[1] Donald MacDonald who shot the bear on the mountain above Salmon River. The bear is supposed to have answered him, excusing himself for all the damage he had done.

Car son nach do ghabh thu le aon té,
'S nach tug thu'n saoghal fo d'cheann?
'S ann chaidh tusa dh'an bhàthaich,
'S thug thu plàigh air na bh'ann."

3. "Gad chaidh an t-ainm feadh na dùthchadh
Cha robh an cunntas cho mór;
Mharbh mi muc Iain Mhic Ùisdein,
'S thug mi leam i dh'an chòir.
A' chaor' a mharbh mi air Iagan
Fhuair e fiach oirr' is còrr;
'S a cóig air Anna Ni Mhìcheil
Bu mhór a dhìth oirre an clòimh.

4. 'S e Raghnall òg leis na caran
A chuir a' bhuille so m' cheann;
Chaidh e sìos anns a' mhaduinn,
'S bu mhór uirsgeul ri sheinn.
Cha ruig e leas a bhi gearan
Nach tug mi bhean bhuaith 's a' chlann;
Gad thug mi caora no dhà leam
Gur daor a phàigh mi 'g a chionn.

5. Thug mi còrr is trì mìosan
Ma na crìochan ad thall;
Iain mac Mhìcheil an crìosdaidh
Thug e mìos 'g a mo shealg
Le seann mhusgaid le Ingram
A fhuair e shìos aig Beinn Eòin;
Cha bhuaileadh esan le luaidh mi
Thall aig buailidh Mhic Leòid.

6. 'S truagh nach mise bha dlùth riut
Mun deach a fùdar 'n a cheò;
'N uair a chuir thu ri d'shùil e
'B e do dhùrachd mo leòn.
Dh'fhiachainn spionnadh mo dhùirn riut,
'S na dubhain chroma bha m'spóig
Ri do ghaoirdean a dh'fheannadh
Eadar chnaimhean[2] is fheòil.

7. Gur e mis' tha fo mhìghin,
'S mi 'n a m'shìneadh 's an lòn,
Mi cho teann air tigh Mhìcheil
Ag éisdeachd pìob Dhòmhnaill Mhic Leòid,

---

[2] "chnaimhean"—reciter did NOT stress this word because of internal rhyme with "fheannadh."

71399—7½

'S gach fear a' tighinn 'n a dheannaibh
A' dol 'g a m'fheannadh 's mi beò;
'S nach cluinn mi aca 'g a chantail
Ach nach'eil e reamhar gu leòir.

8. 'N uair a fhuair iad mi m'shìneadh
Bha mi dìblidh gu leòir,
A h-uile fear a' tighinn teann orm,
Chan'eil ann ach an deò.
'S fhearr dhuinn tòiseachadh feannadh
Mun tig tuilleadh 's a' chòir.
Bidh am bian againn fhéin,
'S gheibh na h-Ìnnseanaich fheòil."

(*Translation*)

THE SONG OF THE BEAR

1. Said the bear in a squeaky voice, "Sad is my tale to relate, a man felled me ten miles away before I climbed the mountain. He stalked me unfairly with a double-barrelled, belted gun. He knocked me over last night in the light of the moon."

2. Donald James said, "You must not always be the cause of loss, constantly killing sheep that people find scarce enough. Why did you not take one, and depart to range the wide world? Instead you went into the byre, and you plagued all that were there."

3. "Although the report circulated throughout the country, the final reckoning was not so large. I killed John, son of Hugh's pig, and I took it with me along with the rest. Iagan got his value and more for the sheep I killed belonging to him, and as far as the five I killed belonging to Annie, daughter of Michael, were concerned, their wool was her greatest loss.

4. "It was young Ronald with his tricks who struck this blow at my head. He went down (to the village?) in the morning, and exaggerated was the news he related. He need not complain considering that I did not deprive him of his wife and children; although I took a sheep or two with me, dearly did I pay for the act.

5. "I spent over three months around the boundaries over there. John, son of Michael, spent a month stalking me with an old musket belonging to Ingram that he procured when he was down at Beinn Eoin. He could not hit me with lead even over at MacLeod's fold.

6. "It is a pity that I was not near you before the powder went up in smoke. When you levelled it to your eye, it was your desire to wound me. I would try the strength of my fist against you, and the bent hooks under my paws, to flay your shoulder, between bones and flesh.

7. "I am depressed as I lie in the meadow. I am so near Michael's house that I can hear Donald MacLeod's bagpipes. Everybody comes in haste to skin me alive, and all I hear them say is that I am not fat enough.

8. "When they found me lying, I was weak enough, every man coming close to me saying that I was scarcely breathing. We had better begin to skin him before too many arrive. We can keep the pelt for ourselves, and let the Indians have the meat."

Tape 165

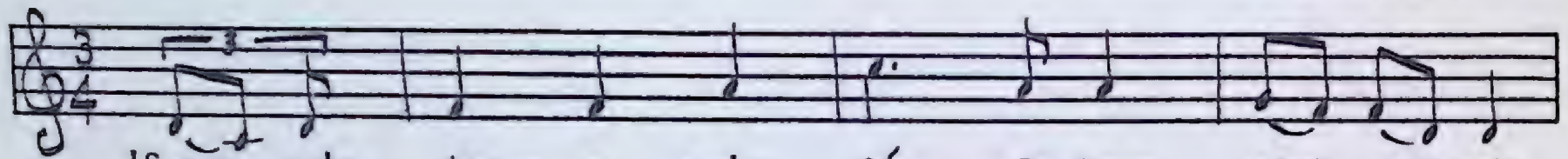
From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Angus Campbell. The melody on this tape is like "Fhuair mi naidheachd as ùr," on p. 46, "Còisir a' Mhòid," 3.

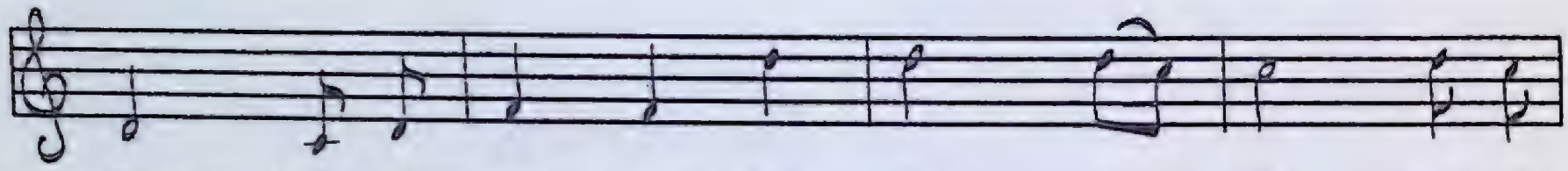
30. MARBHRANN DO MHACLEÒID

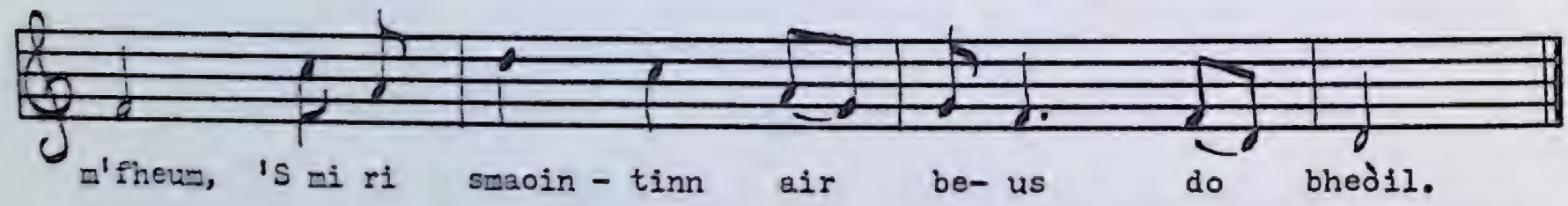
CR 165 B-5

Moderate

sung by Angus McLellan,
Grand Mira, N.S.







Transcribed by Ken Peacock

NOTE: The melody transcribed above fits verse 1.

1. 'S ann mu'n taca so 'n dé
   Bu trom airtneulach m'fheum,
   'S mi ri smaointinn air beus do bheòil. (a rithist)

2. Càit an robh e fo'n ghréin
   Aon mhac gobha b'fhearr beus
   Na mo bhràthair deas, treubhach, òg? (a rithist)

3. Tighinn o cheardaich a' ghuail,
   Bu ghlan rudhadh do ghruaidh,
   Mar an ubhall air uachdar mheòir. (a rithist)

4. Dh'fhalbh an urchair, ma chreach,
   As a' chuilbhear chaol, ghlas,
   'S bha mo sgaradh gun sgath ri fheòil. (a rithist)

5. 'S e mac Cholla nan euchd
   Rinn do bhualadh, mo bheud!
   Dh'fhàg sid mise ri m'ré fo leòn. (a rithist)

6. 'N uair a chunnaic mi-fhéin,
Fuil do chridhe 's do chléibh,
Chuir e 'm pudhar air ghleus 'n a m'fheòil. (a rithist)

7. 'S i do làmh a bha cruaidh,
'S i do chas a bha luath,
'N uair a thachradh tu'n ruaig no'n tòir. (a rithist)

8. Bha thu càirdeach dà uair
Do Shìol Torcaill ma thuath;
Sid na fearaibh a fhuair an leòn. (a rithist)

9. Cha robh filidheachd cainnt,
Cha robh lùthchleas no danns',
Nach do dh'ionnsaich thu'n camp Mhontròis. (a rithist)

10. 'S e bhi dùnadh do shùl',
Fo d'chaol mhala gun smùr;
'S e do chur anns an ùir mo leòn. (a rithist)

11. O'n a thachair dhomh fhéin,
Bhi gun bhràthair 'n a d'dhéidh,
B'fhearr gun ghreasadh Mac Dhé mi d'lorg. (a rithist)

(*Translation*)

ELEGY FOR MACLEOD

1. Heavy and weary was my mood about this time yesterday as I meditated upon your artful speech. (repeat)

2. Where was there to be found, under the sun, one smith's son of higher virtue than my dexterous, heroic, and youthful brother? (repeat)

3. Emerging from the coal-forge, healthy would be the blush of your cheek, like an apple on the top of a branch. (repeat)

4. Alas, the shot was fired from the thin, grey gun, and my cause of grief was left without a shred on his flesh. (repeat)

5. It was the son of Coll of the feats who struck you, my loss! That action left me in a state of severe distress for life. (repeat)

6. When I viewed, for myself, the blood of your heart and chest, suppuration became active in my flesh. (repeat)

7. Your hand delivered hard strokes, your foot was swift when you were engaged in retreat or pursuit. (repeat)

8. You were related, on two sides, to the Race of Torcaill in the North, these were the men who were sorely wounded. (repeat)

9. There was no phase in the fields of versification, athletics, and dancing that you did not learn in the camp of Montrose. (repeat)

10. It grieves me to close your eye under your slender eyebrow without blemish, and to bury you in the earth. (repeat)

11. Since it happens that I have no brother to follow you, may the Son of God hasten in his search for one. (repeat)

TAPE 165

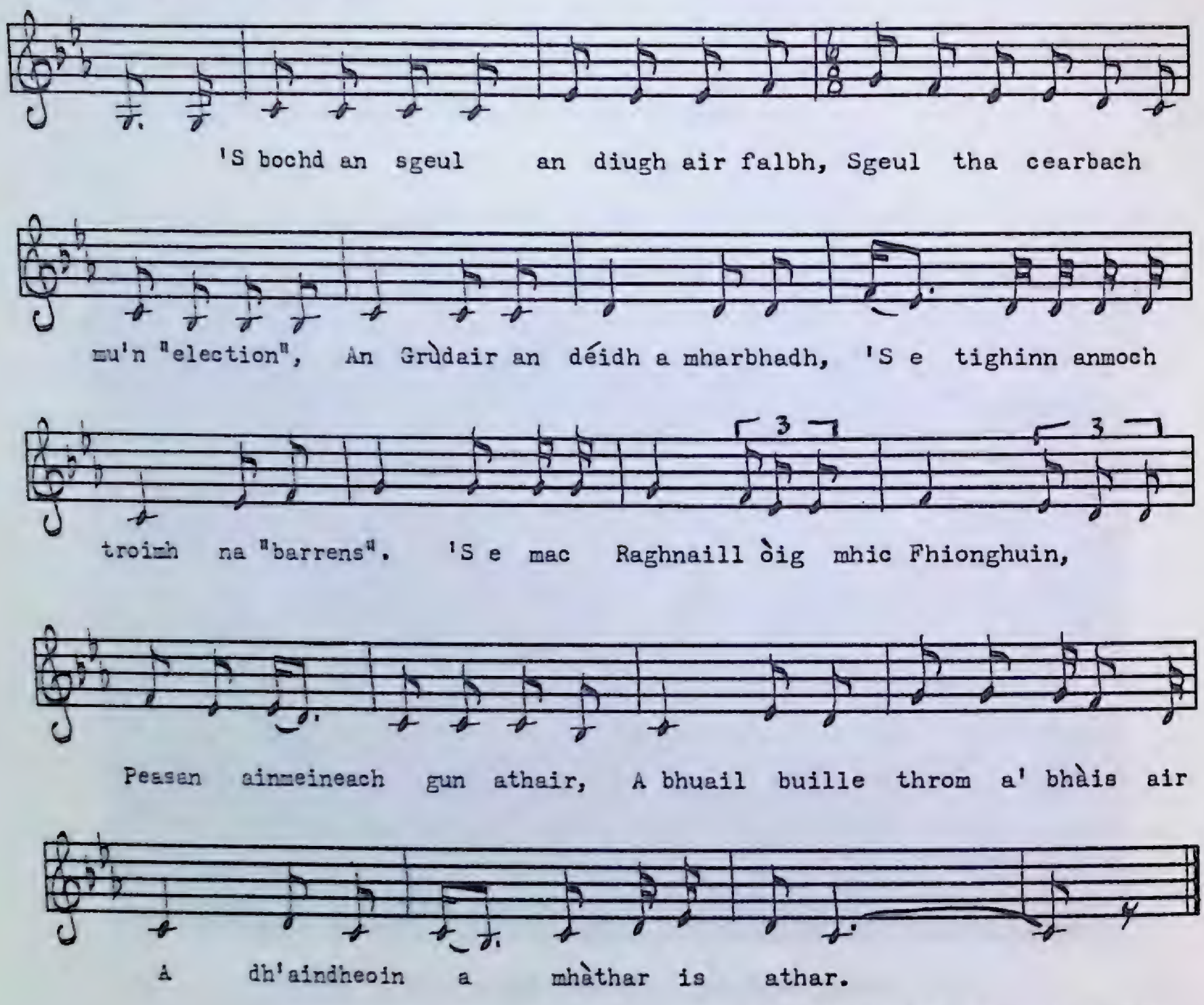
From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. The melody, on tape, is very old. A version of this song is published in, "Mactalla nan Tùr," p. 107–08. It does not contain, however, verses 4 and 10 of MacLellan's rendition on tape. (*See also* "Gaelic Bards," 1411–1715, p. 35, and "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Glasgow," vol. 5, p. 9–83, an article on "Traditions of the Alasdair Mac Colla," written by Professor Angus Matheson, Department of Celtic, Glasgow University, Scotland).

Our reciter, Angus MacLellan, had this to say about the song: "Composed for a young MacLeod who served in the Duke of Montrose's army at the time of Charles 2, and he was killed in a duel with a son of Alexander MacDonald known as Alasdair Colla Ciotaich."

Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis and singing friends, Gillisdale.

31. ÒRAN AN ''ELECTION''

Moderately fast, in free time



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S bochd an sgeul an diugh air falbh,
Sgeul tha cearbach mu'n "election";
An Grùdair an déidh a mharbhadh,
'S e tighinn anmoch troimh na "barrens."
'S e mac Raghnaill òig mhic Fhionghuin,
Peasan ainmeineach gun athair,
A bhuail buille throm a' bhàis air
A dh'aindheoin a mhàthar is athar.

2. Fhuair iad 's a' "Bharren" Mhór e,
'S moighich gu leòir mu'n cuairt dha;
'N a shìneadh ri taobh an rathaid
Air a chur far chnàimh na guaileadh;

Feòragan a' ruith o cheann gu shàiltean,
'S iad a' faighinn fàileadh fuar dheth.
Tha luchd-dàimh an diugh fo phràmh,
A' smaointinn air a' bhàs a fhuair e.

3. Feumar fios a chur Di-Dòmhnaich,
A chon na Léigeadh Móire thallud[1]
Ach an tig na daoine còire
Go tòrradh an fhir nach maireann.
'S e pàirt de dh'obair na tròcair'
Na mairbh a chur dòigheil fo'n talamh;
Ma ni Donnchadh Dhòmhnaill ciste,
Gheobh Gilleasbuig 's Seònaid anart.

4. Thuirt Aonghus Eòghann[2] Mhic a' Bhiocair,
"Fhuair mi nise mar bu mhiann leam,
An Grùdair an déidh a spadadh,
'S mo bheannachd aig làmh' 'g a dhèanamh.
'S fhad' o'n bha mi cearta, coma,
Gad a bhiodh e aig na biastan;
Cha bhi sàmhchar thall no bhos aig,
'S bidh e conas fad na sìorrachd.

5. Tha Donnchadh Tuairnear 'n a dhuin' iochdmhor,
'S fios aca gu bheil e truasail;
Feumaidh e sgiob' a thaghadh,
'S a chur a chladhach na h-uaghach.
Feumar a chur fada fodha,
'S clachan troma chur an uachdar,
Air dòigh 's nach tig e null an athbhliadhn'
A chur bacain air an Tuairnear.

6. Thugaibh faicill a ghillean chòire
Thig go'n tòrradh 'g a fhairid;
Fiach gun cur sibh pluic gu leòir air,
'S clachan cho mór 's a thig á càrnan.
Chunna mise rud cho neònach,
'S gad nach còir dhomh bhi 'g a àireamh;
Gad a chìt' e fhathast beò e
Tighinn a bhòtadh air Mac Àidh.

7. Thug Mórairich an ionnsaigh bhuapa
An dùil gum buanaichte làrach.
Bha muinntir a' Chùil Mhóir ri'n gualainn,
'S iad 'g an cunntas fuathasach làidir;

---

[1] léig, f. in Cape Breton Gaelic, has displaced the Scottish form, "loch." *See* "An Gàidheal," March, 1948, p. 69-71, Dr. John Lorne Campbell's article, entitled "Scottish Gaelic in Canada."
[2] "Eòghann," in Cape Breton Gaelic, means Hugh, more often than Ewen.

Ach smaoinich na Deasaich 's na Tuathaich
Nach tugadh iad suas an càs dhaibh;
Tha na "Grits" an diugh fo smuairean,
'S an Grùdair anns an uaigh 'g a chàradh."

(*Translation*)

THE ELECTION SONG

1. Sad is the news that is being circulated to-day, an unfortunate story about the election. The Grudair was killed as he travelled late over the barrens. It was the son of young Ronald MacKinnon, a perverse petulant person without a father, who delivered the heavy death-blow upon him, in spite of his mother and father.

2. They found him in the Big Barren, with plenty hares around him, prostrate beside the road, having dislocated his shoulder. Squirrels, detecting a frozen odour, were running along his body from head to heel. His relatives are dejected, to-day, meditating upon the kind of death that came upon him.

3. Word must be sent, on Sunday, to the Great Lake over there, so that the kind people may come to the funeral of the deceased. It is part of the act of compassion to bury the dead in an orderly manner under the sod. If Duncan MacDonald will make a coffin, Archibald and Janet will procure a shroud.

4. Angus Ewen MacVicar said, "Events have happened as I desired; the Grudair has been flattened out, my blessings upon the hands that accomplished this. For a long time I have been quite unconcerned supposing he would be at the mercy of wild beasts. He will not be at peace over there or here, and he will be quarreling throughout eternity.

5. Duncan Turner is a merciful man, and it is known that he has compassion. He must select a crew to dig the grave. The corpse must be buried far-down-deep, with heavy stones on top, in such a way that it will not come over next year to place a tether-stake on Turner.

6. Be careful, my good men who come to the funeral and wake. Ensure that you place plenty clods, and the biggest stones you can get out of a cairn, on the corpse. I have seen such a surprising thing happen, although I should not divulge it, that we may yet see the corpse, in its living state, coming over to vote upon MacKay.

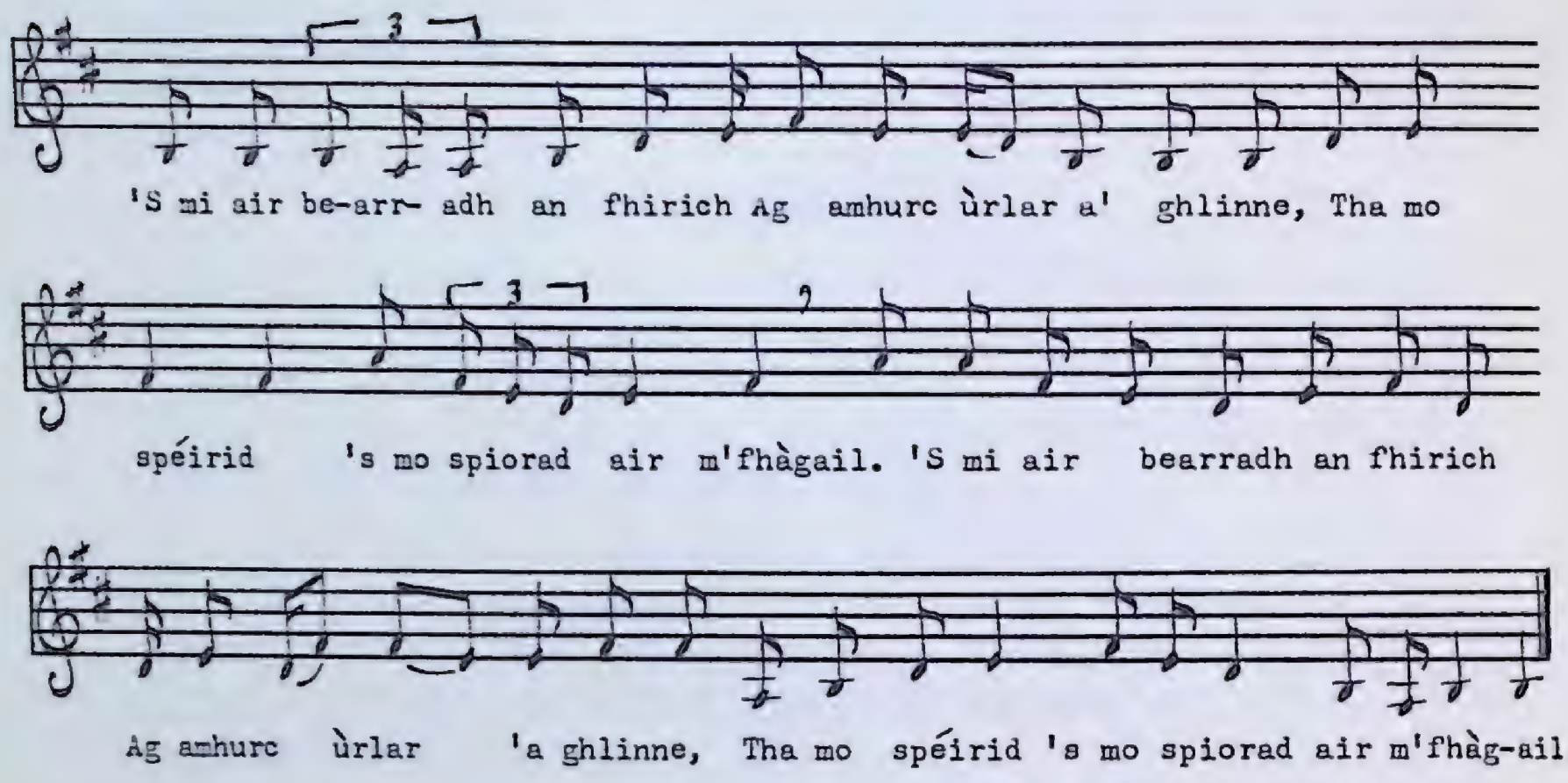
7. The Morar people made the attack, expecting that they would gain a foothold. The Cuil Mor men were at their shoulder, reckoning them to be very strong, but the people of the South and North thought fit not to yield in the predicament, so, to-day, the Grits are deep in thought, and the Grudair lies buried in the grave."

TAPE 190 A.

From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Angus Campbell, Salmon River, Cape Breton. A hyperbolic poem, of course, regarding a certain election fracas that took place in Grand Mira about 80 years ago. Our reciter, Mr. MacLellan, said this about the song: "A young fellow got involved in a political argument, and hit the old fellow (named, Grudair), and Angus Campbell, the bard, made it appear that the old fellow was killed, which was not true, of course."

32. ÒRAN NA BAINNSE

In free time



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S mi air bearradh an fhirich
   Ag amhurc ùrlar a' ghlinne,
   Tha mo spéirid 's mo spiorad air m'fhàgail. (a rithist)

2. Dh'fhàs mo chasan cho luthach,[1].
   'S mo cheann ag iarraidh le bruthach,
   Mar an eucoireachd ruma an déidh m'fhàgail. (a rithist)

3. 'S ann a bha mi air banais,
   An Ceap Mabou nan gallan,
   Ann an coibhneas 's an caidreabh mo chàirdean. (a rithist)

4. 'S tràth a thug iad dhomh cuireadh,
   Air thoiseach na buidheann,
   Gad bha iomadach curaidh air fhàgail. (a rithist)

5. Ràinig mise làn sòlais,
   Tigh greadhnach na mórchuis',
   Far nach meallta, 'n a dhòchas, fear dàna. (a rithist)

6. Far'n robh mir' agus beadradh,
   Ceòl theud agus fheadan,
   Agus luinneagan eireachdail bhàrdaibh. (a rithist)

---

[1] Dialectic form of "ludhar," clumsy, awkward.

7. Ruidhle h-ochdnar 's gach oisinn;
Fir a' falbh le'n cuid bhotul;
'S mnathan àlainn a' coiteach oirnn càise. (a rithist)

8. Cha robh seud a bha brìgh ann,
Eadar "China" 's na h-Ìnnsean,
Nach robh bhanais bu phrìseile làn dheth. (a rithist)

9. Aran donn agus milis,
"Sauce", "gravy", is "jelly",
Piobair dearg agus "liniment", 's "all-spice". (a rithist)

10. "Castor-oil" 's "saltpetre",
'S iomadh seòrsa de "liquor",
Nach'eil eòlas sam bith anns a' cheàrn so. (a rithist)

11. Ach 's mithich dhòmh-sa dhol dhachaidh,
Chun nam pàisdeachan laga
Tha 'n an sìneadh an achlais am màthar. (a rithist)

12. A h-uile h-aon a ni banais,
Biodh e cuimhneach air Lachainn, [2]
Bho'n 's e dh'ìnnseas "exactly" mar bha i. (a rithist)

(*Translation*)

THE WEDDING SONG

1. From the ridge of the high ground I look down upon the lower reaches of the glen, whilst my strength and spirit have forsaken me. (repeat)

2. My feet have become awkward, and my head feels like rolling down the incline, as if I was left suffering from the ill-effects of rum. (repeat)

3. I attended a wedding in Cape Mabou of the handsome youths, enjoying the hospitality and fellowship of my friends. (repeat)

4. They gave me an early invitation ahead of the guests, although many a hero was not invited. (repeat)

5. I arrived in a very happy mood, at the magnificent mansion of splendour, where a poet, one hoped, would not be deceived. (repeat)

6. Where there was mirth and flirting, music of stringed instruments and bagpipe chanters, and the beautiful songs of bards. (repeat)

7. An eight-handed reel being danced in every corner; men moving around with their bottles, and handsome women pressing us to take some cheese. (repeat)

---

[2] Lachlan McDonald, Mabou, the pretended author of this song, who felt rather piqued because he was not invited to the wedding.

8. This worthy wedding was full of every jewel of value from China to India. (repeat)

9. There was brown bread and ginger-bread, sauce, gravy, and jelly; red pepper, liniment and all-spice. (repeat)

10. Castor-oil, and saltpetre, and many brands of liquor completely unknown in this part of the world. (repeat)

11. But, it is time for me to go home to the helpless children who are reclining in their mother's bosom. (repeat)

12. May each person who has a wedding remember Lachlan because he will tell exactly how it took place. (repeat)

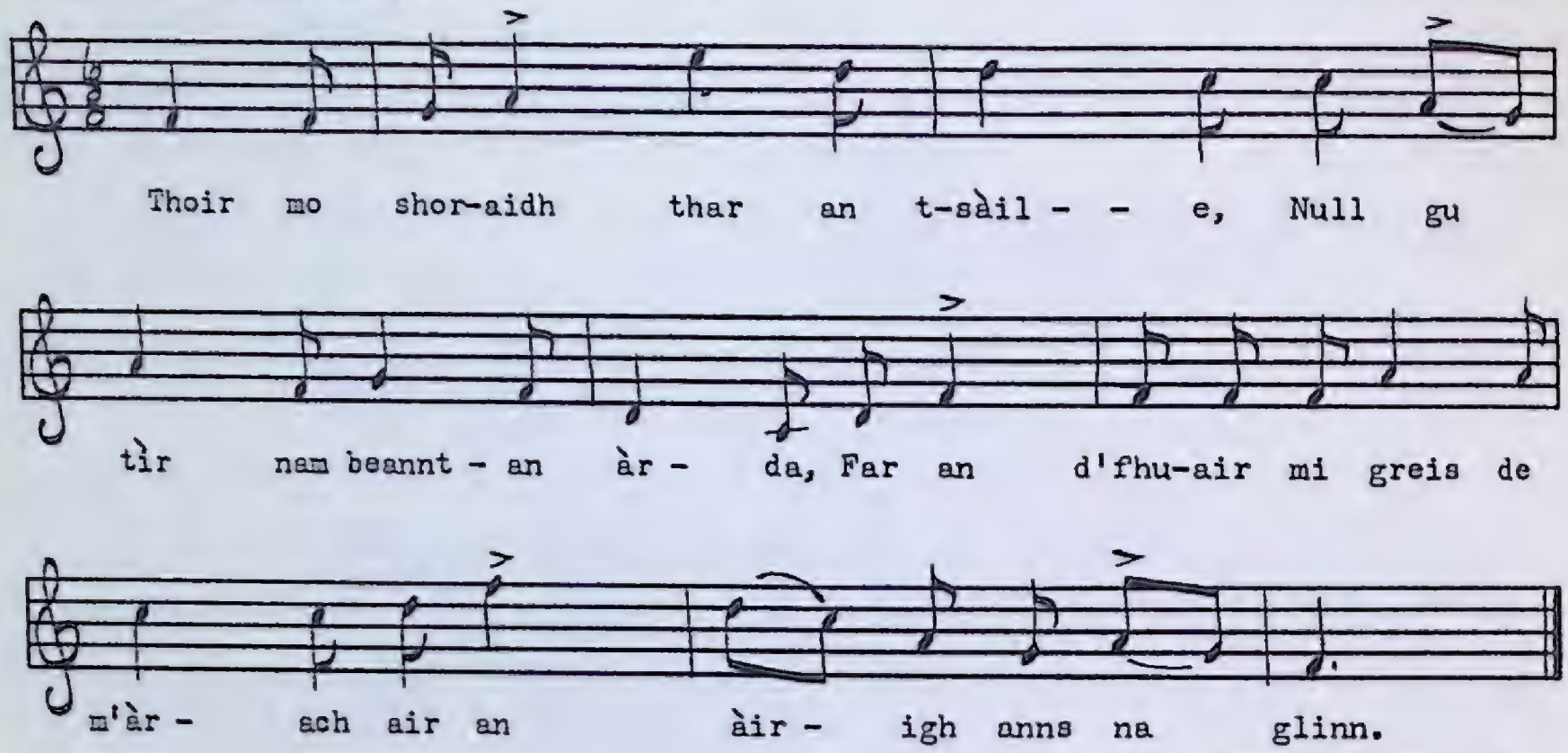
TAPE 190

From Angus MacLellan, Grand Mira, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Donald McLellan, blacksmith, who died at Grand Mira, on the 18th day of February, 1890. *See* "The North Sydney Herald" of March 12, 1890, for his obituary notice.

NOTE: This song was published in the James Hughie McNeil edition of "Fàilte Cheap Breatainn," p. 14-15. Sydney, N.S. (1933).

33. THOIR MO SHORAIDH THAR AN T-SÀILE

Moderate, steady swing



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. Thoir mo shoraidh thar an t-sàile,
   Null gu tìr nam beanntan àrda,
   Far an d'fhuair mi greis de m'àrach
   Air an àirigh anns na glinn.

2. Far am biodh an ceòl 's am mànran
   Aig an òigridh chridheil, chàirdeil,
   Far am biodh na h-òrain Ghàidhlig
   'N uair a bhiodh na h-àrmuinn cruinn.[1]

3. Far am biodh na h-òighean guanach,
   Far an cluinnte fuaim an duanaig,
   Falbh le'n cuman 's le'm buarach
   Mach gu buailtean a' chrodh-laoigh.

4. Far am biodh na mnathan bàigheil,
   Bheireadh biadh is deoch do'n ànrach,
   Agus bodaich chòire, làidir,
   Nach robh fàilligeach no tinn.

5. Far a bheil na stùcan ceòthach,
   Far a bheil am fraoch 's a' mhòinteach,
   Far an cluinnte guth na smeòraich,
   Agus crònan aig na h-uillt.

---

[1] On tape, this appears to be sung as "an àireamh cruinn," meaning, "where the group would be together."

6. Far am faighte crodh is daoine,
Tha e nisd air fàs fo chaoraich,[2]
'S tha na Gàidheil air an sgaoileadh
Air gach taobh air bheagan saoim.

7. Ach tha chuibhl' nis air tionndadh,
'S gheobh sinn fhathast còir ar dùthchadh,
'S théid na h-uachdarain a sgiùrsadh,
Mur a cum iad cothrom ruinn.

8. Bidh na glinn 's na strathan còmhnard
Air an àiteach 's air an còmhdach,
'S bidh na Gàidheil mar bu chòir dhaibh
Gadhail còmhnuidh anns an tìr.

(*Translation*)

BEAR MY GREETINGS OVER THE SEA

1. Bear my greetings over the sea, across to the land of the high mountains, where I was reared, for a time, in the shieling in the glens.
2. Where there was wont to be music and fun on the part of hearty and friendly youth; where Gaelic songs would be sung when the warriors were together.
3. Where there were comely maidens whose melodies could be heard, setting out with their milk-pails and spancels to the folds of the cows-in-calf.
4. Where hospitable women lived who would dispense food and drink to the wanderer, and kind, virile old men who were not defective or sickly.
5. Where you see misty peaks, where grows the heather in the moorland; where the voice of the thrush may be heard, and the murmuring of brooks.
6. Land where cattle and people used to dwell is now occupied by sheep, and the Gaels have been dispersed, with little respect, in every direction.
7. But, the wheel of fortune has now turned, and we will yet enjoy the justice of our country; and the landlords will be driven away if they do not give us fair-play.
8. The glens and the low-lying straths will be cultivated and covered, and the Gaels will inhabit the land according to their rights.

TAPE 164

From Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay, Cape Breton. The melody is similar to, "Gun chrodh, gun aighean." (*See* "Clàrsach an Doire," pages 102–3).

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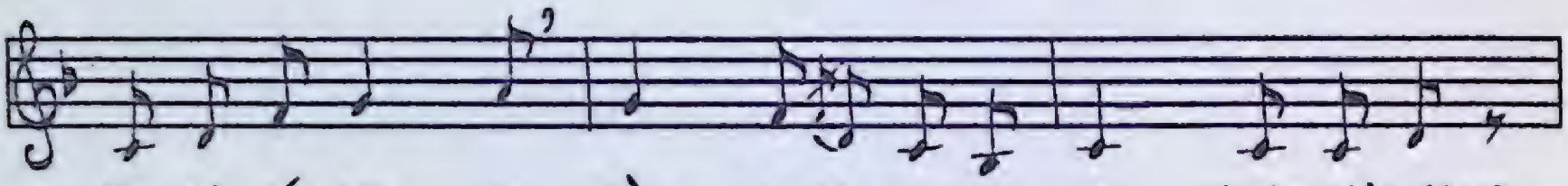
[2] On tape, it sounds as if it is, "air fàs cho faoilidh" (has become so desolate).

71399—8½

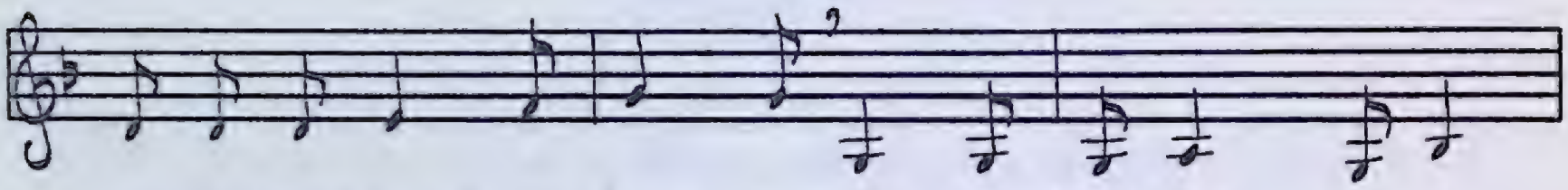
34. CÙRAM LEANNAIN

Moderate

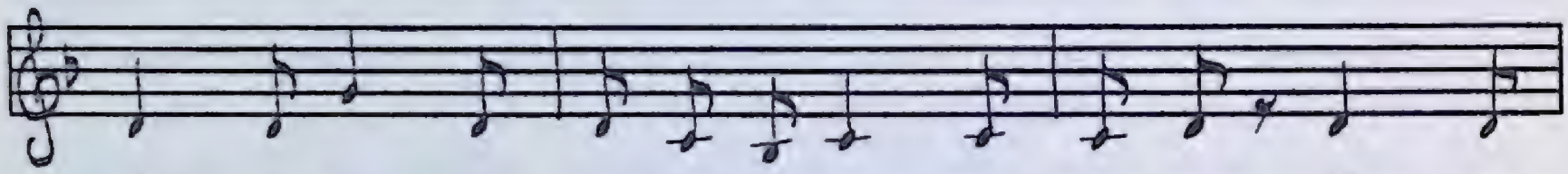
Cùr - am le-ann-ain so chuir mi'n diugh, Rùn nan ca- il- in,



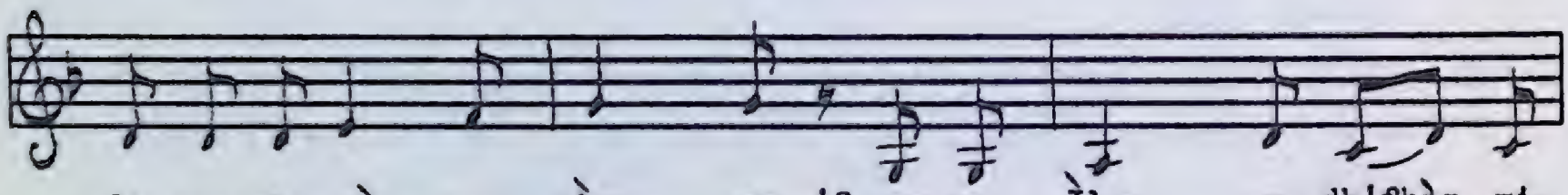
tha mi'n dé- idh ort. Cùr - am le- ann-ain so chuir mi'n diugh.



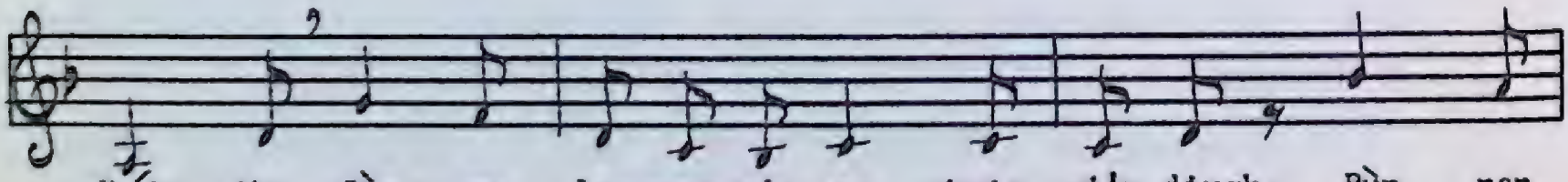
Cùr- am leannain, rùn nan nìon - ag, 'S òg a dheal-aich sinn ri



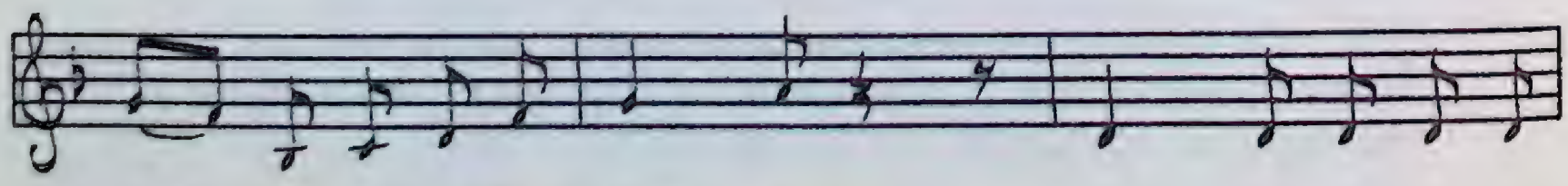
chéil - e. Cùr - am le- ann-ain so chuir mi'n diugh, Cùr - am



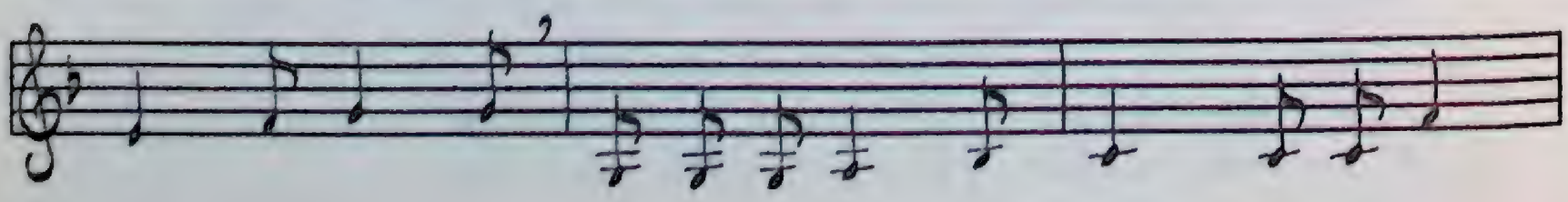
le- ann-ain, rùn nan nìon - ag, 'S ann an Ìl - e dh'fhàg mi-

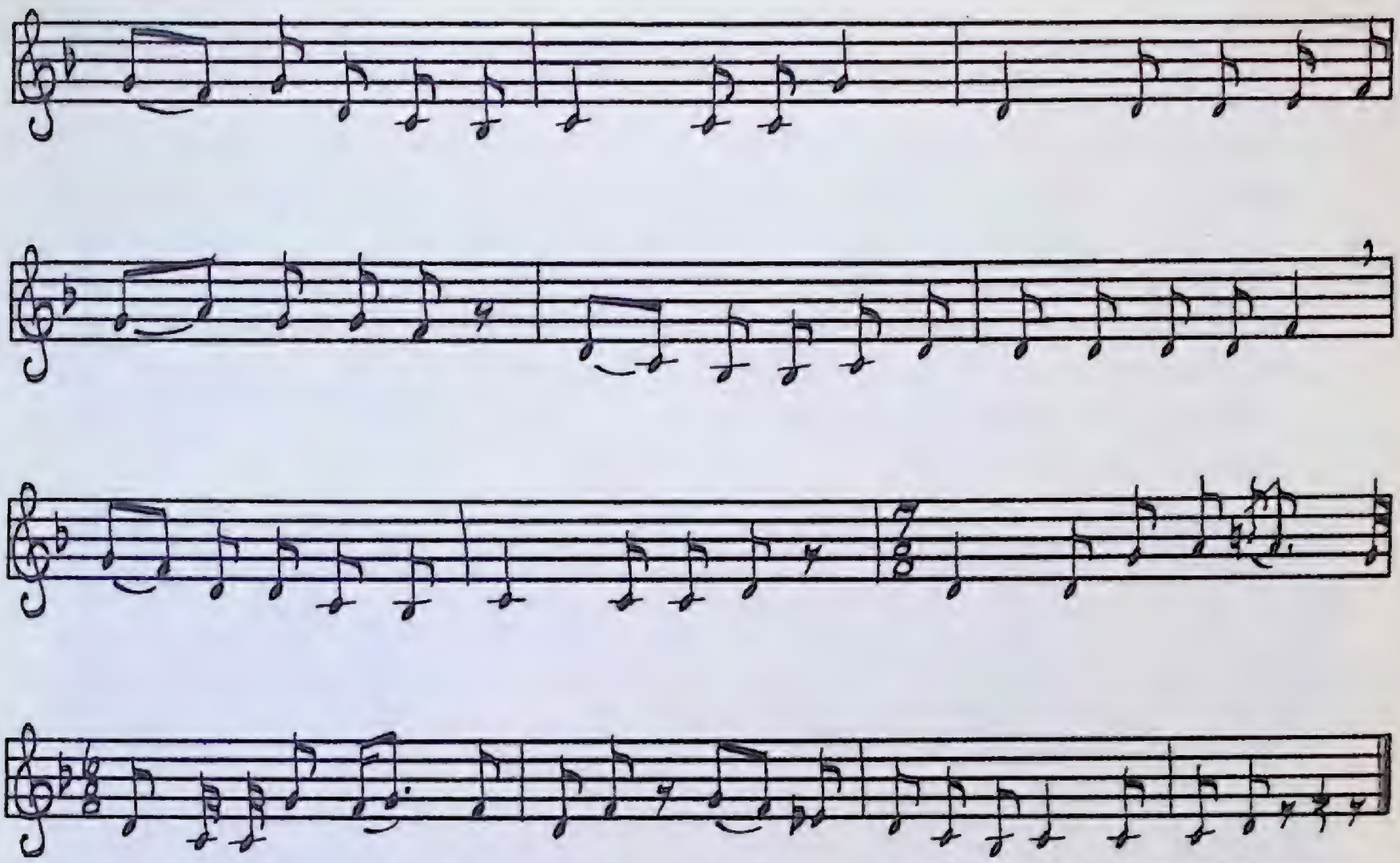


fhéin thu. Cùr - am le- ann- ain so chuir mi'n diugh, Rùn nan



ca - il- in tha mi'n déidh ort.





Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh,
   Rùn nan cailin, tha mi'n déidh ort.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh,
   Cùram leannain, rùn nan nìonag,
   'S òg a dhealaich sinn ri chéile.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh,
   Cùram leannain, rùn nan nìonag,
   'S ann an Ìle[1] dh'fhàg mi-fhéin thu.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh,
   Rùn nan cailin tha mi'n déidh ort.

2. Cùram leannain, rùn air Sìle,
   Dealbh cridhe am broilleach mo léine.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh.

3. Mac au Fhìdhleir, ogha an Tuairneir,
   Dithis bu shuaraich orm le chéile.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh.
   Bha mi uair dha mo shaoghal
   Bhualainn an dà chinn ri chéile.
   Cùram leannain so chuir mi'n diugh,
   Rùn nan cailin tha mi'n déidh ort.

---

[1] mention of "Ìle," Islay, Inner Hebrides, Scotland, might pin-point this song as originally Scottish.

(*Translation*)

ANXIETY FOR A SWEETHEART

1. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day. Most beloved of maidens, I am very fond of you. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day. Anxiety for a sweetheart, most beloved of young girls, we parted from each other at an early age. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day. Anxiety for a sweetheart, most beloved of young girls, it was in Islay that I parted with you. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day, most beloved of maidens, I am very fond of you.
2. Anxiety for a sweetheart, my love is Cecilia, the picture of a heart in the bosom of my shirt. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day.
3. Son of the fiddler, grandson of the turner (worker of a lathe), two most despicable people, in my opinion. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day. At one period of my life I would knock their two heads together. Anxiety for a sweetheart directed me here, to-day. Most beloved of maidens, I am very fond of you.

TAPE 163 (1956)

From William E. MacDonald, Marion Bridge, Cape Breton, who called it the "Match-Making Song," and narrated the following notes on its origin (on tape):

This girl and boy were going to school together, and he was a little further away than she was. When she would go to the gate she'd wait for him till he'd come, and, if he'd be there ahead of her he'd wait till she'd come, and, finally enough, [*sic*, as on tape], when he was 16 years of age he made up his mind that he was going to go away, and so he did. When he came back after many years, he came home, and there was nobody home, the rest were away, but [*sic*] his mother. He asked about them where they were, of course, and she said that they were fishing, but, "Ah," she said, "one fellow," she says, "he never wrote the girl, and he never wrote home. I was never as lonesome, I guess he is not living," she says. "I was never as lonesome since he left," she says, "as I am to-night. The girl that he used to go with is match-making, to-night, with another fellow."

But, the mother didn't know him, her own son.

"Well, can I sleep for a while?" he says. "Oh, yes," she says, "wake me up about this time."

He made up his mind that he was going to go there, and I guess nobody would know him. Finally enough, he went in, and the old man of the house met him, and he says, "Could I stay for the night?" "Yes, but you won't get much sleep, there's match-making here to-night." "I see," he says, "it wont bother me any. I only want the shelter of the roof for the night."

And they were all singing songs, and she'd made him a shirt before he left her, and put a heart in the bosom of the shirt you see, and he never put the shirt on till that night, and he put it on, and they were asking the stranger, you know, to sing a song in Gaelic, and, "oh, I'll try," he says, "anyway," and, he started the song, and the song went this way: (as in Verse 1),

and this is the final verse: (as in Verse 2), and she looked, and she knew her own work in the bosom of the shirt, and she was sitting in the other fellow's lap, and she jumped clean, clear of it . . . went right to his arms, and there he was, and, in the next verse (as in Verse, 3),

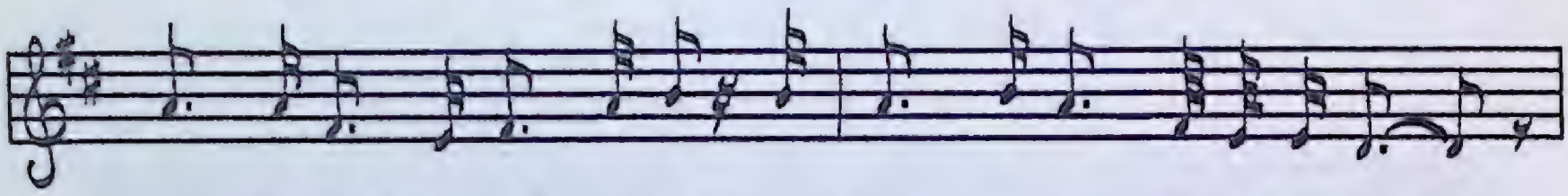
and the other fellow would have to leave, and she stayed with him. They got married, and there you are now.

International Folk Music Council meeting, Laval University, 1961.
Gaelic group milling cloth.

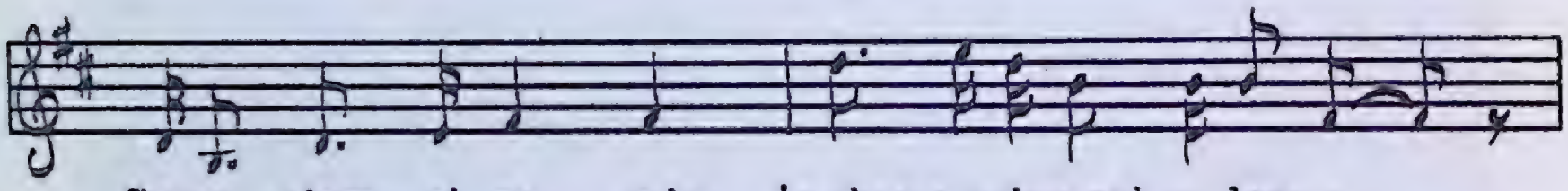
35. THA'N OIDHCHE NOCHD FUAR

Moderate, in free time

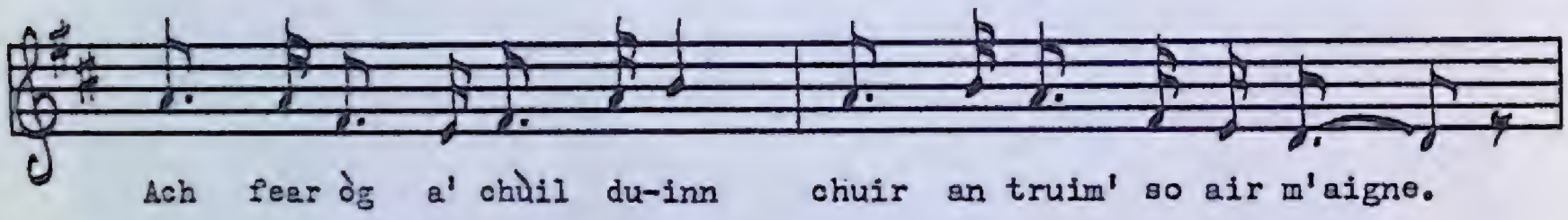
'S tha'n oidhch-e nochd fuar, och, mo thruaigh-e gur fad i;



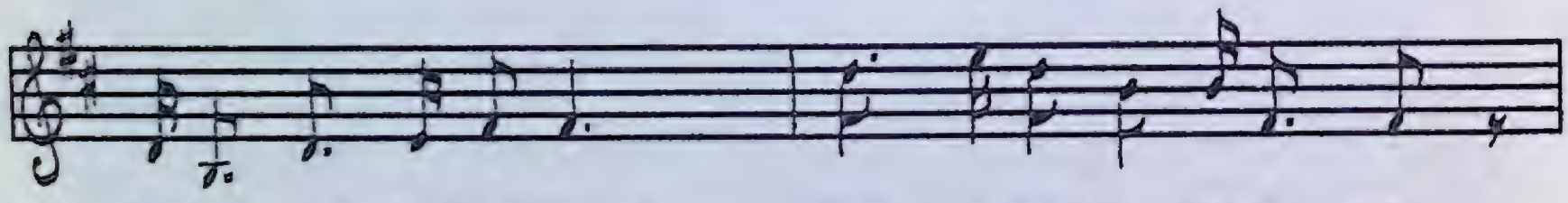
Ged tha càch 'n an sìor shu-ain, gur beag mo luaidh-s' air a' chadal.



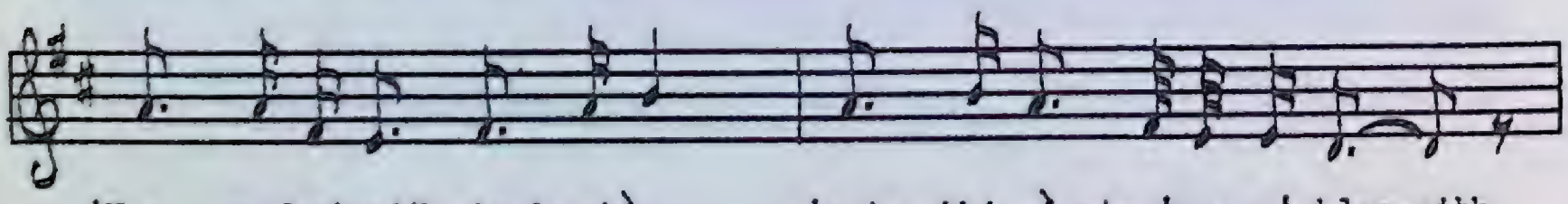
Chan e giorr- ad mo ruim, 's chan-e cuing-ead mo leap-a



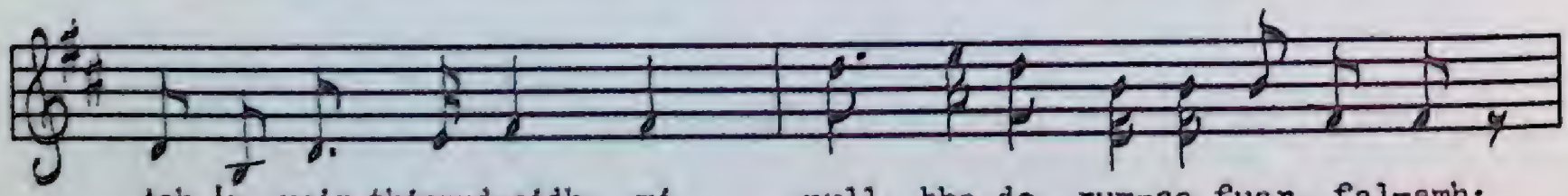
Ach fear òg a' chùil du-inn chuir an truim' so air m'aigne.



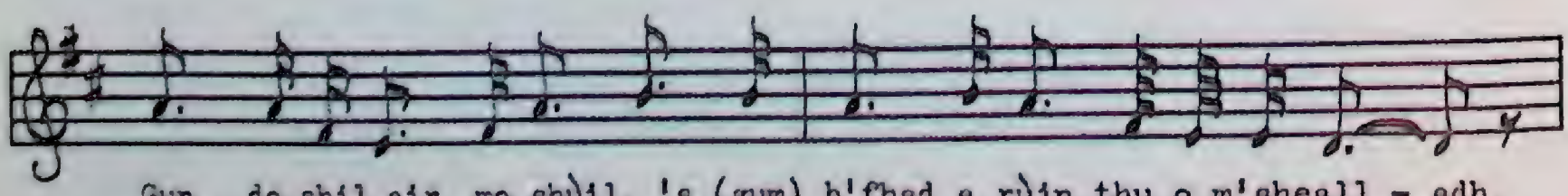
Gun a bhru-(ad)-air mi'n raoir, thus - a ghaoil a bhi a - gam



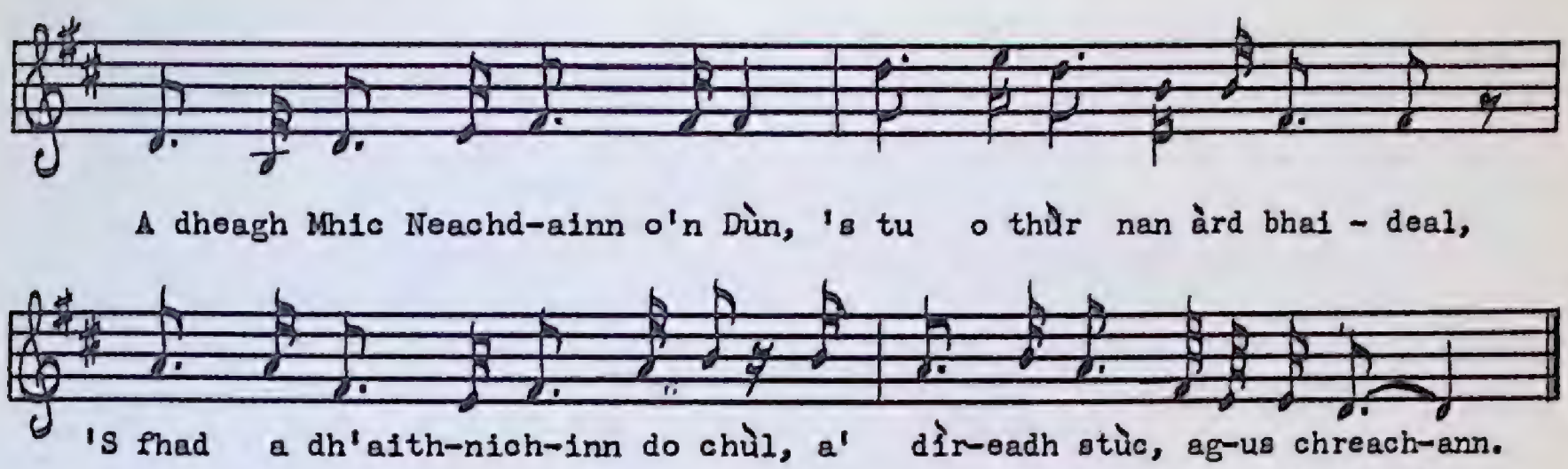
'N a mo leab-aidh chaol, mhì-n, 's tu bhi sìn-te 'n a m'ghlac-aibh.



Ach 'n uair thionnd-aidh mi null bha do rum-sa fuar, fal-amh;



Gun do shil air mo shùil, 's (gum) b'fhad a rùin thu o m'sheall - adh.



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S tha'n oidhche nochd fuar,
   Och, mo thruaighe, gur fad i;
   Ged tha càch 'n an sìor shuain,
   Gur beag mo luaidh-s' air a' chadal.

2. Chan e giorrad mo ruim,
   'S chan e cuingead mo leapa
   Ach fear òg a' chùil duinn
   Chuir an truim' so air m'aigne.

3. Gun a bhruadair mi'n raoir,
   Thusa ghaoil a bhi agam
   'N a mo leabaidh chaol, mhìn,
   'S tu bhi sìnte 'n a m'ghlacaibh.

4. Ach 'n uair thionndaidh mi null
   Bha do rum-sa fuar, falamh;
   Gun do shil air mo shùil,
   'S b'fhad! a rùin thu o m'shealladh.

5. A dheagh Mhic Neachdainn o'n Dùn,[1]
   'S tu o thùr nan àrd bhaideal,
   'S fhad a dh'aithnichinn do chùl,
   A' dìreadh stùc, agus chreachann.

6. Le d'ghille, 's le d'chù,
   Le d'cheum lùthmhor mar ghaisgeach,
   'S le d'chuilbheir caol, ùr,
   'S e nach diùltadh an t-sradan.

7. Leam bu mhìlse do phòg
   Na mil shòghail nam beachan;
   'S na ùbhlan nan craobh,
   Gum bu chaoine leam d'anail.

---

[1] John MacNaughton from Dunderave, Loch Fyne, Scotland.

8. 'S math thig boineid ghorm, ùr,
Air do chùl bhòidheach, daithte;[2]
'S math thig dag dhuit is sgiath,
'S claidheamh giar, guineach, sgaiteach.

9. An té thug bhuam-sa m'fhear fhéin,
'S a chuir na creuchdan fo m'aisnean,
Nar a faicear ort bréid[3]
Là féille no clachain.

10. Nar a faicear do chlann
Dol a theampull a' bhaistidh;
Ach 'g an càradh 's an uaigh,
'S tu bhi buan dheth gun mhac leat.

11. Gum bi leac shleamhainn ri d'bhonn,
Talamh tolltach fo d'chasan,
'S boinne snighe fliuch, fuar,
Bhi mu bhruachan do leapa.

12. Mur a b'e do dhroch bheus
B'oil leam fhéin sin a thachairt;
'S ged is cruaidh e ri ràdh,
'S i 'n aona mhàthair a bh'againn.

13. Tha'n oidhche nochd fuar,
Och, mo thruaighe, gur fad i;
Ged tha càch 'n an sìor shuain
Gur beag mo luaidh-s' air a' chadal.

(*Translation*)

TO-NIGHT IT IS COLD

1. To-night, it is cold, och, alas, it is long; although others are in deep slumber, little do I think of sleep.

2. It is not the smallness of my room, and it is not the narrowness of my bed, but the young man of the brown hair who has made my spirit so dejected.

3. I dreamt, last night, that you, my love, were with me in my narrow, smooth bed, reclining in my bosom.

4. But when I looked across, your room was cold and empty, and tears came to my eyes, as you, beloved, were far away from my sight.

---

[2] In Early Irish Gaelic texts, Cù Chulainn's hair is described as being in three colours, darkest near the scalp, and lightest at the extremities, with an intermediate colour between.

[3] I have also heard the form "nior," for "nar." Compare, Mary MacLeod, "Nior chluinneam sgeul marbh ort" (May I never hear news of thy death). This is "nior" with the Present Subjunctive, expressing a negative wish. "Nior" is "ni," (neg.), and the particle "ro."

5. Worthy MacNaughton from the Fort, and the tower of the high pillars, I would recognize your head from afar as you climbed the peaks and the bare, wind-swept plateaux.

6. With your gillie and your dog, your agile warrior's step, and with your narrow, new musket that would not reject the spark.

7. Sweeter to me was your kiss than the delicious honey of bees, and your breath was more pleasingly fragrant than the apples of the trees.

8. Well does the blue, new bonnet suit your beautiful dyed hair. A pistol, a shield, a sword, sharp, wounding, and piercing, all befit you.

9. May I never see a marriage-kerchief on the woman who deprived me of my own husband, and who hurt me beneath my ribs, on Fair days or on Sundays.

10. May I never see your children going to the church for baptism, but being buried in the grave, and may you never have a son.

11. May there be a slippery flag-stone at your heel; earth full of pits beneath your feet, and drops of wet, damp rain oozing through the roof of your house, and falling around the sides of your bed.

12. Were it not for your bad behaviour, it would grieve me to see these things come to pass; and although it is hard for me to say it, we were daughters of the same mother.

13. To-night, it is cold, och, alas, it is long; although others are in deep slumber, little do I think of sleep.

Tape 216

From the late Frank MacNeil, Big Pond, Cape Breton. Compare written version in "Mactalla nan Tùr," p. 96–99.

36. I HIÙRAIBH O-O CHAN'EIL MI SLÀN

Moderately fast

I hiù - raibh o- o chan' eil mi slàn, Hug òr - ainn o chan

fhaod mi tàmh, I hiù - raibh o- o chan' eil mi slàn.

'S mul - ad-ach a' bu- ain an lìn mi, 'S deòir mo chinn a'

ruith gu làr. I hiù - raibh o - o chan' eil mi slàn, Hug

òr - ainn o chan fhaod mi tàmh, I hiù - raibh o- o chan'

eil mi slàn. Dhòmh- naill Ghuirm ma rinn thu m'euc - oir,

Bha mi dhuit mar thé do chàch. I hiù-raibh o-o chan' eil mi slàn, Hug

òr - ainn o chan fhaod mi tàmh, I hiù- raibh o-o chan' eil mi slàn.

Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S muladach a' buain an lìn mi,
'S deòir mo chinn a' ruith gu làr.

FONN: *I hiùraibh o-o chan'eil mi slàn,*
Hug òrainn o chan fhaod mi tàmh,
I hiùraibh o-o chan'eil mi slàn.

2. Dhòmhnaill Ghuirm ma rinn thu m'eucoir,
Bha mi dhuit mar thé do chàch.
I hiùraibh o-o chan'eil mi slàn, etc.

3. Bha mi dhuit mar bha do phiuthar
Mun robh mi tuilleadh 's na b'fheàrr.

4. Cha do ghuidh mi Dia chur ás dhuit
Ged thug thu mo chreach gu làr.

5. Ged a thug thu dhòmh-s' a' chleitig
Thug mi dhuit-sa gibht na b'fheàrr.

6. Ged a thug thu bhuam-s' an triùir,
An athair anns au ùir a' cnàmh.

7. Ged a thug thu ginidh òir dhomh,
'S daor an dròbh a chaidh do'n bhlàr.

8. Thug thu bhuam-sa Iain is Dòmhnall,
Is Alasdair Òg a' chuailein bhàin.

9. 'S nam fàgadh tu agam Eachann,
Cha bhithinn ag acain chàich.

10. B'fheàrr dhuit an crodh thoirt far ghleann
Na gaoir nam bantraichean mu'n àl.

11. 'S truagh nach robh mi'n riochd na faoileig',
'S aotrom dheanainn air an t-snàmh.

12. Rachainn a null air an linnidh
Fiach an d'fhuair na gillean bàidh.

13. 'S truagh nach fhaicinn 's an eathair
Ceithrear fhear a' tighinn gu tràigh.

14. Ceithrear a chòmhlan mo ghaoil
A dh'fhalbhadh aotrom le na ràimh.

15. 'S nam biodh fios agad mo mhulad
Chuireadh tu'n curach air sàl.

16. Cha b'i chuirinn ach à' bhirlinn
Ris an togt' an t-aodach àrd.

17. 'S nan deanadh mo chasan grunnd dhomh,
Cha bhithinn-s' air an rubh' mar thà.

18. 'S e dealachadh nam fear o chéile
Dh'fhàg fo éislean mi gach là.

19. Dealachadh ri Iain is Dòmhnall
A leag mo dheòir le cion-fàth.

20. Beannachd Dhé bhi agad Eachainn,
Bu tu mo roghainn thar chàich.

21. Bidh mi nisde triall romham,
Is deòir mo chinn a' ruith gu làr.

(*Translation*)

I HIÙRAIBH O-O, I AM NOT WELL

1. I am sad cutting the flax, the tears from my head are streaming to the ground.

CHORUS: *I hiùraibh o-o, I am not well.*
Hug òrainn o, I cannot stay at rest.
I hiùraibh o-o, I am not well.

2. If you dealt with me unjustly, Blue Donald, I treated you like the other women. I hiuraibh o-o, I am not well, etc.

3. I treated you as your sister did, perhaps even better.

4. I did not beseech God to destroy you although you brought ruin to my household.

5. Although you gave me a croft (or, one cow's grass), I gave you a more valuable gift.

6. Although you took the three (men) from me, their father is decaying in the sod.

7. Although you gave me a golden guinea, the group that went forth to battle was more precious.

8. You took John and Donald, and Alasdair of the fair ringlets, from me.

9. If you had left Hector with me, I would not have complained so much about the others.

10. It would have been better for you to have taken the cattle from the glen than to have to face the piercing cries of woe from widows about their families.

11. It is a pity that I could not assume the shape of a sea-gull, then lightly would I swim away.

12. I would swim over the channel in order to ascertain whether the boys were treated well.

13. It is a pity that I could not see four men in a boat approaching the shore.

14. Four of my beloved companions who would depart gladly with the oars.

15. And if you understood my cause of grief, you would put the coracle to sea.

16. I would rather put the galley to sea to which would be hoisted the tall sails.

17. And if my feet could touch the bottom of the deep, I would not remain on this promontory.

18. It is the separation of the men from each other that has left me dejected each day.

19. Parting from John and Donald has shed my tears with good reason.

20. May the blessing of God follow you, Hector, you were my choice over all others.

21. I shall now proceed forward whilst the tears from my head are streaming to the ground.

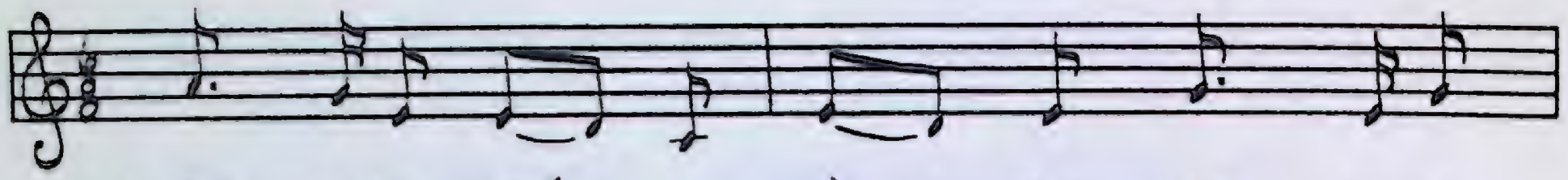
TAPE 216

Words from Allan A. Quinn, Coxheath, Cape Breton. Melody from the late Frank MacNeil, Big Pond, Cape Breton. A shorter version of this song appears in Craig's "Òrain Luaidh," p. 78–79.

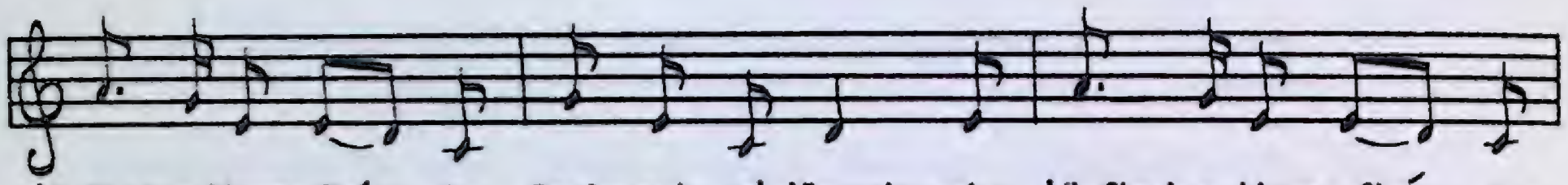
37. CÙL BEINN EADARRA

Moderate

sung by Major C. MacLeod

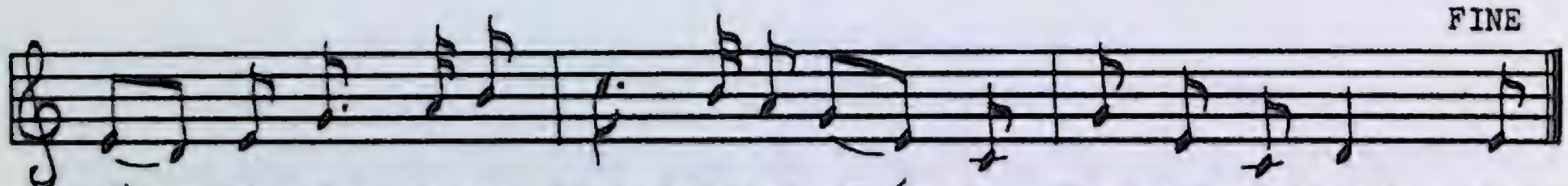


'S fhad - a bhuam fhé - - in Cùl Beinn Ead - ar- ra;

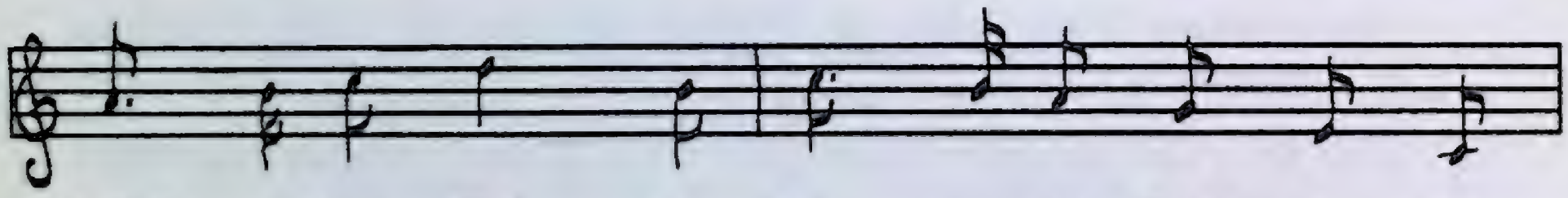


'S fhad-a bhuam fhé - in Beal- ach a' Mhorgh- ain. 'S fhad-a bhuam fhé - in

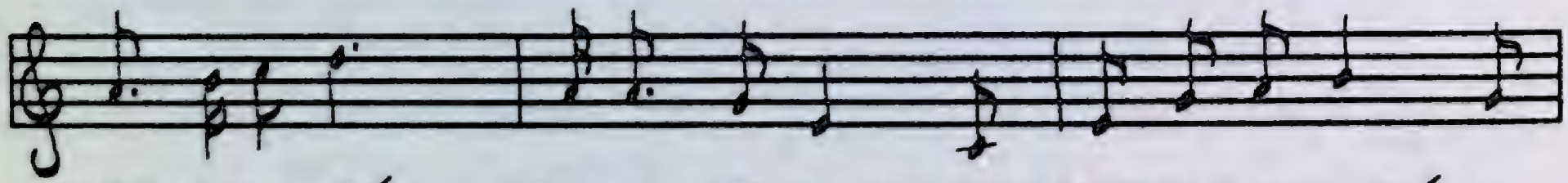
FINE



Cùl Beinn Ead- ar-ra; 'S fhad-a bhuam fhé - in Beal-ach a' Mhorgh - ain.

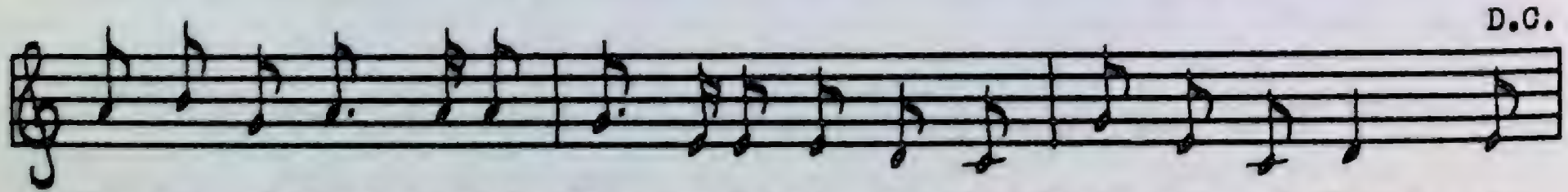


'S fhad - a bhuam fhé - - in Gle - ann a' Bhead - ar - aich,



'S fhad-a bhuam fhéin Beal-ach a' Mhorgh - ain; 'S fhad-a bhuam fhé- in

D.C.



Gle- ann a' Bhead-ar-aich, Chug- am is ag- am Air Beal- ach a' Mhorgh- ain.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *'S fhada bhuam fhéin*
Cùl Beinn Eadarra;
'S fhada bhuam fhéin
Bealach a' Mhorghain. (Dà uair).

1. 'S fhada bhuam fhéin
Gleann a' Bheadaraich,
'S fhada bhuam fhéin
Bealach a' Mhorghain;

'S fhada bhuam fhéin
Gleann a' Bheadaraich,
Chugam is agam
Air Bealach a' Mhorghain.

2. Bho ghleann gu gleann,
Gleann a' Bheadaraich,
Bho ghleann gu gleann,
Bealach a' Mhorghain;
'S fhada bhuam fhéin
Gleann a' Bheadaraich,
Chugam is agam
Air Bealach a' Mhorghain.

3. Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean,
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bealach a' Mhorghain;
Bho chùl nam beann,
Bonn nam bealaichean,
Chugam is agam
Air Bealach a' Mhorghain.

4. Cùl nan tulaichean,
Bial nam bealaichean;
Cùl nan tulaichean,
Bealach a' Mhorghain;
Cùl nan tulaichean,
Bial nam bealaichean,
Chugam is agam
Air Bealach a' Mhorghain.

(*Translation*)

THE BACK OF BEN EDRA

CHORUS: *Far from me is the back of Ben Edra; far from me is the Pass of Shingle.* (Repeat)

1. Far from me is the Glen of Mirth, far from me is the Pass of Shingle; far from me is the Glen of Mirth, sometimes approaching me, sometimes near me on the Pass of Shingle.

2. From glen to glen, the Glen of Mirth, from glen to glen, the Pass of Shingle; far from me is the Glen of Mirth, sometimes approaching me, sometimes near me on the Pass of Shingle.

71399—9

3. From the back of the mountains, the foot of the passes, from the back of mountains, the Pass of Shingle; from the back of the mountains, the foot of the passes, sometimes approaching me, sometimes near me on the Pass of Shingle.

4. The back of the hillocks, the entrance to the passes, the back of the hillocks, the Pass of Shingle; the back of the hillocks, the entrance to the passes, sometimes approaching me, sometimes near me on the Pass of Shingle.

TAPE 216

Melody from the Rev. Hugh A. MacDonald, Stella Maris Parish, Louisburg, Cape Breton. Words from the late Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, C.B.

The words of this song are, according to local tradition in Cape Breton, those of the celebrated Headless Spectre who frequented Morar on the western sea-board of Scotland. He killed all the strong men of the neighbourhood, but he would never fight in daylight. Big John MacLeod of Raasay, Skye, was the only warrior who vanquished him in single combat, and MacLeod managed to retain his grip upon the Spectre at sunrise and would not release him until the Spectre promised not to kill or be seen in Morar anymore. When the Spectre made his promise, viz., "swearing on the Book, on the candle, and on the black stocking," he flew away to his hide-out in Trotternish, Skye (Ben Edra), singing the doleful words of this song.

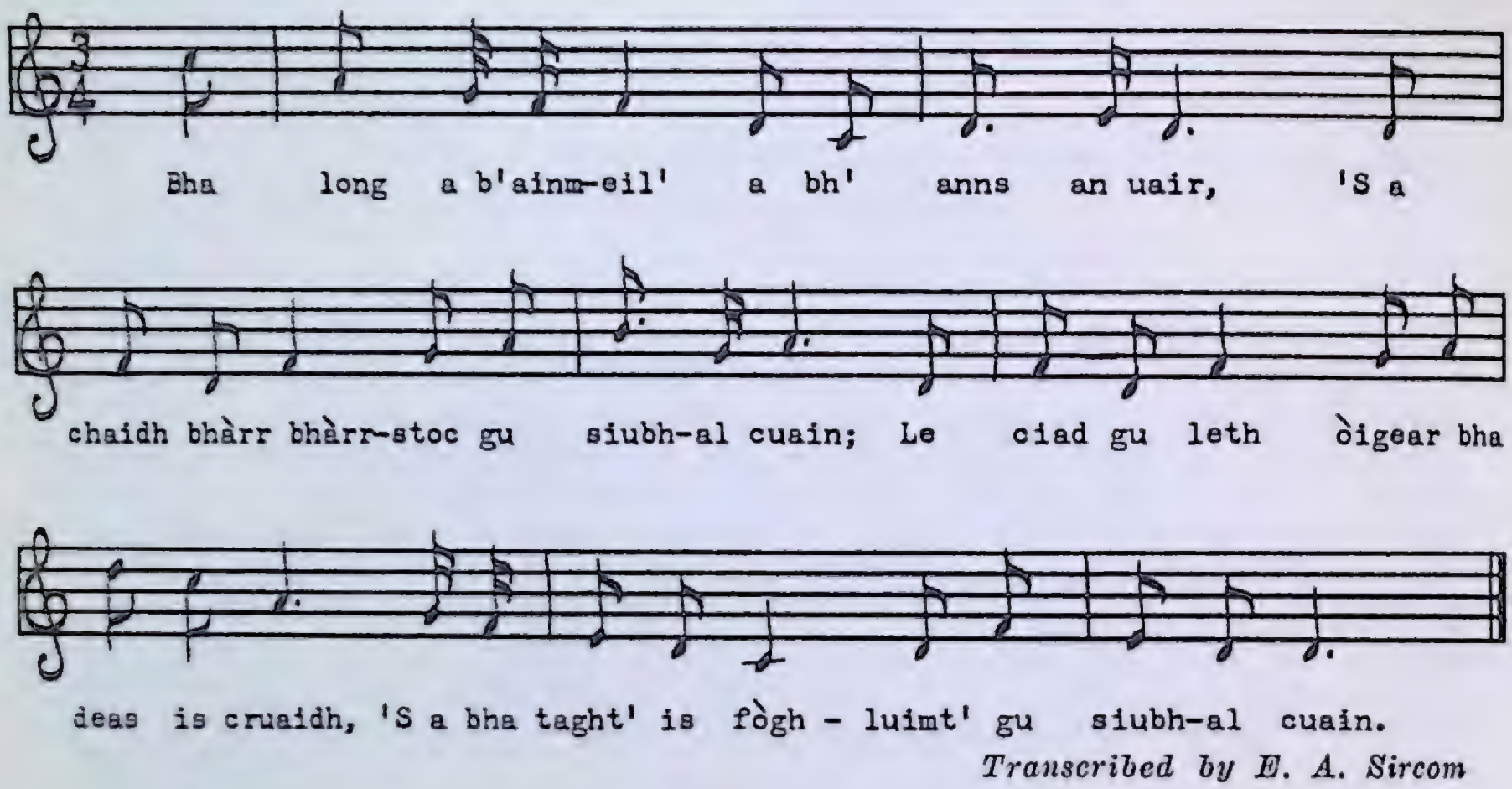
A 6/8 score of the melody was published in Vol. 2, "Popular Tales of the West Highlands," p. 102–3.

According to some ceòl-mór authorities, Pàdruig Òg MacCrimmon composed a pibroch entitled, "Beinn Eadarainn," also the "Lament for Big John MacLeod of Raasay."

Peter N. Morrison, Sydney, C.B., informs me that the Cape Breton version of the melody was played as a Lament on the pipes, with great acceptance, about forty years ago by John MacPhee, Glenmoriston, Cape Breton.

For written versions of the story involved, *see* "Popular Tales of the West Highlands" (already quoted) and "Witchcraft and Second Sight in the Scottish Highlands" (Campbell), p. 191.

38. UILLEAM GLEN (WILLIAM GLEN)



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Bha long a b'ainmeil' a bh'anns an uair,
   'S a chaidh bharr bhàrrstoc gu siubhal cuain;
   Le ciad gu leth òigear bha deas is cruaidh,
   'S a bha taght' is fòghluimt' gu siubhal cuain.

2. There was a ship and a ship of fame,
   Launched off the docks and bound for the main;
   With a hundred and fifty brisk young men
   Which were picked and chosen in every one.

3. Cha do sheòl sinn de "league" ach trian
   'N uair dh'fhàs ar mór-chuideachd uile tinn,
   Gun dh'fhàs iad tinn ach trì fichead 's a trì
   Air an t-slighe dhuinn gu New Barbary.

4. We did not sail a league but two
   Till all our whole ship's jolly crew,
   They all fell sick but sixty-three
   As we went on to New Barbary.

5. Cha do sheòl sinn de "league" ach trì
   'N uair bha'm muir àrd ag àraich strì;
   Gun dh'éirich an uamhas feadh nan speur
   A lìon ar n-inntinn le ìongnadh gheur.

6. We did not sail a league but three
Till raging grew the rolling sea,
There rose a tempest in the sky
Which filled our hearts with great surprise.

7. Oidhche bhruadair an sgiobair faoin
Gun tàinig guth a thuirt ris,
"Bi fhéin 's do chuideachd a' deanamh réit;
Oidhche mhàireach bidh tu far'eil mis' "

8. One night the Captain he did dream,
There came a voice which said to him,
"Prepare you, and your company,
For to-morrow night you shall lodge with me".

9. Dhùisg an sgiobair is geillt 'n a cheann,
An treasa trian de'n oidhch' bhi ann,
'S dh'éigh e nuas air fear 'n a chainnt
Dh'innse gach diùrrais bha ruith 'n a cheann.

10. This woke the Captain in a fright
It being the third watch of the night,
And to his boatman he did call,
And told him his secret all.

11. " 'N uair an Sasunn bha mi tàmh
Gun mharbh mi òganach gun cheann fàth,
Air son maighdinn òig 's an robh mi'n gràdh,
'S mi'n dùil gum pòsadh i mi gun dàil."

12. "When in England I did dwell,
A comely maiden I loved so well;
A squire I slew in Stafford-shire,
All for the sake of a lady dear."

13. Bha'n sgiobair luathlamhach nis 'n a thàmh,
Cha tuirt e bhuam-sa gu neach gu bràth;
"O gléidh do dhiùrras dhuit fhéin an dràsd',
'S guidh air an Trianaid 's gu faigh thu tàmh."

14. The ready-handed Captain was now silent. He never spoke to anybody else about the incident. "O, keep your secret to yourself just now, and beseech the Trinity so that you may get peace."

TAPE 216

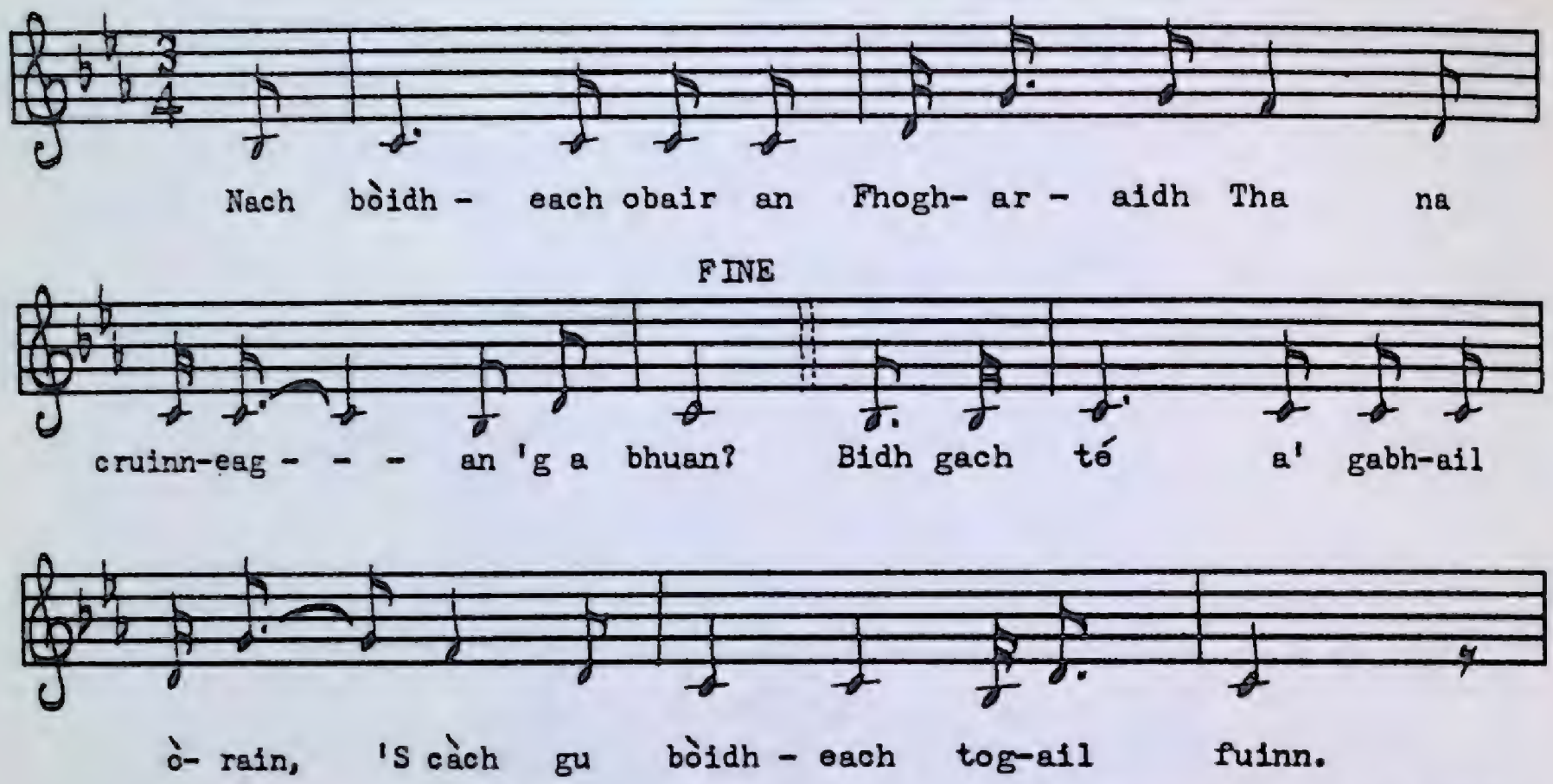
From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton, who sang the song exactly as written, i.e., a verse in Gaelic, followed by a verse in English. Each English verse is a translation of the preceding Gaelic one. The reciter concluded with Gaelic verse No. 13.

The melody on this tape differs from the solfa version of the song printed in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. 27, p. 55.

(*See also* Captain William Glen, *Songs and Ballads from Nova Scotia*, Creighton, J. M. Dent & Sons, 1932, p. 111).

39. DO IAIN ÒG

In free time



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

Nach bòidheach obair an Fhogharaidh
Tha na cruinneagan 'g a bhuan?
Bidh gach té a' gabhail òrain,
'S càch gu bòidheach togail fuinn.
Luchd a' cheangail 's luchd na bainne
Cantainn mu seach, "'s ro-mhath thu."
Nach bòidheach obair an arain
Nach cluinn thu'n caithream ud, Iain Òig?
Thàinig banarach na buaile,
'S bainn' aic' ann an cuach nam bó.
Thug i ceum a stigh do'n bhualaidh
Far 'n robh 'n crodh ri'm bualadh cruinn,
Far 'n robh na laoigh ag géimlich
Ris an spréidh a bha ri'n taobh.
Thuirt i sud do'n rìbhinn àlainn,
"Thig is pàirtich so, Iain Òig."
Rug i gu grad air a' chorran,
'S lìon i le sonas a sguab;
Chuir i sin a làmh 'n a h-achlais,
'S rug i air bascaid 'n a dòrn,
"Ma tha thusa a' faireachdainn pathaidh,
So dhuit ubhall ghlas, Iain Òig."

(*Translation*)

TO YOUNG JOHN

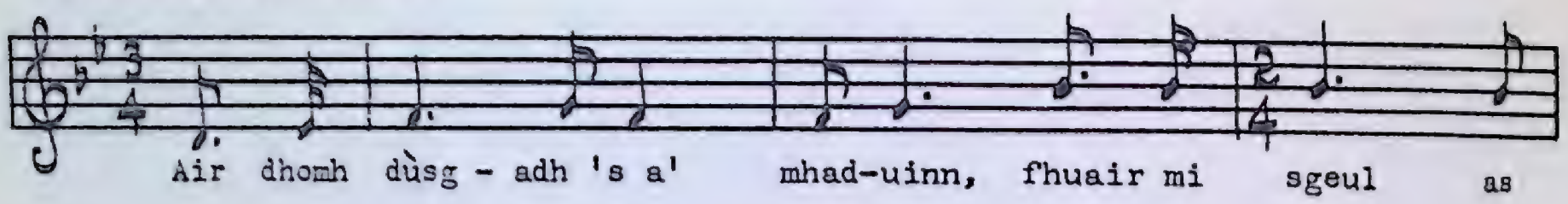
Isn't the Autumn work beautiful, the young maidens are harvesting? Each one sings a song, and the others follow the melody so prettily. Those who bind the sheaves and those who milk saying, alternately, "You are very good." "Isn't the bread-making beautiful, do you not hear that joyful sound of the kneading-trough, Young John?" The dairymaid from the fold arrived with milk in the cogs of the cows. She stepped into the pen where the cows were gathered together, where the calves were lowing at the cattle by their side . . . She said that to the beautiful maiden . . . "Come and share this, Young John." She grasped the sickle quickly and she filled her sheaf with happiness. She then placed her hand on her bosom, and she lifted a basket in her fist (and said), "If you are feeling thirsty, here is a green apple for you, Young John."

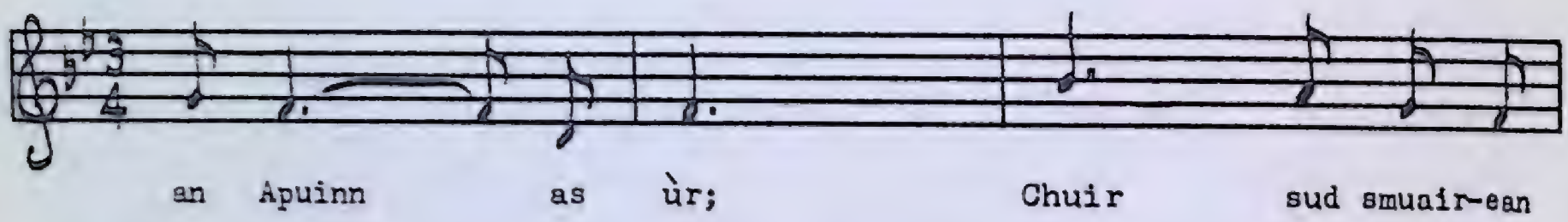
TAPE 216

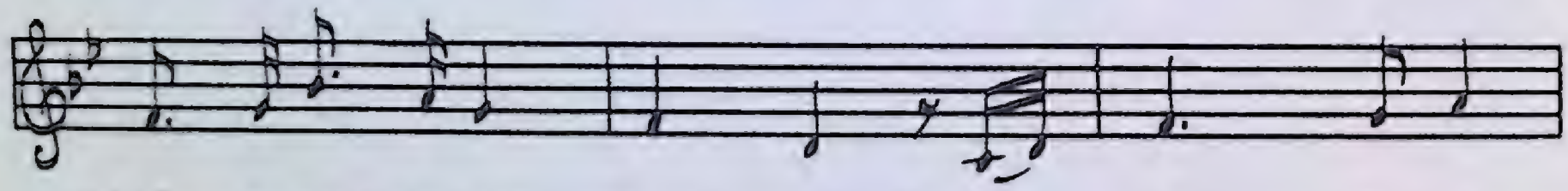
From Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, C.B. This is a fragment only, and obviously some lines are missing in the logical sequence of events described.

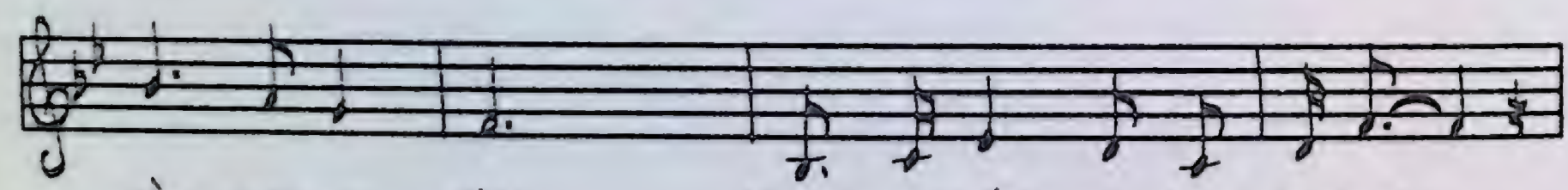
40. ÒRAN GAOIL

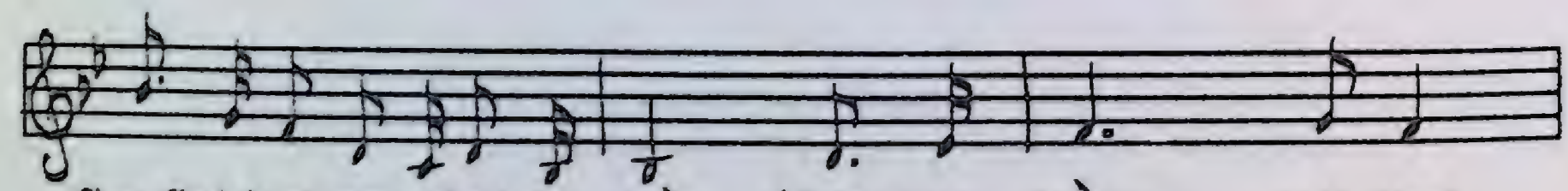
Moderate, in free time

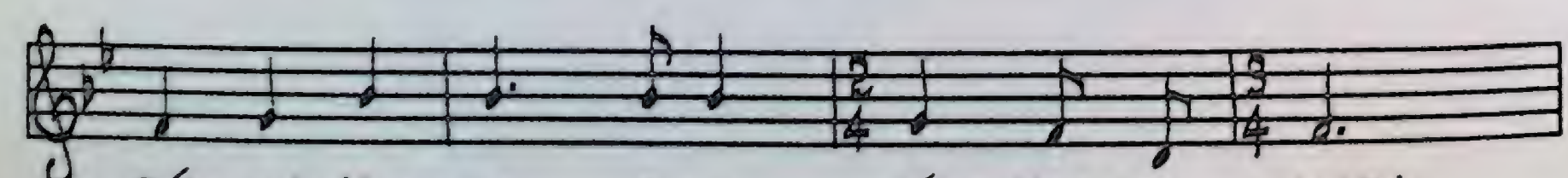


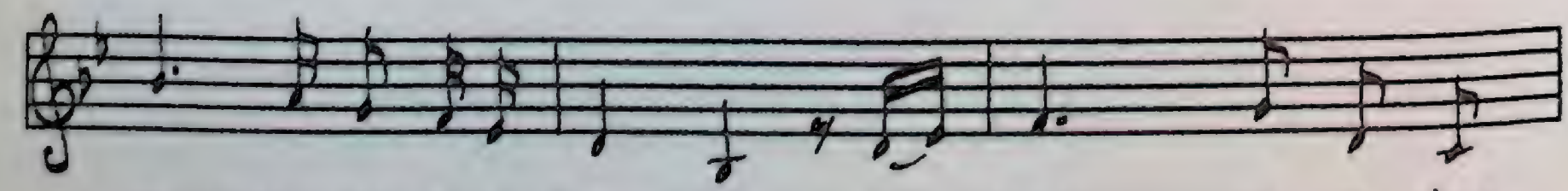


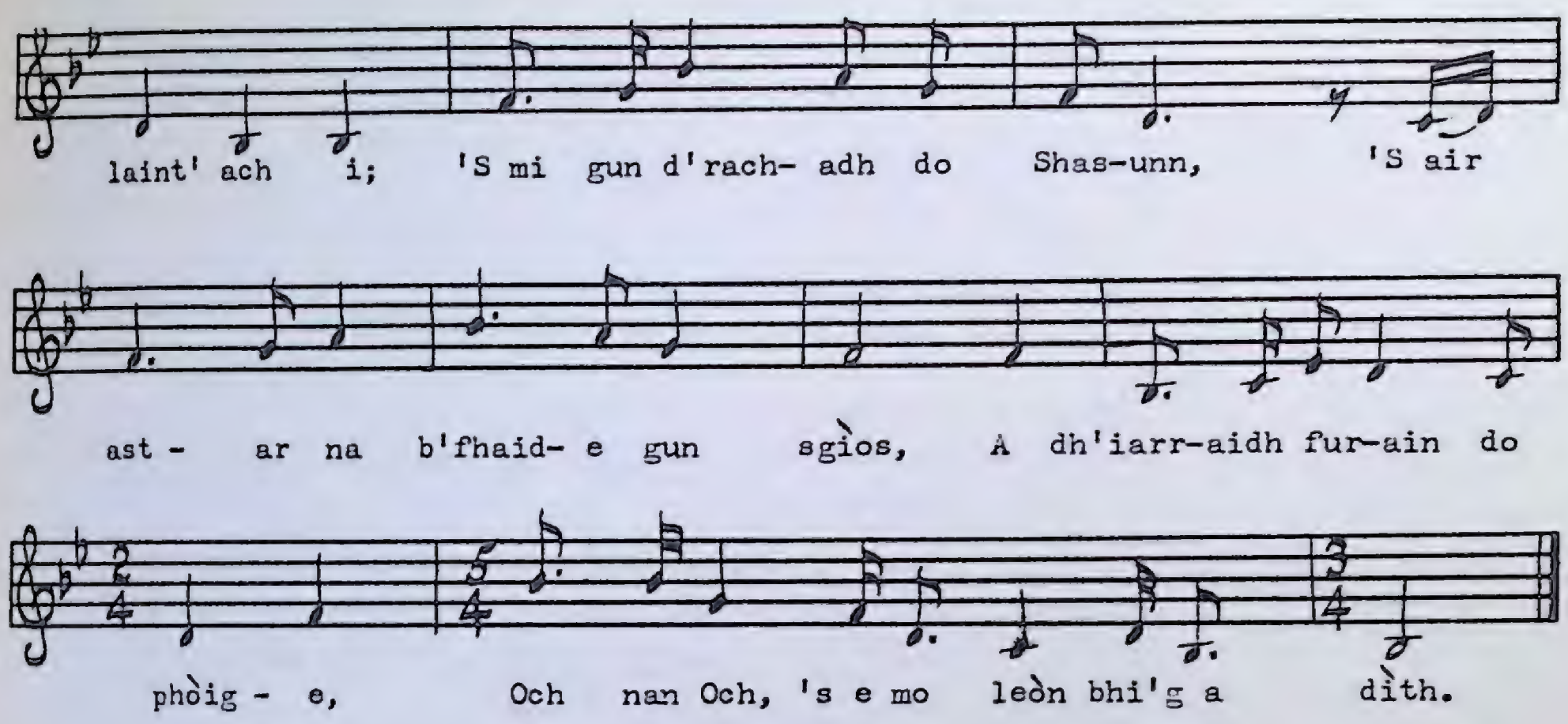












Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. Air dhomh dùsgadh 's a' mhaduinn,
   Fhuair mi sgeul as an Apuinn as ùr;
   Chuir sud smuairean air m'aigne,
   'S cha ghluais mi an cabhaig le sunnd;
   Dh'fhàg e eallach air m'inntinn,
   'S chan urrainn mi dìreadh ach fòil,
   'S ged a théid mi do m'leabaidh,
   Chan fhaigh mi ann cadal le bròn.

2. 'S beag an t-ìongnadh dhomh fhéin sud,
   'S gun tug i gu léir bhuam mo chridh';
   Chan'eil fo na speuran
   A bheir mi as m'euslaint' ach i;
   'S mi gun d'rachadh do Shasunn,
   'S air astar na b'fhaide gun sgìos,
   A dh'iarraidh furain do phòige,
   Och nan Och! 's e mo leòn bhi 'g a dìth.

3. Tha do bhuaidhean gun àireamh,
   Ghéig ùir, mhaisich, àlainn, ghlain, réidh,
   Gruaidh mar ubhall an gàradh,
   Beul as binne na clàrsach nan teud.
   O! gur gile do bhràighe
   Na'n canach tha fàs an cois sléibh',
   'S ged is mór dhomh a ràitinn,
   Na'n sneachda so thàinig an dé.

4. Chan'eil cion cumaidh do m'ghràdh-sa,
Tha iomlan 's mar b'àill leam ciùin, caoin;
Òigh mhìn, mhaiseach, bhànbhasach,
'S lìonmhor fear bha an geall air a gaol,
Eadar Allt Chamas Fhearna,
'S an gleann as an tearnadh na laoich;
Ach 's mis' th'air mo chràdh dheth,
'S nach fhaigh mi gu bràth i ri m' thaobh.

5. Ceann na céille 's a' ghliocais,
Cràbhach, déirceach, 's i iochdmhor gun bheud;
'S i labhradh an fhìrinn,
'S cha bu ghnàth leath' bhi 'g ìnnse nam breug,
Ceann aoighean is dhìlsean,
Cridhe fialaidh[1] 's làmh a shìneadh d'a réir;
Ceann nam feumnach d'a rìribh,
'S iomadh beannachd tha fìllte fo d'sgéith.

6. Mu chromadh an anmoich,
'N uair bhithinn 's tu seanchas gu ciùin,
Cha b'fhada gu dearbh leam
An oidhche nan sealbhaichinn thu;
Tha thu cuimir, neo-chearbach,
'S chan fhacas riamh fearg ann ad ghnùis;
Mar dhealbh bhradain do chalpan;
Leam bu mhiann a bhi sealg air mo rùn.

7. 'N uair a fhuair mi do litir,
Bha mo chridhe-sa clisgeadh 'n a m'chléibh,
'S 'n uair a leugh mi gu tric i,
Dh'fhalbh mo léirsinn 's mo mhisneach gu léir.
Gur e fhuair mi gu m'dhòrainn
Gun a chaill mi mo chòir air an té
Anns an robh mo làn dhòchas
Gum biodh i cho deònach rium fhéin.

8. 'S tu a ghràidh rinn mo leònadh,
'S beag a shaoil mi gun cluinninn an sgeul,
No gun àicheadh tu buileach
An càirdeas bha'n uraidh cho réidh;
No gun cuireadh òr, sgleò air t'fhuran,
'S mis' fhàgail ri tuireadh 'n a d'dhéidh;
No gun géilleadh tu buileach
D'an fhear a bha cumail rium réis.[2]

---

[1] I have also heard "faoilidh" instead of "fialaidh."

[2] Another Cape Breton variant is "D'an fhear a bha cumadh nam breug" (To the man who was fashioning lies).

9. Ach mur till thu rium tuilleadh,
Gum bi mi fo mhulad 's fo ghruaim;
Ged a chluinninn ceòl-fìdhle,
Cha tog e mo chridhe 's cha ghluais;
Ach mo shùilean ri snighe
Ged bu dùthchas dhomh misneach is cruas,
'S bidh mi buileach fo mhìghean,
'S ri caoidh na tha dhìth orm 's gach uair.

10. 'N uair a chuala mi caithream
Na pìob' tighinn 'n a deannal a nuas,
Sheall mi sin air mo chaileig,
'S bha na deòir cur nan car dhiùbh m'a gruaidh,
Ach nam biodh iad agam
Na treunfhir a Raithneach ri m'chluais,
Cha robh air a' bhanais
Na chumadh mo leannan-sa bhuam.

(*Translation*)

A LOVE SONG

1. Having awakened in the morning, I received fresh news from Appin which plunged me into deep meditation so that I cannot move around in haste and good humour. Such news has left a burden on my mind that I cannot overcome but slowly, and although I go to bed, I cannot sleep there because of sorrow.

2. It is little wonder to myself that I should be in such a state as the lady-in-question took my heart away completely. There is nothing under heaven that will rescue me from my illness except her. I would travel to England and further, without weariness, in quest of the warmth of your kiss, och! alas! it hurts me to be deprived of this.

3. Your virtues are without number. You are a beauteous young maiden, handsome, elegant, pure, and of even disposition. Your cheeks are like apples in an orchard; your voice is sweeter than the music of harp-strings. Indeed, your bosom is whiter than the cotton-grass that grows at the foot of a slope, whiter, although it is too much for me to say so, than the snow that fell yesterday.

4. My love has no defect of figure, she is perfect, placid and gentle, just as I wish her to be. Many a man pledged the love of the mild, graceful, and white-palmed maiden, between the Camas-Fearn Brook and the glen out of which descended the heroes, but I am indeed suffering anguish because I can never have her by my side.

5. A prudent young lady, shrewd, holy, alms-giving, compassionate without harm. She was wont to speak the truth, and she was not in the habit of telling lies. Hospitable to guests and relatives, a generous heart, and a ready hand to help; a true aid to the needy, many a blessing is contained under your wing (protection).

6. I would not feel the night long if I happened to be in your company, about dusk, when you and I used to talk quietly. You are well-proportioned, neatly-dressed, and I never saw an angry look on your face. Your leg-calves are shaped like a salmon, how I loved to stalk my sweetheart.

7. When I received your letter, my heart beat faster in my breast. When I had read it many times, my sight and my courage forsook me. My tribulation was evident when I realized that I had lost my right to the woman whom I fully expected to be as willing as I was to wed.

8. It was you, dearest, who hurt me, little did I think that I would hear such news, or that you would entirely renounce our friendship that last year flourished so well; or that the love of riches would dim your affection, and leave me lamenting after you, or that you would completely yield to the man who was running the race against me.

9. But, if you do not return to me anymore, I will be sad and surly. Although I would hear fiddle-music it will not uplift or move my heart. My eyes will remain tearful, although courage and hardihood are my hereditary traits. I will always be utterly depressed, bemoaning my deprivation.

10. When I heard the joyful sounding of the bagpipes approaching with stirring haste, I then looked upon my young girl, and tears were cascading down her cheeks, but if the gallant men from Rannoch were present within earshot, no person at the wedding could keep my sweetheart from me.

Tape 216

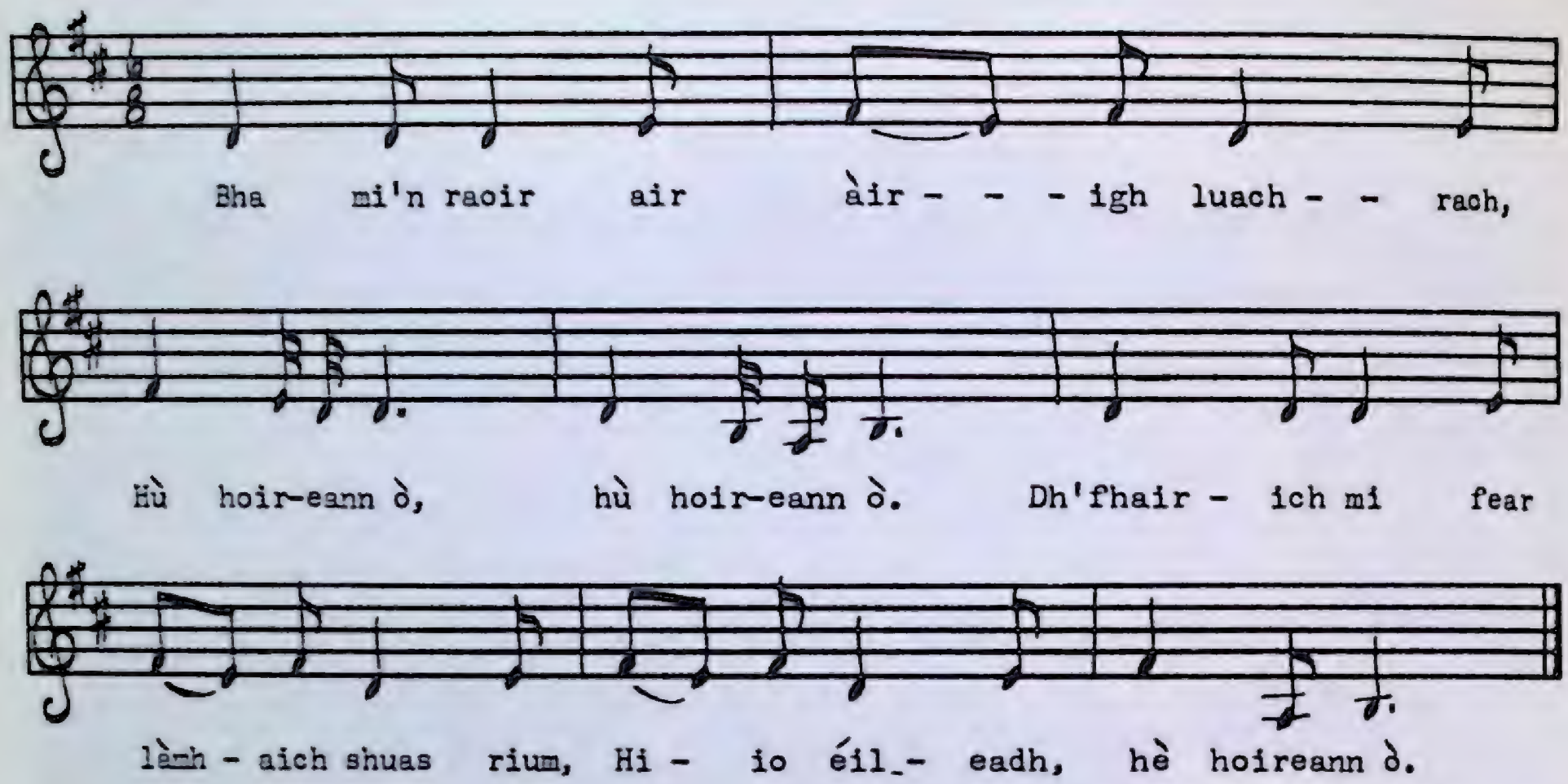
From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

Like the songs they sing, the abundant river has many moods.

41. AN ÀIRIGH LUACHRACH

Moderate



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Bha mi'n raoir air àirigh luachrach,
   Hù hoireann ò, hù hoireann ò.

2. Dh'fhairich mi fear-làmhaich shuas rium,
   Hi-io éileadh, hè hoireann ò.

3. Càradh nan arm an taobh shuas dhìom,
   Hù hoireann ò, hù hoireann ò.

4. Dh'aithnich mi nach b'e mo luaidh bh'ann,
   Hi-io éileadh, hè hoireann ò.

5. Sgaoileadh a' bhreacain mu m'ghualainn,
   Hù hoireann ò, hù hoireann ò.

6. Thug mi breab dha 's thilg mi bhuam e,
   Hi-io éileadh, hè hoireann ò.

(*Translation*)

THE SHIELING OF RUSHES

1. Last night I was in the shieling of rushes. Hù hoireann ò, etc.

2. I felt the presence of a man-at-arms behind me. Hi-io, etc.

3. Laying down arms on the side away from me. Hù hoireann ò, etc.

4. I knew that he was not my sweetheart. Hi-io, etc.

5. Spreading the tartan about my shoulders. Hù hoireann ò, etc.

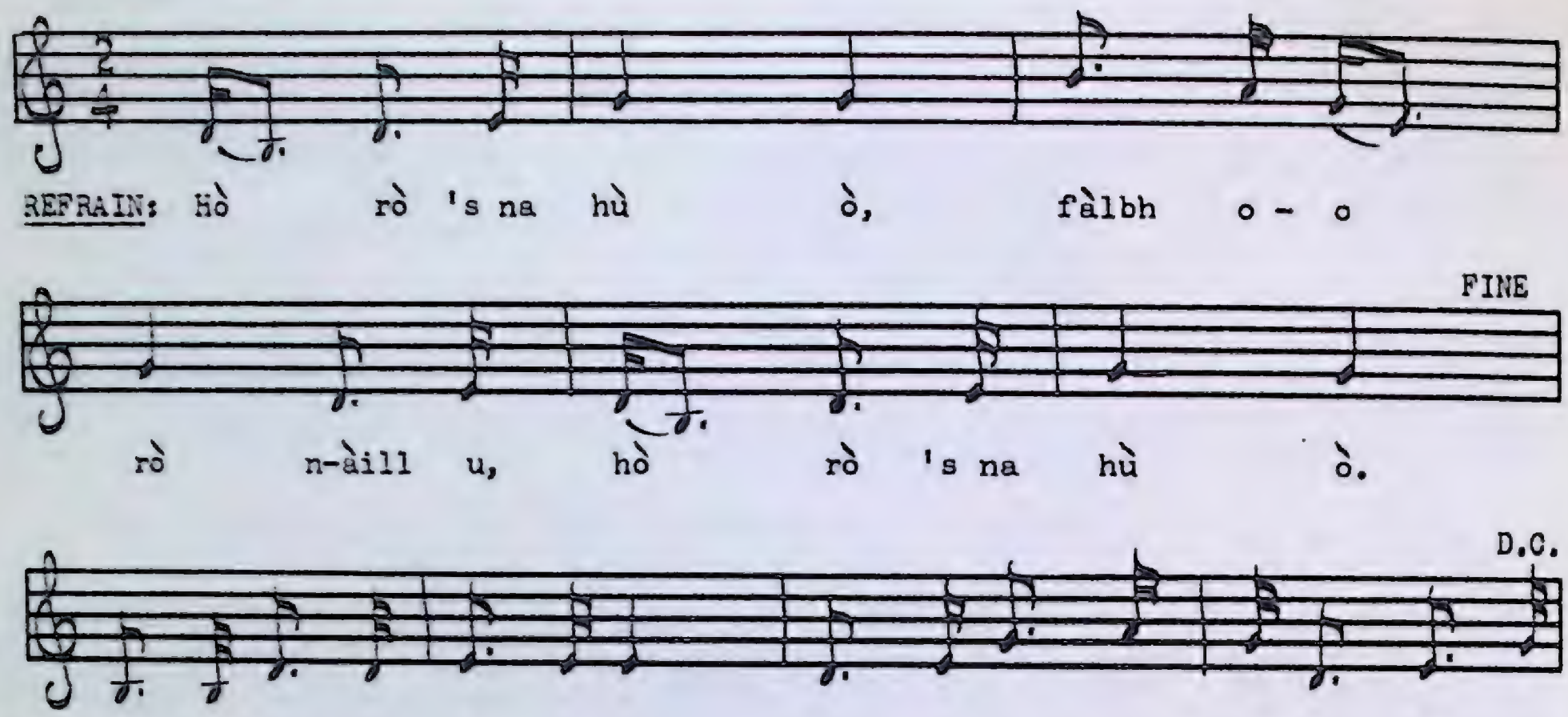
6. I kicked him, and I threw him out. Hi-io, etc.

TAPE 216

From the late Mrs. Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. A fuller version of this song is printed in Craig's "Òrain Luaidh," p. 24-25.

42. CUMHA AONGHUIS

Moderately slow



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Hò rò 's na hù ò,*
Falbh o-o rò n-àill u,
Hò rò 's na hù ò.

1. Gur e mis' tha fo mhulad,
'S mi air tulaich na h-àirigh.

2. Mi ri coimhead na mara
Ag cur thairis a' bhàta.

3. Mi ri coimhead nan gillean,
Air an linnidh 'g am bàthadh.

4. Mo thriùir bhràithrean ann 's m'athair,
Fear mo thighe 's e chràdh mi.

5. Bàs Aonghuis a Barraidh,
Gur e sgar is a chràdh mi.

6. Bhi 'g a d'thogail 's an tiùrradh
Air na bhrùchd am muir bàidht' thu.

7. Bhi 'g a d'ghiùlan aig fearaibh,
Gu Baile na Tràghad.

8. Gu Eaglais na Triànaid',
Far an lìonmhor do chàirdean.

9. Chuir iad léine de'n anart,
Gun bhannan mu d'bhràghad.

10. Ann an cistidh chaoil, chumhaing,
Air a dubhadh 's a tàirneadh.

11. Och nan Och, mar tha mise,
Bean gun mhisneach gu bràth mi.

12. Té gun mhac, gun fhear tighe,
Té gun aighear, gun slàinte.

13. Tha do chàirdean 'g a m'spùinneadh,
'S cha d'thiomain thu, ghràidh rium.

14. Ged bu chridheil an Nollaig,
Bu neo-thoilicht' a' Chàisg dhomh.

15. Bidh mi nis a' triall romham,[1]
Cha ghabh comhdhaltan bàigh rium.

(*Translation*)

LAMENT FOR ANGUS

CHORUS: *Hò rò 's na hù ò,*
Fàlbh o-o rò n-àill u,
Hò rò 's na hù ò.

1. I feel dejected as I sit on the mound near the shieling.

2. I gaze at the sea as it capsizes the boat.

3. I stare at the young men being drowned in the channel.

4. My three brothers are there and my father, the head of my house is the one who grieves me.

5. The death of Angus from Barra has torn me with affliction, and tormented me.

6. Lifting you out of the sea-wrack at high-water mark where the drowning ocean cast you up.

7. Your casket being borne to Baile na Tràghad, by men.

8. To the Church of the Trinity where many of your friends lie buried.

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[1] On tape, this word is actually sung as "tromham," on the same analogy as "troimh" instead of "roimh." Compare versions printed in Craig's, "Òrain Luaidh," p. 53-54, and the "MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry," p. 351-52.

71399—10

9. They enveloped you in a shirt of linen without bands around your neck.

10. In a narrow, contracted coffin, dark-stained and nailed down.

11. Woe of woes! such is my plight, I will ever remain a woman without courage.

12. A woman without a son, without a husband, without mirth, without health.

13. Your relatives are robbing me, and you did not leave me a will, beloved.

14. Although Christmas was merry, Easter was far from joyous.

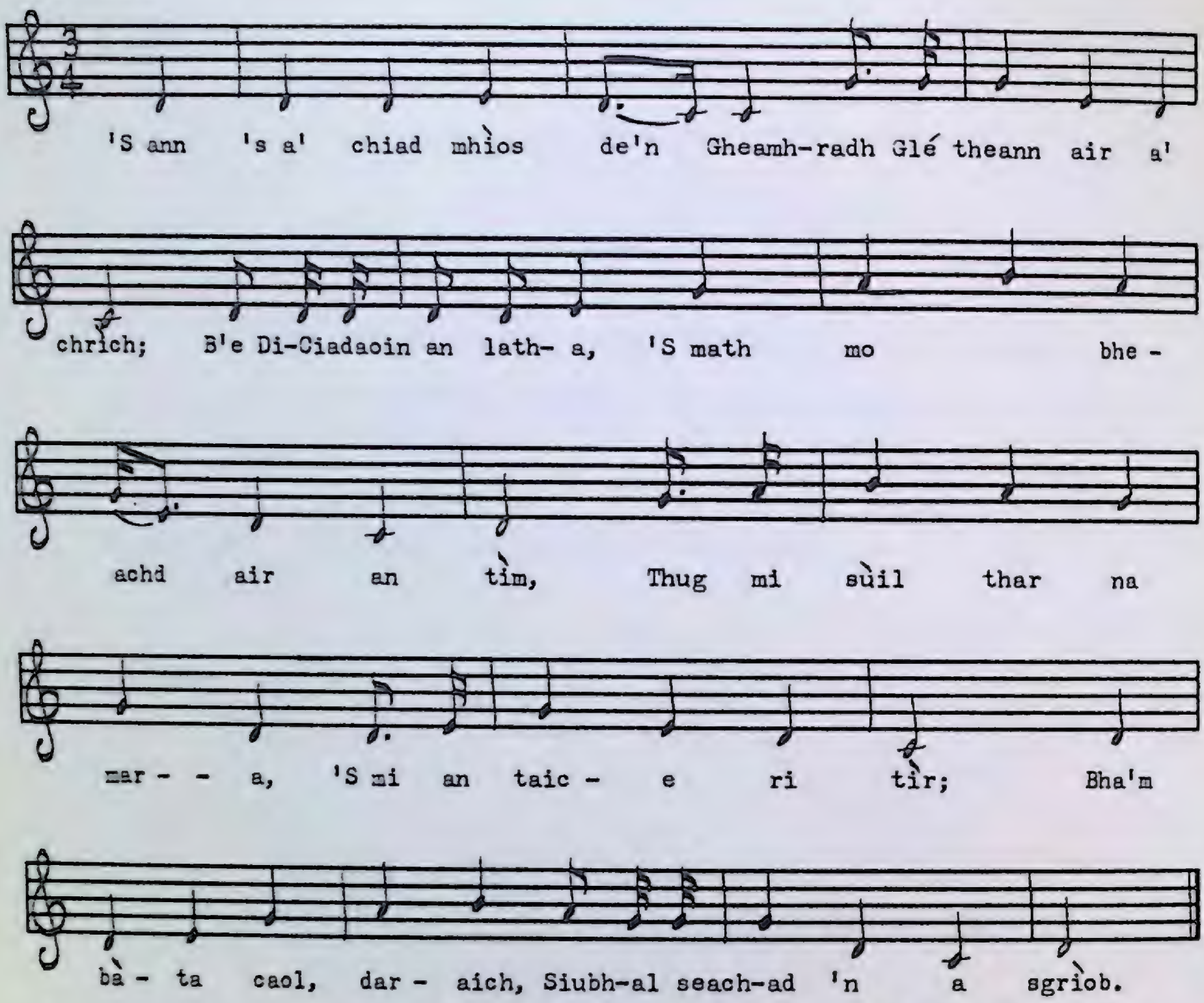
15. I will now journey onwards, as foster relations will not be merciful towards me.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

43. BÀTHADH NAM FEAR

Moderate



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S ann 's a' chiad mhìos de'n Gheamhradh
   Glé theann air a' chrìch;
   B'e Di-Ciadaoin an latha,
   'S math mo bheachd air an tìm,
   Thug mi sùil thar na mara,
   'S mi an taice ri tìr;
   Bha'm bàta caol, daraich,
   Siubhal seachad 'n a sgrìob.

2. So an tìr tha fo mhulad,
   Tha gach duin' innt' fo ghruaim;
   Mu na dh'fhalbh air an turus
   Bhi fo iomain nan stuagh;

Na fir fhoghainnteach, thlachdmhor,
Nach biodh tais ri uchd cruais,
'S trom bhur càirdean 'n an aigne,
'S sibh an caidreabh a' chuain.

3. 'S ann mu chiaradh an fheasgair,
'S mi 'n a m'sheasamh leam fhéin,
Chualas fuaim 's cha bu bheag i,
B'aobhar-eagail a gnìomh;
Soirbheas cruadalach, seasmhach,
Tighinn o'n deas 's cha b'ann clì,
A chuir crìoch air na fearaibh
Dh'fhàg an caladh so shìos.

4. 'S iomadh maighdeann tha brònach,
'S bean chòir tha fo chràdh,
A' sìor-chaoidh nam fear òga,
Anns na ròdan tha'n tàmh;
Bithibh daingeann an dòchas,
'S an Tì Mhór tha gu h-àrd,
Gu bheil an anam an sòlas
Ann an còmhnuidh nan gràs.

5. Cha b'e laigead am misnich,
No an sgiobadh bhi fann,
Rinn na treun ud a mhilleadh
Ach a' ghloine ruith gann;
Thàinig snàthlan am beatha
Grad gun fhios dhaibh gu cheann,
Leis an teachdaire dhàna,
Chaoidh 's e 'm bàs am fear meallt'.

6. B'e Di-h-Aoine an latha,
'S mi ri gabhail an ròid,
Gun robh long a' dol seachad
Gun chruinn, gun acair, no seòl;
Air a h-iomain gu tràigh-e,
Dh'éirich stràc thar a beòil,
Gun robh 'n t-òganach sàrmhath
Air a clàr 's e gun deò.

7. Bha mi'n dé anns an Tulaich,
'S b'aobhar mulaid an ceòl,
Bha ann maighdeannan tùrsach,
'S fir a' lùbadh le bròn;

Caoidh an òganaich ùirghlain
Chaidh fo dhùnadh nam bòrd,
'N uair a chladhaich iad ùir dhuit,
Bhàrc mo shùilean le deòir.

8. 'S e do ghiùlan aig fearaibh
Anns an staid ud gun deò,
Mhiadaich mulad dha t'athair
Bhios 'n a aigne r'a bheò;
'S mór mo mheas air do mhàthair
A rinn d'àrach 'n a d'òig',
Bu mhath thoirt misnich do chàch i,
Ged bu chràiteach a leòn.

9. Ach dhuinn 's còir a bhi taingeil,
Ged bha'n call so cho mór,
Fear a chunna sud tràthail,
'S ann 'n a làimh a tha'n sgòd;
'S mór a nochd sibh 'n a fhàbhar
Air sgàth bàis Rìgh na Glòir';
Gu bheil anam am Pàrras,
'S a chorp an clàr-chiste bhòrd.

10. Ach a Dhòmhnallaich ghasda,
Cha robh mearachd 'n a d'thùrn;
'S math shnaidh thu a saighean,
Rinn thu calcadh gu dlùth,
Sìos o gualainn gu slìosaid;
Bu mhath fiaradh a bùird,
Tha do chàirdean 'g a d'iargain,
O'n thug Dia bhuat an stiùir.

11. Tha do chéile 'n a h-ònar,
'S tric na deòir ruith le gruaidh,
'S geàrr a mheal i a còir ort,
Cha robh 'm pòsadh ud buan.
Dh'fhàg thu cuimhneachan bròin aic',
Leatrom òg aic' fo gùn;
Chì i d'fhiodhall 'n a seòmar,
'S cha tog ceòl oirre sunnd.

12. Ach a Chaimbeulaich ghasda,
Tha mi fada 'n a m'thàmh;
Ar leam gum bu mhearachd,
Thusa sheachnadh 's an dàn,

Bha thu shìol nam fear fearail
Mach á Barraidh nam bà;
Thogadh siùil ris na crannaibh,
'N uair nach caraicheadh càch.

13. Gu bheil d'ògbhean truagh, cràiteach,
'S guileag bàis aic' fo leòn,
'S beag an t-ìonghnadh mar tha i,
'S gun a càirdean 'n a còir;
Cha robh cron ort ri àireamh,
Mur b'e tràghadh nan stòp,
'S iomadh companach sàrmhath
Dheanadh pàirt riut 's an òl.

14. Tha do pheathraichean sàraicht',
'S e do bhàs rinn an leòn,
Gach té dhiùbh 's tuireadh bàis aic',
'S truagh an gàir tha 'n am beòil;
Gu bheil Dòmhnall 's cha nàir dha
'N impis tràghadh le deòir;
'S gur lag gualann gun bhràthair,
Rinn thu fhàgail glé òg.

(*Translation*)

THE DROWNING OF THE MEN

1. It was during the first month of winter, very near the end; Wednesday was the day, well do I remember the time, that I scanned across the ocean whilst I was still close to land; and I saw the narrow, oak-built boat sailing past, furrowing the waves.

2. This is the land that is under sadness, everybody dwelling here is full of gloom, concerning those who departed on the voyage and who are being driven by the waves; brave, handsome men who would not be cowardly in the face of hardship; anxious are the thoughts of your friends whilst you are in the company of the ocean.

3. It was about dusk, as I was standing alone, when I heard a loud noise whose effect gave reason for fear; a ruthless, unrelenting wind blowing briskly from the south, that put an end to the men who left the harbour down here.

4. Many a maiden is sorrowful, and many a kind woman is in torment, ever-lamenting the young men who are now lying in the seaweed anchorage. Be firm in the hope of the great Supreme Being on high that their souls have found happiness in the dwelling-place of grace.

5. It was not the lack of courage, or weakness in the crew that brought disaster to these courageous men, but, simply, that the time-glass had expended itself. The thread of their lives was brought suddenly, without warning, to an end, by the messenger of fate; death is ever a deceiver.

6. Friday was the day, and as I walked along the pathway, a ship was passing without masts, anchor, or sail. As she was being driven by the sea to shore, a huge crashing wave rose above her gunwale; lifeless on her deck was the excellent young man.

7. Yesterday, I was in Tulloch, and the music there had reason to be mournful. Maidens were dejected, and men were bowed in sorrow, lamenting the vigorous, clean-cut young man who was encased by coffin-planks. When they dug up the earth for you, my eyes burst forth with tears.

8. Being carried by men in your lifeless state increased your father's sadness, that will remain in his mind as long as he lives. Great is my respect for your mother who reared you in infancy. She was always ready to encourage others, although her own distress was painful.

9. But we should be thankful although this loss was great. The man who holds the sheet-rope considered it timely. You did reveal much in his favour for the sake of the death of the King of Glory. His soul is in Paradise, and his body in the smooth-surfaced coffin of planks.

10. But, O gallant MacDonald, there was no flaw in your workmanship, well did you fashion her upright beams, you caulked her tightly down from her shoulders to her sides, and shapely was the curving sweep of her planks. Your friends are lamenting you since God took the helm from you.

11. Your wife is alone, often do the tears run down her cheeks; her marital right to you was of short duration, your wedlock did not last. You left a memento of sorrow with her, an early pregnancy under her gown; she sees your fiddle in her room but music from it gives her no happiness.

12. But, concerning you, O gallant Campbell, I have been silent for a long time; methinks it would be wrong of me to avoid mention of you in this poem. You were descended from the race of manly men who came out from Barra of the cows; those men who would hoist sails to masts when others would not venture out to sea.

13. Your young wife is mournful and sad, her swan-song of death is her affliction. Her state is not surprising as her friends are not with her. You had no failing, save, perhaps, the emptying of wine-stoups, many an excellent companion would partake of drink in your company.

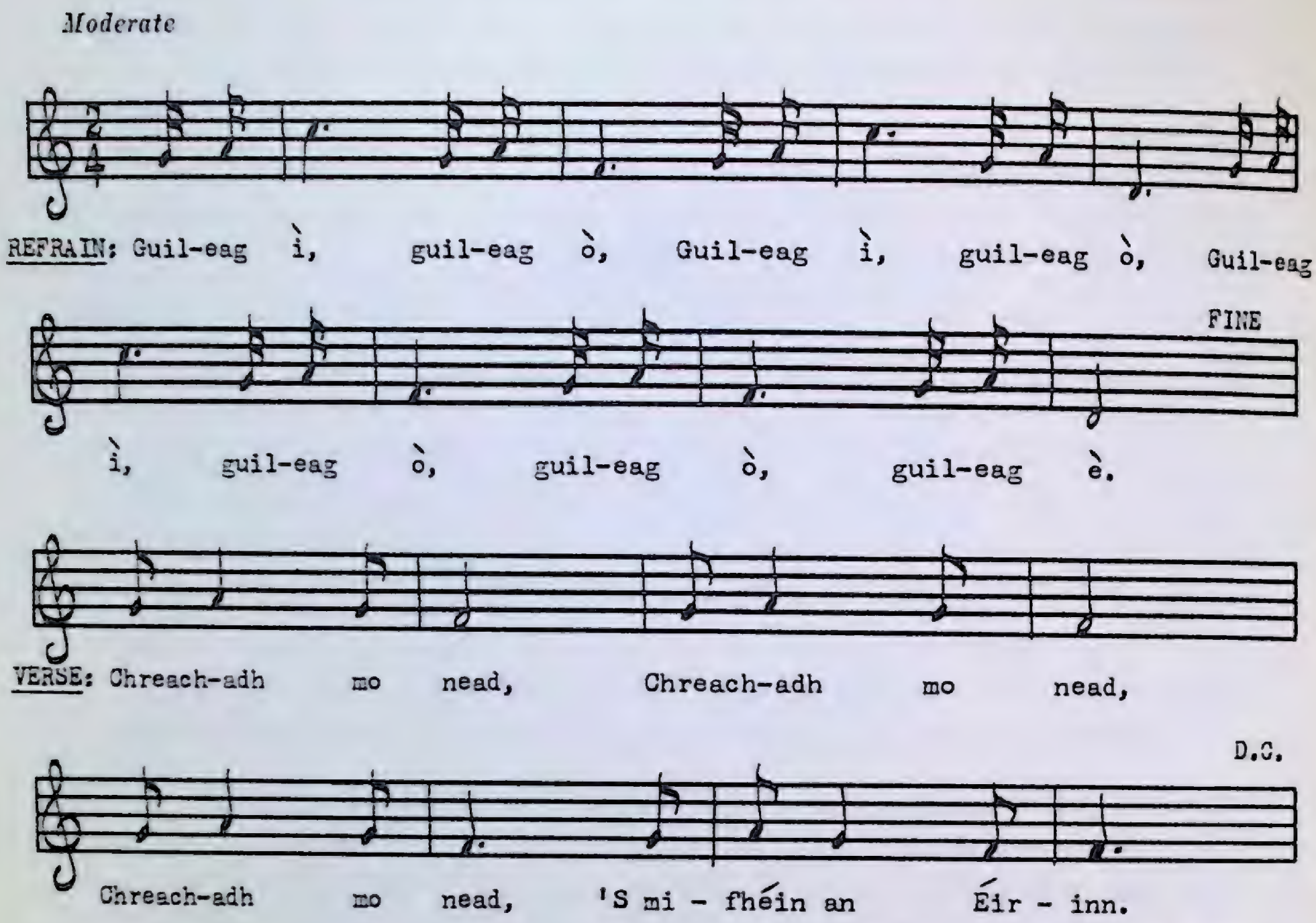
14. Your sisters are harassed, your beach has grieved (?), each will mourning the dead, sorrowful is the cry (?) from their lips. A Nowadays disgrace to him, his tears on the point of pouring, weak is a shoulder without a brother, you left him when he was very young.

TAPE 216 A

From the late Mrs. Hugh F. MacKinnon, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

According to local Antigonish County tradition, this song was composed by Alexander MacDonald, the Knoydart Bard, who was born at Glenuig in Moidart, Scotland, July 15, 1820. He settled in Knoydart, Antigonish County, N.S., in 1853, and afterwards he went to live with his sons at Springhill, Mines. Some of his poems appear in "Mactalla nan Tìr," and "Fhuath na Coille." Notes on "The Drowning of the Men" appear in a small MS. of the Knoydart Bard's unpublished poems which the Gaelic editor of this book was fortunate to receive in 1960 from Sandy MacDonald, Antigonish, N.S. They are as follows: "1820? Donald MacDonald, Angus Bán's son in Arisaig (N.S.) built a boat. A few days afterwards he himself and 4 others, 2 MacDonalds, John Campbell, MacDougall, sailed from Arisaig in the new boat for Pictou. That night a storm arose and they were all lost. On the following day the boat was seen drifting towards the shore conveying to his friends the corpse of young MacDonald."

44. ÒRAN NA H-EALA



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Guileag ì, guileag ò,*
Guileag ì, guileag ò,
Guileag ì, guileag ò, guileag ò, guileag è.

1. Chreachadh mo nead,
Chreachadh mo nead,
Chreachadh mo nead,
'S mi-fhéin an Éirinn.

2. Mo chasan dubh,
Mo chasan dubh,
Mo chasan dubh,
'S mi-fhéin glégheal.

(*Translation*)

THE SONG OF THE SWAN

CHORUS: *Guileag ì, guileag ò,*
Guileag ì, guileag ò,
Guileag ì, guileag ò, guileag ò, guileag è.

1. My nest was robbed (repeat twice), whilst I was away in Ireland.

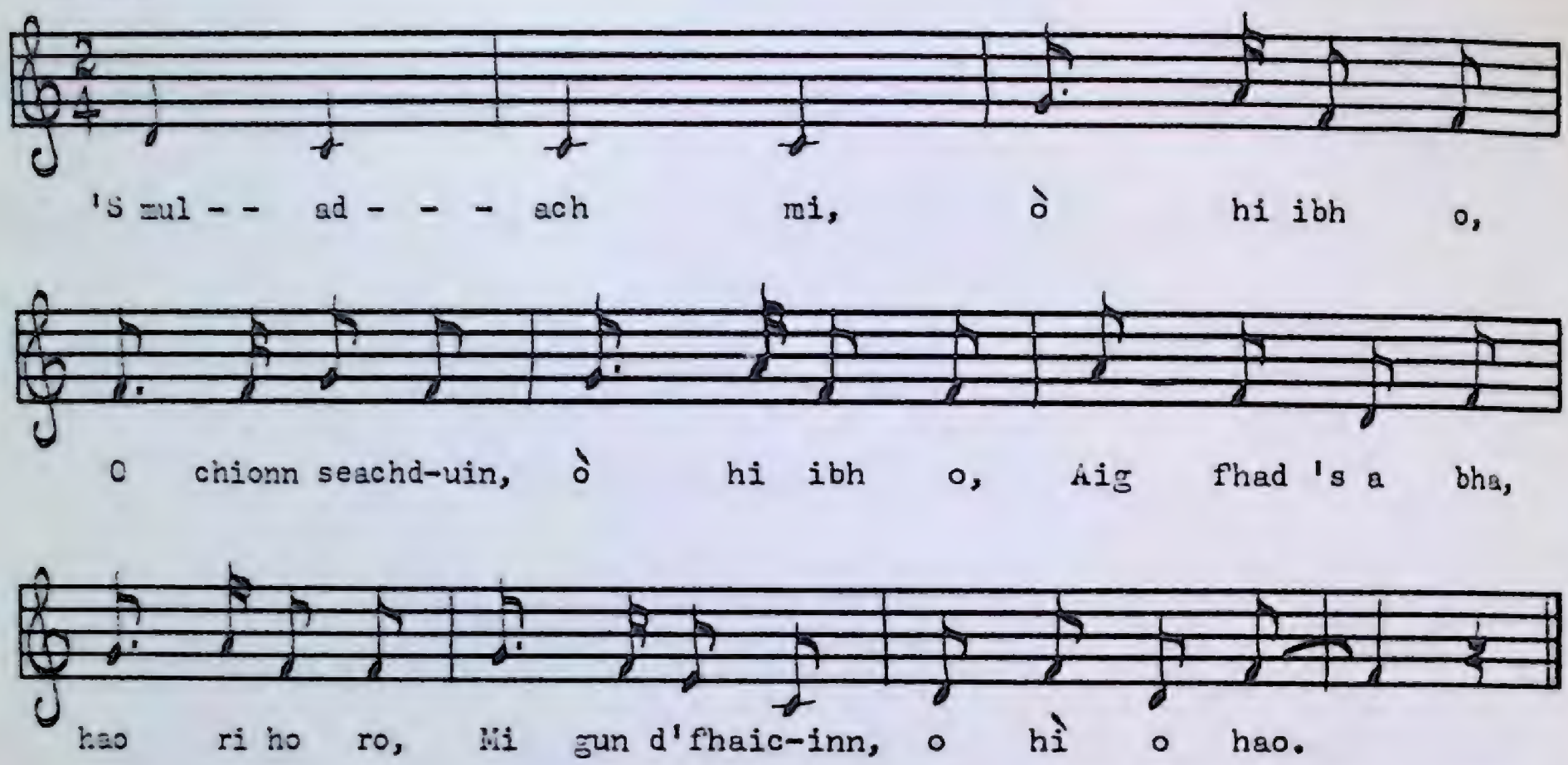
2. My feet are black (repeat twice), and my body is pure-white.

TAPE 216

From the unpublished MS. of Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, Cape Breton.

45. ALASDAIR ÙR

Briskly



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S muladach mi, ò hi ibh o,
   O chionn seachduin, ò hi ibh o,
   Aig fhad 's a bha, hao ri ho ro,
   Mi gun d'fhaicinn, o hì o hao.

2. Aig fhad 's a bha, ò hi ibh o,
   Mi gun d'fhaicinn, ò hi ibh o,
   Alasdair Ùir, hao ri ho ro,
   Mhic 'ic Neacail, o hì o hao.

3. Alasdair Ùir, ò hi ibh o,
   Mhic 'is Neacail, ò hi ibh o,
   Sealgair geòidh thu, hao ri ho ro,
   Ròin is eala, o hì o hao.

4. Sealgair geòidh thu, ò hi ibh o,
   Ròin is eala, ò hì ibh o,
   Bhric a ni'n leum, hao ri ho ro,
   'N fhéidh ni'n langan, o hì o hao.

5. Bhric a ni'n leum, ò hi ibh o,
   'N fhéidh ni'n langan, ò hi ibh o,
   'S nan cluinninn thu, hao ri ho ro,
   Thighinn na bhaile, o hì o hao.

6. 'S nan cluinninn thu, ò hi ibh o,
Thighinn na bhaile, ò hi ibh o,
Ghearrainn an tràigh, hao ri ho ro,
'S dheanainn astar, o hì o hao.

7. Ghearrainn an tràigh, ò hi ibh o,
'S dheanainn astar, ò hi ibh o,
Thoir soraidh bhuam, hao ri ho ro,
Null do dh'Àros, o hì o hao.

8. Thoir soraidh bhuam, ò hi ibh o,
Null do dh'Àros, ò hi ibh o,
Is soraidh eile, hao ri ho ro,
A Leitir Gheàrrloch, o hì o hao.

9. Is soraidh eile, ò hi ibh o,
A Leitir Gheàrrloch, ò hi ibh o,
Far am faighte, hao ri ho ro,
Na fir dhàicheil, o hì o hao.

10. Far am faighte, ò hi ibh o,
Na fir dhàicheil, ò hi ibh o,
A dh'iomradh, dh'éigheadh, hao ri ho ro,
Dh'òladh, phàidheadh, o hì o hao.

11. A dh'iomradh, dh'éigheadh, ò hi ibh o,
Dh'òladh, phàidheadh, ò hi ibh o,
Chuireadh an chluich, hao ri ho ro,
Air an tàileasg, o hì o hao.

12. Chuireadh an chluich, ò hi ibh o,
Air an tàileasg, ò hi ibh o,
'S air na cairtean, hao ri ho ro,
Breaca, bàna, o hì o hao.

13. 'S air na cairtean, ò hi ibh o,
Breaca, bàna, ò hi ibh o,
'S air na dìsnean, hao ri ho ro,
Cruaidhe, chnàmha, o hì o hao.

(*Translation*)

YOUNG ALASDAIR

1. I have been sad since a week because I have not seen you for a long time (vocables, as in Gaelic text).

2. O, young Alasdair, son of Nicolson.

3. You are the hunter of geese, seals, and swans.

4. Of trout that jump, and deer that bellow,

5. And if I heard that you had come to the homestead.

6. I would take the short cut over the beach, and make haste.

7. Bear my greetings over to Aros.[1]

8. And other greetings to the hill-slopes of Gairloch.[2]

9. Where dwell the handsome men.

10. Who would row, shout, drink, and pay.

11. Who would play chess, and spotted cards with white backgrounds.

12. And hard-surfaced dice made of bone.

TAPE 216

From Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, Cape Breton (his unpublished MS.).

I have heard fairly similar versions of songs, No. 45 and 44, sung by Miss Annie Johnston, Barra, Outer Hebrides, Scotland, in 1927.

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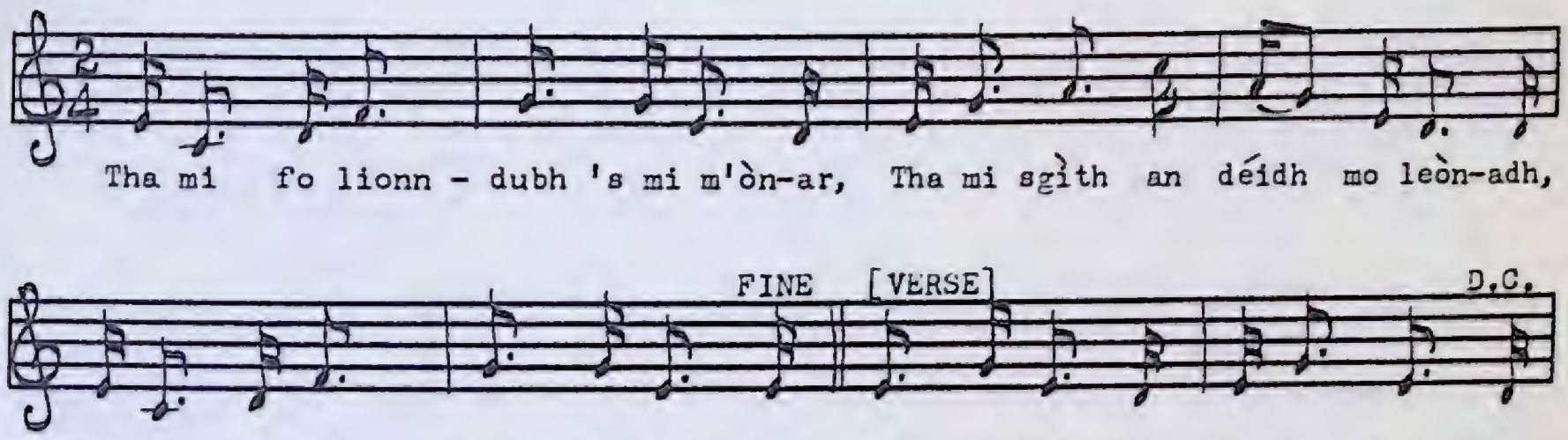
[1] In Mull, Inner Hebrides, Scotland.
[2] In Ross and Cromarty, Scotland.

46. THA MI FO LIONN-DUBH 'S MI M'ÒNAR

Moderate
Refrain



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Tha mi fo lionn-dubh 's mi m'ònar,*
Tha mi sgìth an déidh mo leònadh,
Tha mi fo lionn-dubh 's mi m'ònar.

1. Dh'éirich mi moch maduinn Dòmhnaich.
2. Chunna mi do bhàta seòladh.
3. Cha b'ann dh'an Fhraing no dh'an Òlaind.
4. Air Dùn Bheagain leag i còrsa.

(*Translation*)

I AM DEJECTED AND ALONE

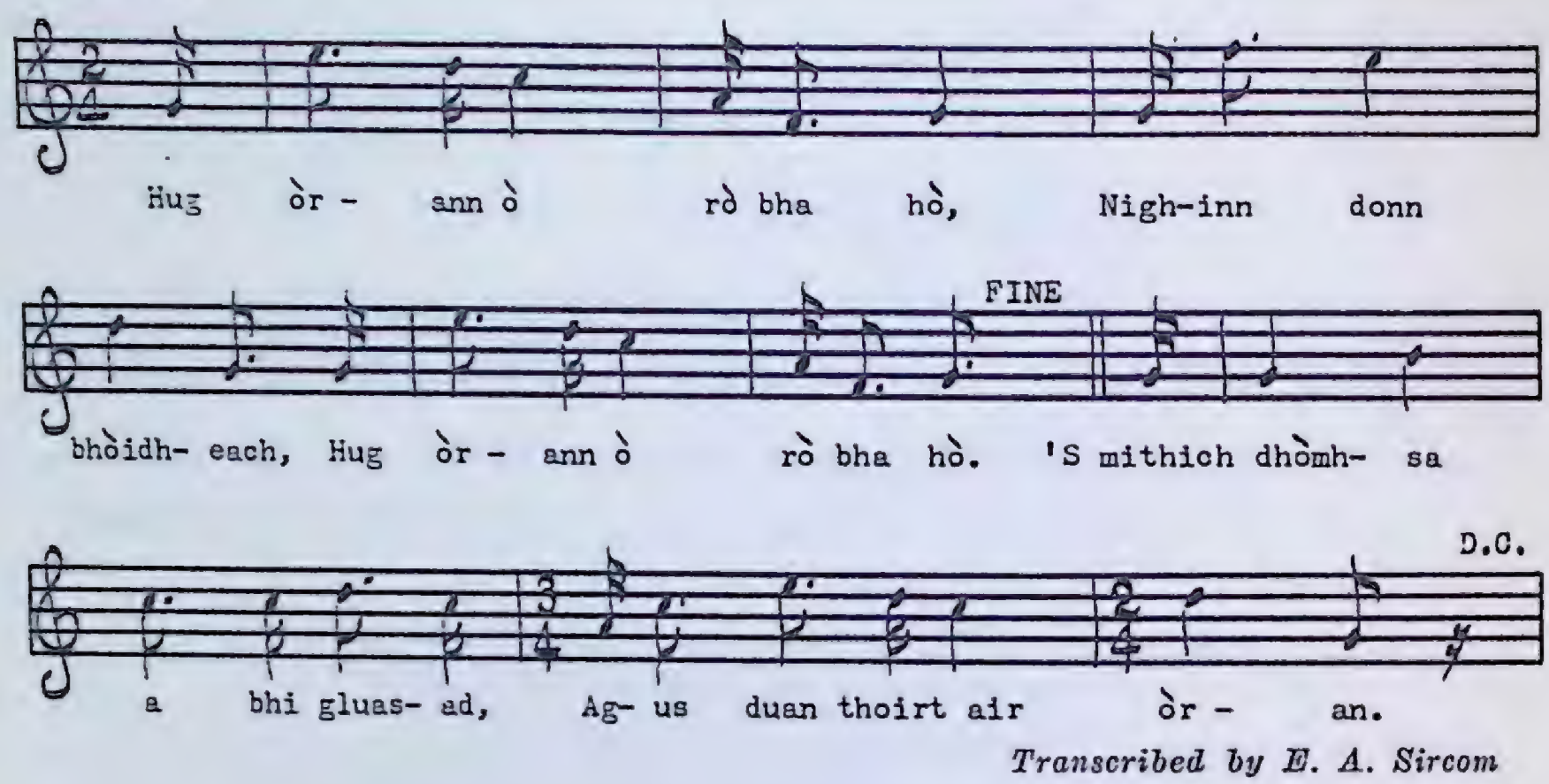
CHORUS: *I am dejected and alone,*
I am tired because of my affliction,
I am dejected and alone.

1. I arose early on Sunday morning.
2. I saw your ship setting sail.
3. It was not to France or to Holland.
4. She set her course for Dunvegan.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

47. HUG ÒRANN Ò RÒ BHA HÒ



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Hug òrann ò rò bha hò,*
Nighinn donn bhòidheach,
Hug òrann ò rò bha hò.

1. 'S mithich dhòmh-sa a bhi gluasad,
   Agus duan thoirt air òran.

2. Fiach a seinn mi do bhuaidhean,
   O'n a fhuair mi ort eòlas.

3. 'S e do chòmhradh glan, suairce,
   Chuir na h-uaislean an tòir ort.

4. 'S mór gum b'annsa leam d'éisdeachd
   'N uair a ghleusadh tu 'n òrgan.

5. Ceòl milis, glan, dìonach,
   Air a dheanamh le d'mheòirean.

(*Translation*)

HUG ÒRANN Ò RÒ BHA HÒ

CHORUS: *Hug òrann ò rò bha hò,*
O beautiful, brown-haired maiden,
Hug òrann ò rò bha hò.

1. It is time for me to rouse myself in order to compose a melody for a song.
2. So that I may sing of your virtues since I am well acquainted with you.
3. Your undefiled, polite talk has made you acceptable to nobility.
4. I would greatly prefer to listen to you when you would tune the organ.
5. Music, sweet, clear, and well-phrased would be executed by your fingers.

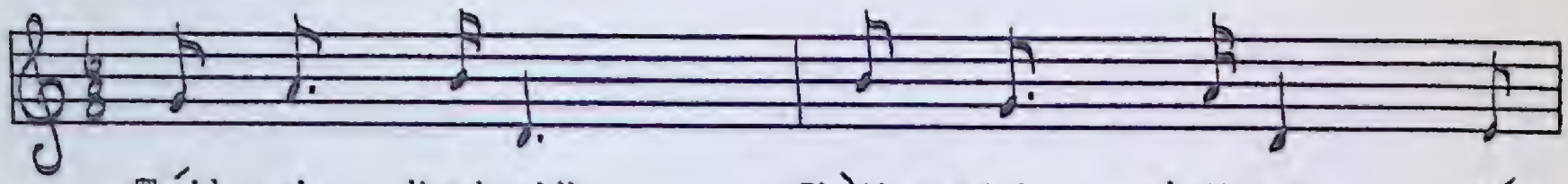
TAPE 216

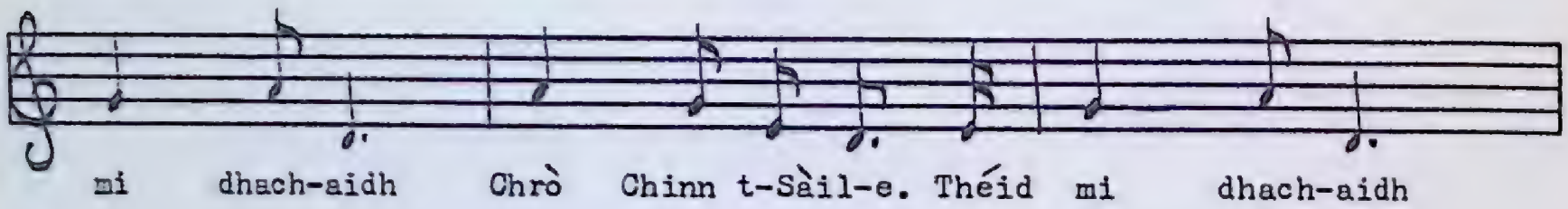
From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

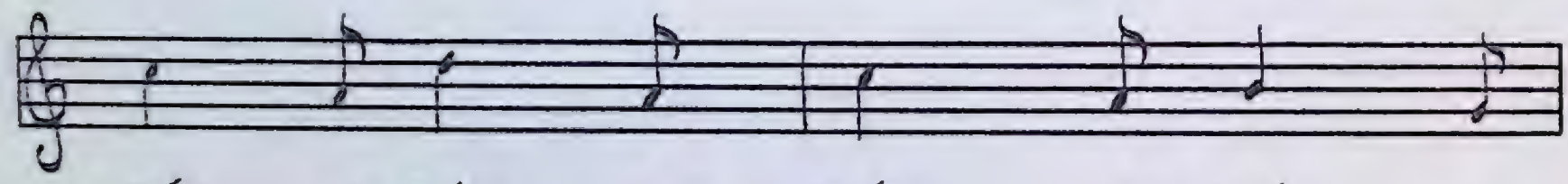
71399—11

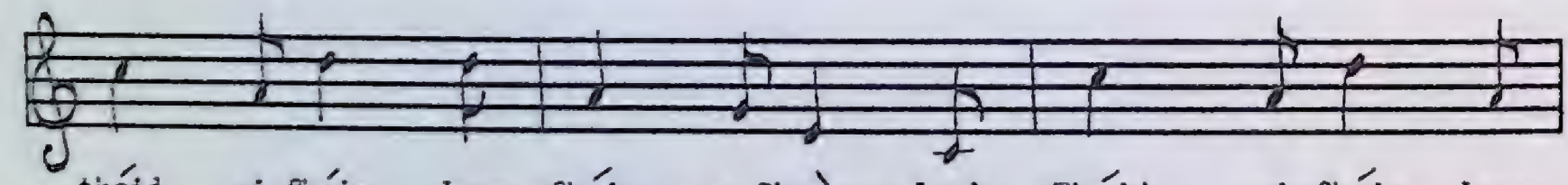
48. CRÒ CHINN T-SÀILE

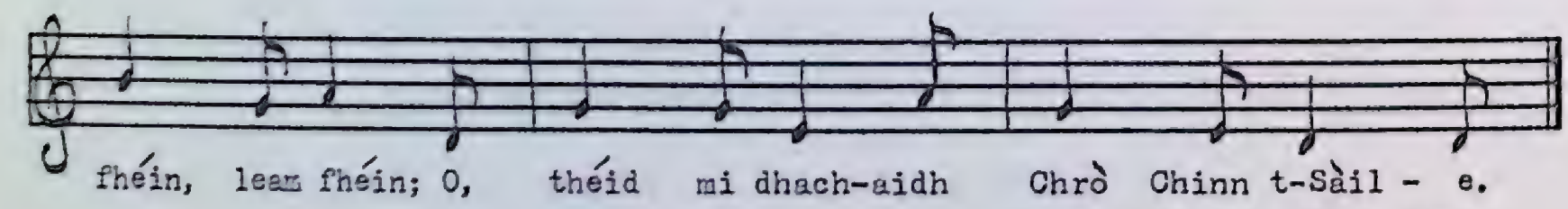
Moderately slow











Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Théid mi dhachaidh*
Dhùthaich m'athar;
Théid mi dhachaidh
Chrò Chinn t-Sàile.[1]

---

[1] "Crò," (m), anything circular, sheep cot. Welsh: craw. Norse: a shed, hrof. English: roof. The famous "Crò," is a fine hill-girt, circular fort situated at the mouth of the River Crò, a stream which runs through Glenlik in Glenshiel, Ross-shire, Scotland.

There are two Kintails, viz., "Cinn t-Sàile Mhic Coinnich," Kintail in Ross-shire, as opposed to "Cinn t-Sàile Mhic Aoidh," Tongue, Sutherland-shire, Scotland.

The well known pipe tune, bearing the same name as the song title, had originally only two parts. Both the vocal and bagpipe settings of the melody were published, with 21 Gaelic verses, by the late Dr. Farquhar MacRae, Ratagan, Glenshiel, Ross-shire, in pamphlet form printed by the Malvina Press, West Kensington, London, Great Britain (no date).

Théid mi dhachaidh
Dhùthaich m'athar;
Théid mi dhachaidh
Chrò Chinn t-Sàile.

1. Théid mi-fhéin,
Leam fhéin, leam fhéin;
O, théid mi-fhéin,
Leam fhéin a Gheàrrloch;
Théid mi-fhéin,
Leam fhéin, leam fhéin;
O, théid mi dhachaidh
Chrò Chinn t-Sàile.

FONN: (tionndadh eile):
Théid mi dhachaidh,
Dìreach dhachaidh;
Théid mi dhachaidh
Chrò Chinn t-Sàile.
Far a bheil
Na Fiannta fantuinn[2]
Ann an Clachan
Dubhthaich sàmhach.[3]

(*Translation*)

THE CRÒ OF KINTAIL

CHORUS: *I will go home to the land of my father. I will go home to the Crò of Kintail.* (Repeat)

1. I will go myself, by myself, by myself; O, I will go myself, by myself to Gairloch. I will go myself, by myself, by myself; O, I will go home to the Crò of Kintail.

CHORUS (variant):
I will go home, straight home. I will go home to the Crò of Kintail; where the Féinn warriors dwell in peaceful Saint Duthac's Kirktown.

TAPE 216

---

[2] "Féinn," n.s. An Fhiann. g.s. Na Féinne. d.s. An Fhéinn. A band of warriors who lived in Ireland and Scotland in the third century after Christ, and who were eventually crushed at the Battle of Gabhra in Ireland in A.D. 283. One of the leading heroes of this band was Diarmad O'Duibhne, and according to local legend, he died at Glenlik, at the foot of Ben Attow, Glenshiel, Ross-shire. At his dying wish for water, a well burst forth, which is still known as Tobar an Tuirc, the Boar's Well.

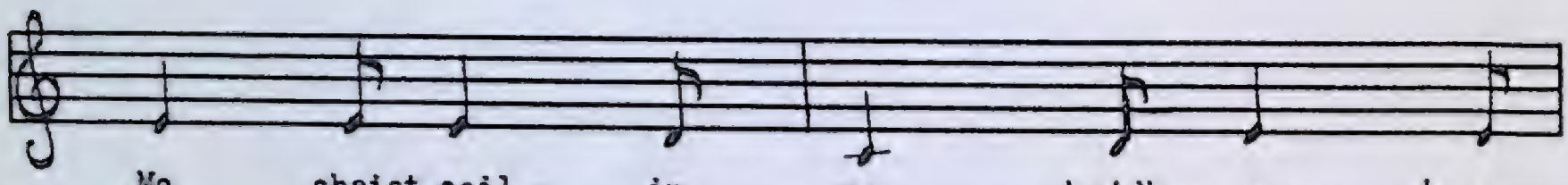
[3] This is the old chapel and burying ground at Kirktown, Kintail, Ross-shire.

Melody and words on tape from Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, C.B. (his unpublished MS.).

71399—11½

49. CRUINNEAG NA BUAILE

Moderate, in free time
Refrain



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *O chruinneag, e chruinneag,*
O chruinneag na buaile;
Mo cheist cailin mo chridhe,
'S ann leat a ruithinn air fuadach.

1. Fhuair mi litir Di-Dòmhnaich,
A thug deòir air mo ghruaidhean;
Iad 'g a m'iarraidh gu d'phòsadh,
Fàth mo leòin thug iad bhuam thu.

2. Cha bhi mi 'g a d'chaoineadh,
Chan e'n t-aog a thug bhuam thu;
'S ann a rinn thu mi fhàgail,
'S tu falbh an dràsd' le fear fuadain.

3. 'S ann ort fhéin tha'n cùl rìomhach
Air a chìreadh 'n a dhualan;
E gu camlubach, bòidheach,
'S fiamh an òir air gach dual dheth.

4. Tha do chneas mar an canach,
Slios mar eal' air na lòintean;
Tha do ghuth mar cheòl smeòraich
Seinn maduinn cheòthar 's na fuarbheann.

5. Bheirinn bradan bho'n t-sàile,
Fiadh bho àird nam beann fuara;
'S coileach dubh bhàrr géig dhuit,
'S cha bhiodh éis air mo ghruagaich.

6. Gur e mis' a bha gòrach
Gaol cho mór thoirt dh'an ghruagaich,
'S mi cho cinnteach 's is beò mi
Nach fhaigh mi còir gu là-luain oirr'.

7. 'S truagh nach robh mi 's an Fhraing leat,
A Nic-Raing a' chùil dualaich;[1]
Cha bhiodh mulad air d'inntinn,
'S ceòl na fìdhle mu d'chluasan.

8. 'S truagh nach robh mi 's a' chàrn leat,
A muigh air àirigh nam fuarbheann;
Leis an rìbhinn as bòidhche,
Rinn mo leòn le fàs suarach.

9. 'S truagh nach robh mi le teasach,
'N a m'laighe le fiabhrus,
Mun tug mi dhuit gealladh,
No mu faca mi riamh thu.

10. Thug mi gean agus gràdh dhuit,
Thar chàich thug mi luaidh dhuit;
Cha chreid mi gu bràth e
Nach e do mhàthair chum bhuam thu.

(*Translation*)

THE MAIDEN OF THE FOLD

CHORUS: *O, maiden, eh, maiden,*
O, maiden of the fold;
My love is the young girl of my heart,
I could run away and elope with you.

1. I received a letter on Sunday that brought tears to my cheeks; inviting me to your wedding, the reason for my sorrow is that they took you away from me.

---

[1] Miss Rankin: On the 6th March, 1889, a lecture on the subject: "The Shieling, its Traditions and Songs, Part 2," was contributed by Mrs. Mary Mackellar, the Gaelic poetess, to the Gaelic Society of Inverness, Scotland. Mrs. Mackellar, during the course of her address, quoted a song having the same words of the chorus, and verses 5 and 7, as contained in our Cape Breton version, Tape 216 A. Of Miss Rankin, she states as follows: "I remember the heroine of this song (Miss Rankin), a tall, stately matron in Glencoe, when I was a mere girl, and I do not think that the poet exaggerates her charms."

Mary Mackellar, the Bardess of Clan Cameron, was born at Fort William, Scotland, on the 1st of October, 1836, and died at Edinburgh on September 7, 1890.

2. I will not lament you, as it was not death that deprived me of you. You deserted me, and you are now courting a vagabond.

3. You have beautiful tresses combed and set in plaits; they are curly and pretty, with a golden sheen on every braid.

4. Your skin is like cotton-grass, your side as white as a swan on the lakes; your voice is like the music of the thrush, singing on a misty morning amidst the cold mountain peaks.

5. I would procure a salmon from the sea, a deer from the chilly uplands, and a blackcock from the tip of the branch for you, and my sweetheart would not be in need.

6. I was, indeed, unwise to love the maiden so much; because as sure as I am alive, I will never gain my right to her.

7. 'Tis a pity that I was not in France with you, Miss Rankin of the braided tresses. You would not be sad listening to fiddle music.

8. 'Tis a pity that I was not with you among the rocks, far away in the shieling of the cool mountains; you beautiful maïden who wounded me by becoming indifferent.

9. 'Tis a pity that I was not in a state of perspiration, lying in bed at the height of my fever, before I gave you a promise, or before I ever saw you.

10. I gave you affection and love, above all others, I esteemed you. I will always believe that it was your mother who kept you from me.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. The melody is somewhat similar to, "Toirt m'aghaidh ri Diùra" (Heading for Jura, or, Long Looking to Jura), printed in, "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 58–59.

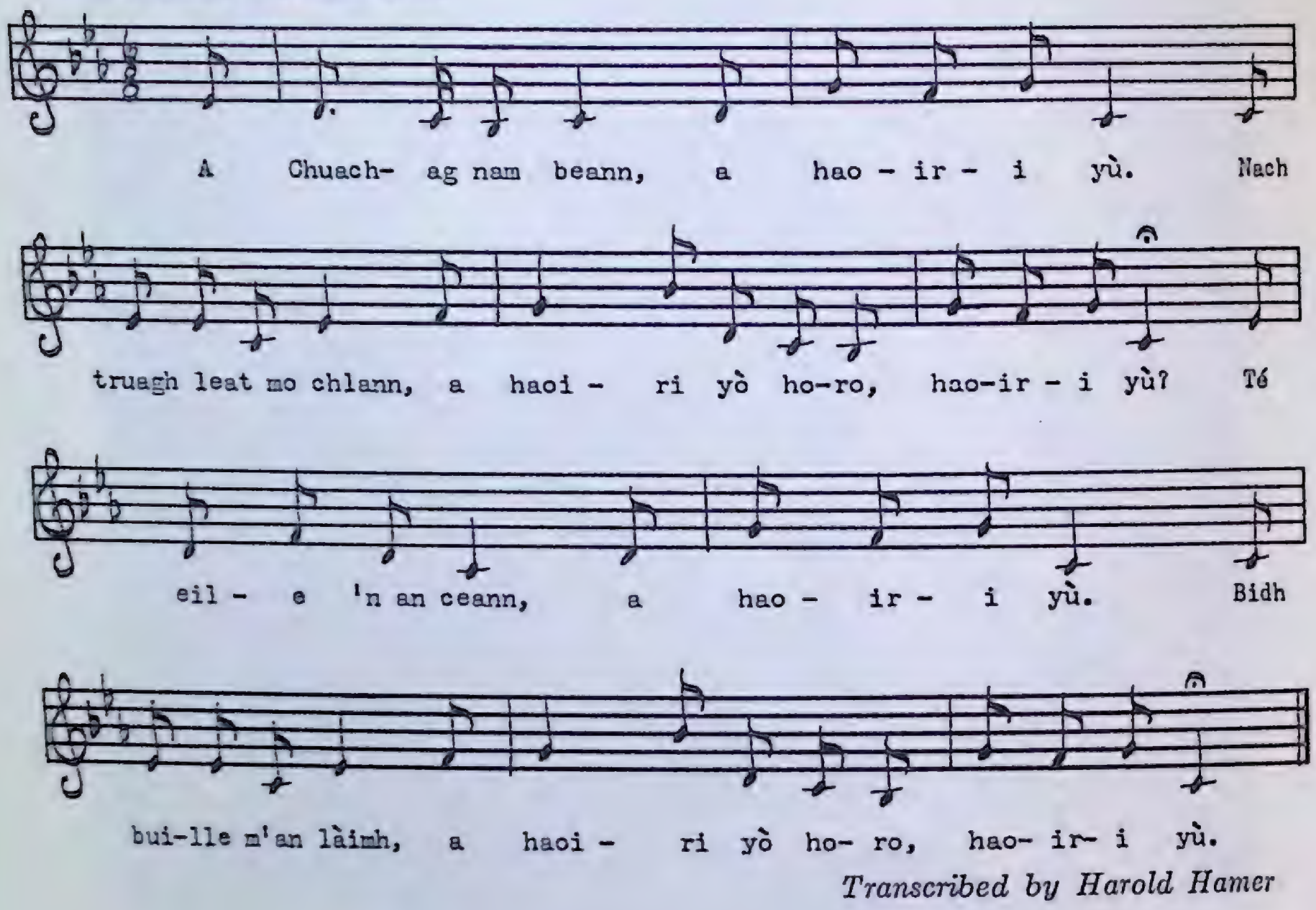
A shorter version of the song was recorded by Agnes MacLellan, Gillisdale, Cape Breton, on Tape 218 B.

Some Inverness County Gaelic speakers declare that this song was composed by Dr. Angus MacLennan, M.P., Inverness, Cape Breton.

International Folk Music Council, Laval University, Quebec, 1961. Harvey MacKinnon dancing to mouth music sung by Major Calum MacLeod.

50. A CHUACHAG NAM BEANN

With a steady rhythmic swing



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. A chuachag nam beann,
   A haoiri yù.
   Nach truagh leat mo chlann,
   A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù?

2. Té eile 'n an ceann,
   A haoiri yù.
   Bidh buille m'an làimh,
   A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

3. Té eile 's a' cheann,
   A haoiri yù,
   'S an cridheachan fann,
   A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

4. 'S gun aca de bhiadh,
   A haoiri yù,
   Ach boiseag de'n t-sìol,
   A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

5. Ceann carrach an lìn,[1]
A haoiri yù,
'S chuid bu taine de 'n mhìr,
A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

6. Cha tug mi sean riamh,
A haoiri yù,
Do dhuin' air son Dia,
A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

7. 'S nan tiginn-sa beò,
A haoiri yù,
Gun riaghlainn gu leòir,
A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

8. De dh'airgiod, 's de dh'òr,
A haoiri yù,
'S de bhainne nam bó,
A haoiri yò ho-ro, haoiri yù.

(*Translation*)

O, YOUNG CURLY-HAIRED MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS

1. O, young curly-haired maid of the mountains (Gaelic vocables), do you not pity my children? (Gaelic vocables).
2. Another woman is in charge of them, and she will slap their hands.
3. Another slap on their heads, and their hearts will be weak.
4. Their sole food will be a handful of oats.
5. The rough, uneven part of flax, and the thinnest part of the stack.
6. I never gave such food to any person for the sake of God.
7. And if I would come to life again, I would dispense plenty.
8. Of money and gold, and the milk of cows.

TAPE 216

From Mrs. David Patterson, Benacadie, Cape Breton.

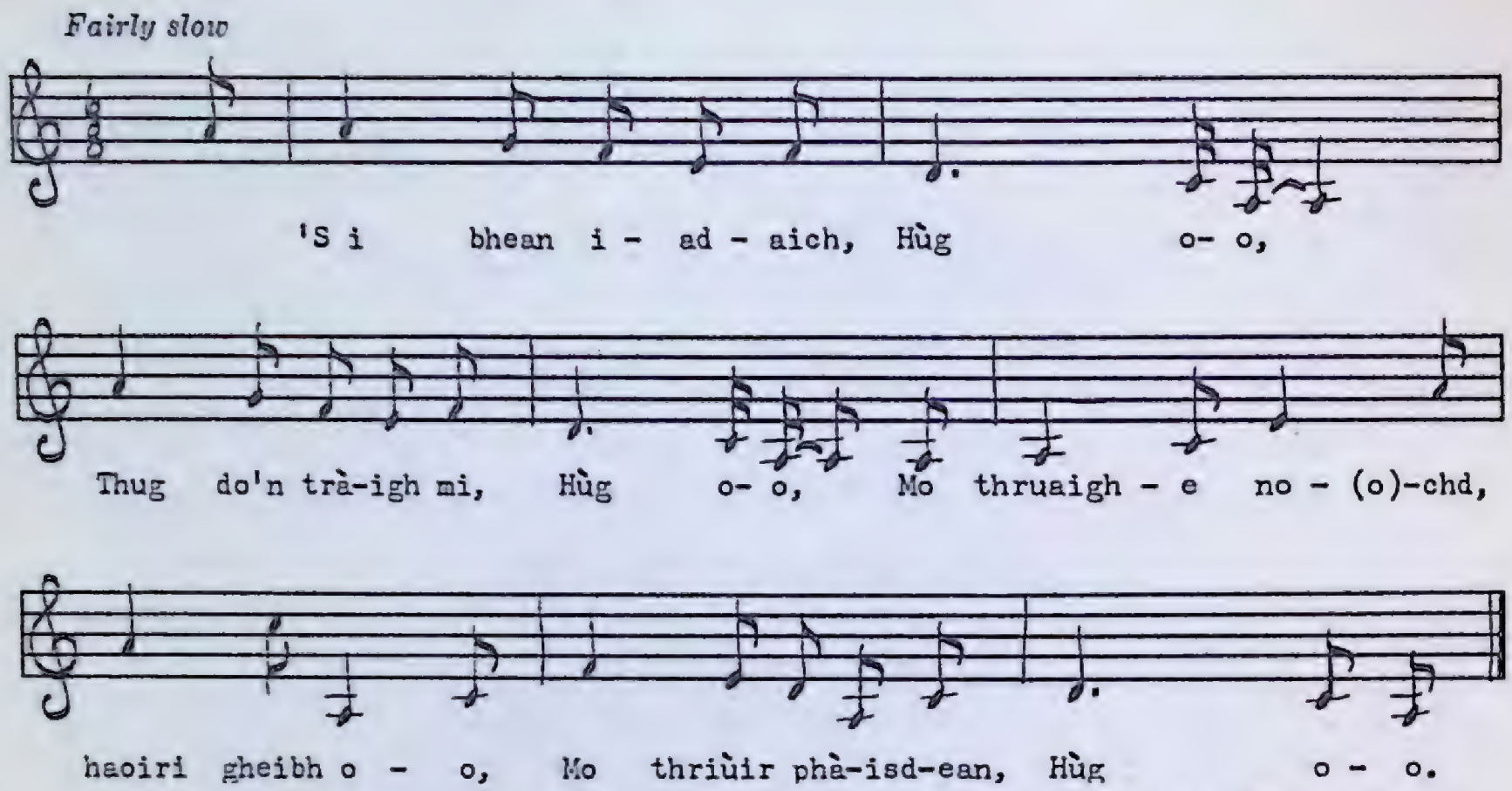
---

[1] "lìon" (m), flax (*Linum usitatissimum*). Great value was attached to salt and lint, or common flax, especially amongst a fishing population at a time when the duty on salt was excessive, and lint was cultivated in the Hebrides, Scotland. Hence, the following quatrain:

"Mèirle salainn 's mèirle frois,
Mèirle o nach fhaigh anam clos;
Gus an téid an t-iasg air tìr,
Chan fhaigh mèirleach an lìn fois.

"Theft of salt, theft of seed, are thefts that leave no soul in peace; until the fish jump on dry land, for the stealer of lint there is no rest."

51. NIGHEAN DHÒMHNAILL RIABHAICH



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

1. 'S i bhean-iadaich, Hùg o-o,
   Thug do'n tràigh mi, Hùg o-o,
   Mo thruaighe nochd, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
   Mo thriùir phàisdean, Hùg o-o.

2. "A bhean ud thall, Hùg o-o,
   An cois na tràghad, Hùg o-o,
   Nach truagh, nach truagh, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
   Bean 'g a bàthadh?," Hùg o-o.

3. "Cha truagh, cha truagh, Hùg o-o.
   'S beag mo chàs dhiot, Hùg o-o,
   'S ann a bhios mi, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
   Nochd 'n a d'àite," Hùg o-o.

4. 'N a d'phlaideachan, Hùg o-o,
   Mìne, bàna, Hùg o-o,
   Bheir thu'n aire, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
   Dha m'chuid phàisdean, Hùg o-o.

5. Fear dhiùbh, bliadhna, Hùg o-o,
   'S fear dhiùbh ràithe, Hùg o-o,
   'S fear beag eile, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
   'N aois a thàlaidh, Hùg o-o.

6. "Sìn do làmh dhomh, Hùg o-o,
Sìn do chas dhomh," Hùg o-o,
"Cha sìn, cha sìn, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
'S beag mo chàs dhiot," Hùg o-o.

7. " 'S math do sheileir, Hùg o-o,
Ìm is càise, Hùg o-o,
'S do chrodh-laoigh, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
'S tighean bàna," Hùg o-o.

8. Ach Iain Bhig, Hùg o-o,
Luaidh do mhàthar, Hùg o-o,
Iarraidh tu 'n nochd, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
Cìoch do mhàthar, Hùg o-o.

9. Ach ma dh'iarras, Hùg o-o,
'S beag is fheàirrd' thu, Hùg o-o
Bhi faighinn na cìche, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
Feadh na tràghad, Hùg o-o.

10. 'S e'n duileasg donn, Hùg o-o.
Rinn mo bhàthadh, Hùg o-o.
Thig am bàta, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
So am màireach, Hùg o-o.

11. Gheibh iad mise, Hùg o-o.
Air mo bhàthadh, Hùg o-o,
'S mo chuailean donn, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
Am bàrr an t-sàile, Hùg o-o.

12. Bidh m'athair ann, Hùg o-o,
'S mo thriùir bhràithrean, Hùg o-o,
Bidh Mac an t-saoir, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
Air na ràimh ann, Hùg o-o.

13. Mo bhroidse airgid, Hùg o-o,
Air sgeir làimh rium, Hùg o-o,
'S bheir iad mise, Haoiri gheibh o-o,
Falbh air clàran, Hùg o-o.

(*Translation*)

GREY DONALD'S DAUGHTER

1. It was the jealous woman who enticed me to the shore. I pity, to-night, my three children (Gaelic vocables).

2. "O woman over there, at the foot of the beach, do you not pity a drowning woman?"

3. "I have no pity, little do I care for your predicament. I will be in your place to-night."

4. "Wrapped in your soft, white blankets. You will take care of my children.

5. "One of them a year old; one of them three months, and another little fellow who has to be lulled to sleep."

6. "Stretch out your hand and your foot to me." "I will not stretch anything to help you, your distress is only trifling to me."

7. "Your cellar is well provisioned, full of butter and cheese. You have cows-in-calf, and houses with cemented stone walls."

8. "Little Iain, you are your mother's treasure. You will ask for her breast tonight.

9. "But, if you do, you will benefit little by being breast-fed on the beach."

10. "It was the brown dulse that was the cause of my drowning. The boat will come here to-morrow.

11. "They will find me drowned, with my brown hair floating on the top of the sea.

12. "My father will be there, and my three brothers; Macintyre will be there at the oars.

13. "You will find my silver brooch on the rock beside me, and they will carry me away on boards."

TAPE 216

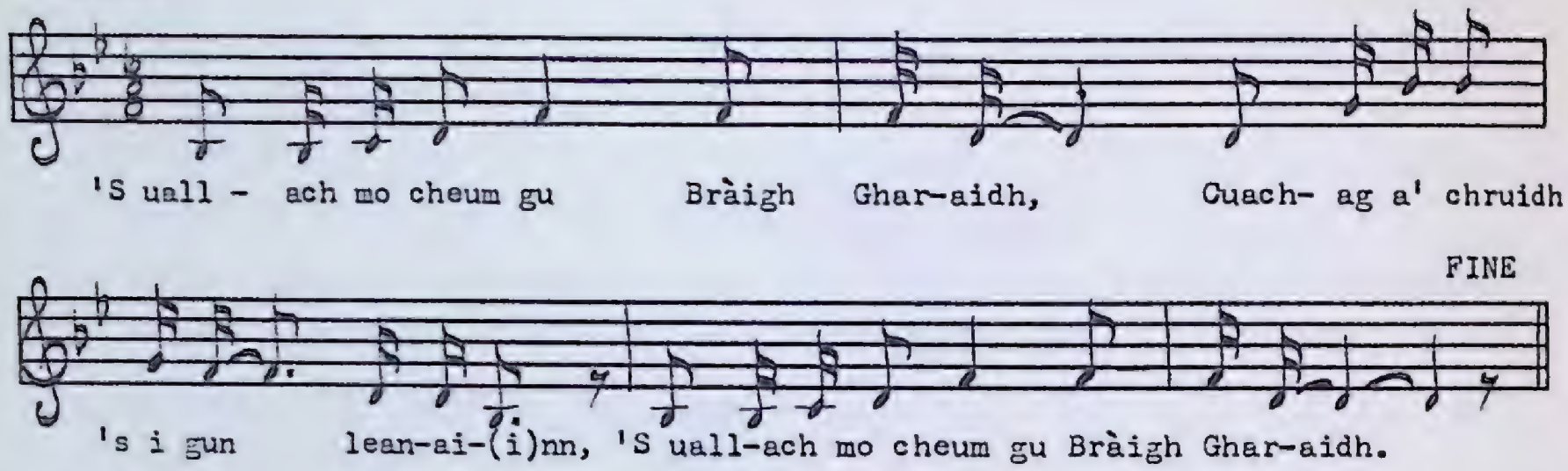
From Mrs. David Patterson, Benacadie, Cape Breton. The last couplet of each quatrain, as written in the Gaelic text, is repeated.

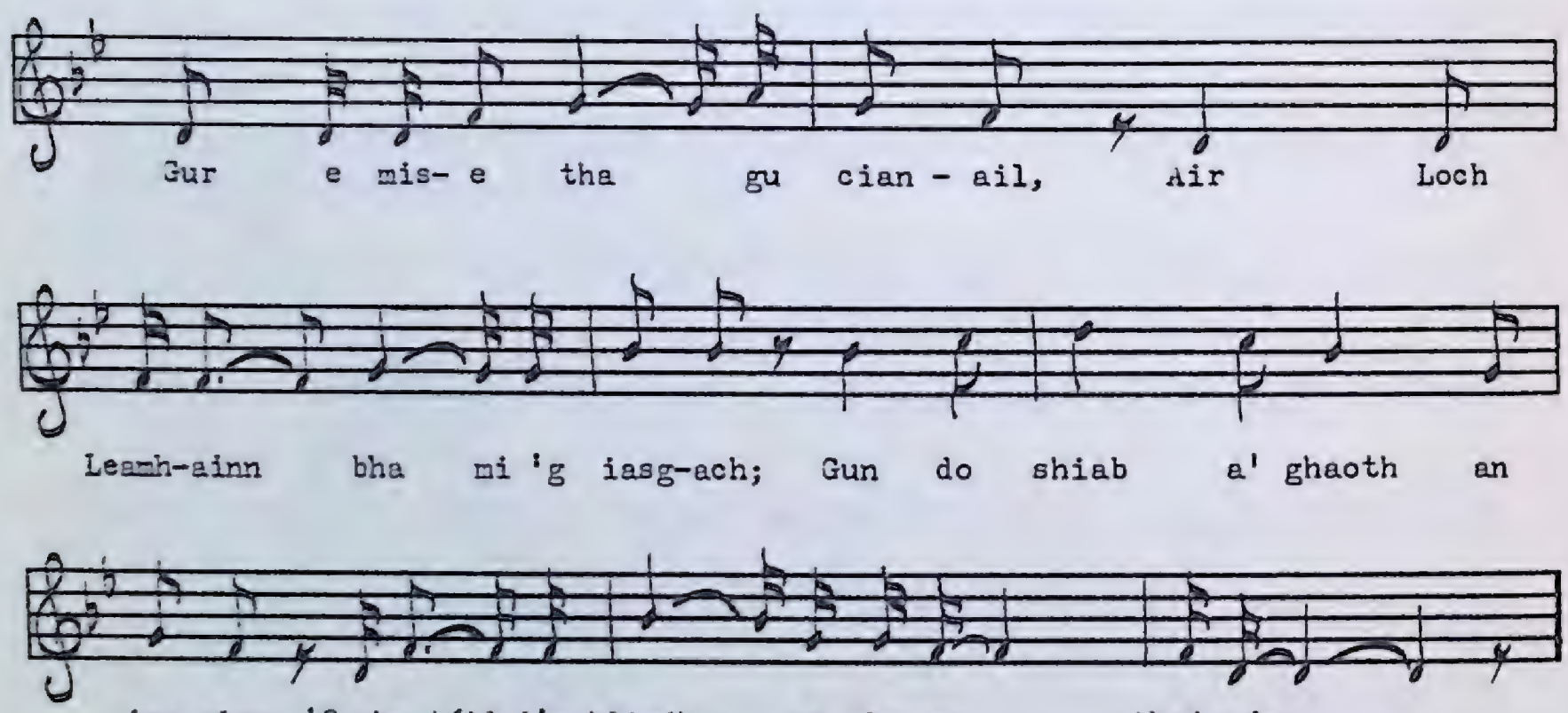
The story of this song is so well known that it needs no detailed description in this book. Both the melody and words have been published in many folk song collections, including Margaret Fay Shaw's valuable book, "Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist," where, on page 257, she explains it as follows: "The tale of the jealous woman who entices her sister to the rocks at low tide so that she be caught by the sea and drowned, and the woman marry the husband is the same theme as 'Binnorie,' a folk tale found in Europe."

Native Gaelic speakers in Cape Breton believe that the song has some connection with Portree, Skye, Scotland, and that the rock on which the mother was drowned was called, "The Rock of Grey Donald's Daughter." According to tradition, the unfortunate woman's ghost haunted the area, and her mournful lullaby could be heard at night by passing sailors.

52. 'S UALLACH MO CHEUM GU BRÀIGH GHARAIDH

Moderate
Refrain





Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *'S uallach mo cheum gu Bràigh Gharaidh,*
Cuachag a' chruidh 's i gun leanainn,
'S uallach mo cheum gu Bràigh Gharaidh.

1. Gur e mise tha gu cianail,
Air Loch Leamhainn bha mi 'g iasgach;
Gun do shiab a' ghaoth an iar sinn,
'S cha téid i 'm bliadhna leam thairis.

2. Gur e mise tha fo mhìghean,
'S mi so anns an tìr mar chìobair,
Ach nan tigeadh soirbheas dìreach,
Bhithinn-sa sìnte ri m'leannan.

3. Gur e mise tha gu deurach,
Mi cho eòlach air do bheusan;
'S binn' thu na guth na peucaig',
Maduinn cheutaich 's an earrach.

4. Gur e mise tha gu brònach,
D'fhaicinn aig fear eile pòsda;
'S mi-fhéin a bha riamh an tòir ort
O'n a bha thu òg 'n a d'leanabh.

5. Cha bhi mi idir an gruaim riut,
Ged a chuir thu mi cho suarach;
Gu faigh mise fhathast gruagach,
Tha té 'n Cluaidh 's am bi mi tathaich.

6. Nam biodh agam bothan greannmhor,
Le similear 's an darna ceann dheth;
Thiginn dhachaidh 'n ám a' gheamhraidh,
Neo-ar-thaing nach deanainn banais.

7. Bheirinn comhairl' air an òigridh
Gun a dhol a chaoidh a sheòladh;
Éiridh dhaibh mar dh'éirich dhòmh-sa,
Bhi ri m'bheò 's am pòca falamh.

(*Translation*)

LIGHT IS MY STEP TO THE BRAE OF GARRY

CHORUS: *Light is my step to the Brae of Garry; I would follow the curly-haired maiden of the cattle. Light is my step to the Brae of Garry.*[1]

1. I am indeed forlorn. When I was fishing on Loch Leven the west wind drove[2] us off course, so now, the maiden will not go away with me this year?

2. I am indeed sad, living in this territory as a shepherd, but if a favourable wind blew, I would soon be lying with my sweetheart.

3. I am indeed tearful; I know your virtues so well; your voice is sweeter than a peacock singing on a pleasant spring morning?[3]

---

[1] Glen Garry in Inverness-shire and in North Perth-shire, Scotland, is "Gleann Garadh," the latter being in the vernacular, "Gleann Gar," with the suffix, -adh, dropped as usual in this region of Perth-shire. According to the late Professor W. J. Watson, "garadh" is in the genitive case. When "garadh" is a personal name, however, the genitive is "Garaidh." The reciter of this song insisted on "garaidh."

[2] "Deigh-shiabaidh" is a term used for drift-ice in Cape Breton Gaelic.

[3] [*Sic*], as on tape, actually what the reciter said in Gaelic, but, "peucag" can also mean a "beautiful woman," thus: " 'S tu as grinne cruth na peucag" (You are more beautifully shaped than a peacock), seems more appropriate.

4. I am indeed dejected to see you married to another man. I was always in love with you even when you were a child.

5. I will never bear you malice although you treated me with indifference. I will marry a girl some day, there is one on the Clyde where I dwell.

6. If I possessed a trim cottage with a chimney at one end of it; I would come home in winter and I would wed in spite of everything.

7. I would advise young men never to go to sea, because things will befall them as they happened to me, namely, to have an empty purse all my life.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. Eight lines of this song are published in Craig's, "Òrain Luaidh," p. 6 and 7.

A fragment of the song appears in the MacNicol M.S. as follows:

"Fonn: 'S uallach no fir gu Bràigh Gharaidh
Cuachag a chruìdh tha iad a' leanailt.
Gur h-e mise tha gu tùrsach
'S mi ri port an tìr a' ghrùdair
Thoir an t'soraidh bhuam le dùrachd
A null gu dùthaich a bharraich."

Sheep shearing.

53. AN NIGHEAN DONN BHÒIDHEACH

Moderate

Ò ho - hagh thù, nighean dubh, nighean donn, Hagh thu rìgh

FINE

thu, nighean donn bhòidheach, Ò ho - hagh thù nighean dubh, nighean donn. A

nigh - ean donn a dh'fhàg an dùth - aich,

D.C.

Thug thu air mo shùil - ean dòirt- eadh.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Ò ho-hagh thù, nighean dubh, nighean donn,*
Hagh thu rìgh thu, nighean donn, bhòidheach,
Ò ho-hagh thù, nighean dubh, nighean donn.

1. A nighean donn a dh'fhàg an dùthaich,
   Thug thu air mo shùilean dòirteadh.

2. A nighean donn a' bhroillich shoilleir,
   Dheanainn coinneamh riut Di-Dòmhnaich.

3. Mise so a' dol a Ghrianaig,
   'S mi 'g a m'riasladh aig na ròpan.

4. Càch a' mire ris a' ghruagaich,
   'S mis' air bhàrr a' chuain a' seòladh.

5. Càch a' mire ris an nighinn
   A thug gaol a cridhe dhòmh-sa.

6. Ach ma dh'fhanas tu gu Bealltuinn,
   Chan fhaigh Caimbeulach tha beò thu.

7. Chan fhaig Caimbeulach fo'n ghréin thu,
'S ann a ni mi-fhéin do phòsadh.

(*Translation*)

THE BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

CHORUS: *Ò ho-hagh thù, dark-haired, brown-haired maiden,*
Hagh thu rìgh thu, beautiful brown-haired maiden,
Ò ho-hagh thù, dark-haired, brown-haired maiden.

1. O, brown-haired maiden who left the country, you brought tears to my eyes.
2. O, brown-haired maiden of the buxom bosom, I would tryst you on Sunday.
3. I am here, on my way to Greenock, tussling with boat-ropes.
4. Others dallying with the maiden whilst I sail over the face of the ocean.
5. Others dallying with the young girl who gave her heart's love to me.
6. But, if you remain single until May-day, no living Campbell will get you.
7. No Campbell under the sun will get you, because I will marry you myself.

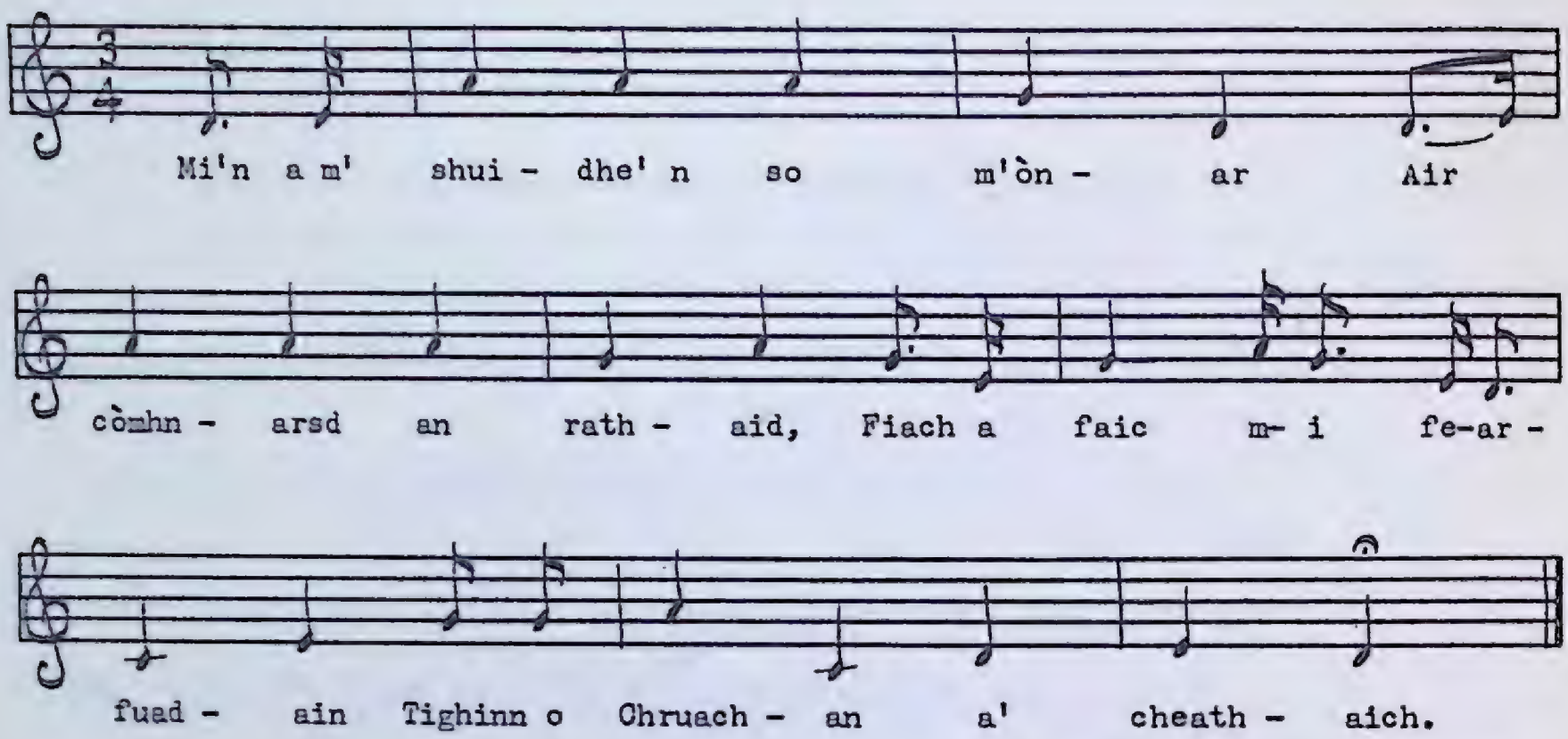
TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton.

71399—12½

54. CRUACHAN A' CHEATHAICH

Moderate



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Mi 'n a m'shuidhe 'n so m'ònar
   Air còmhnarsd an rathaid,
   Fiach a faic mi fear-fuadain
   Tighinn o Chruachan a' cheathaich.

2. Bheir dhomh sgial air Clann Ghriogail,[1]
   No fios có'n taobh ghabh iad.
   'S iad bu chuideachda dhòmh-sa
   Di-Dòmhnaich 's a chaidh.

3. Thall 's a bhos mu Loch-fhìne,[2]
   Ma's a fìor mo luchd-brathann;
   Ann an Clachan an Dìseirt,[3]
   'G òl fìon' air na maithibh.

(*Translation*)

CRUACHAN OF THE MIST

1. I am sitting here, alone, on the level part of the road, so that I may see a fugitive coming from Cruachan of the mist,

---

[1] Note, interchange of "l" for "r" in "Ghriogail."
[2] Note, aspirated "f" in "Loch-fhìne."
[3] The parish of Glen Orchy, Argyll-shire, Scotland, was once called Dysart. The church there contained the burial-place of the MacGregors.

2. who will give me news about Clan MacGregor, or who will tell me in which direction they departed. They were in my company last Sunday.

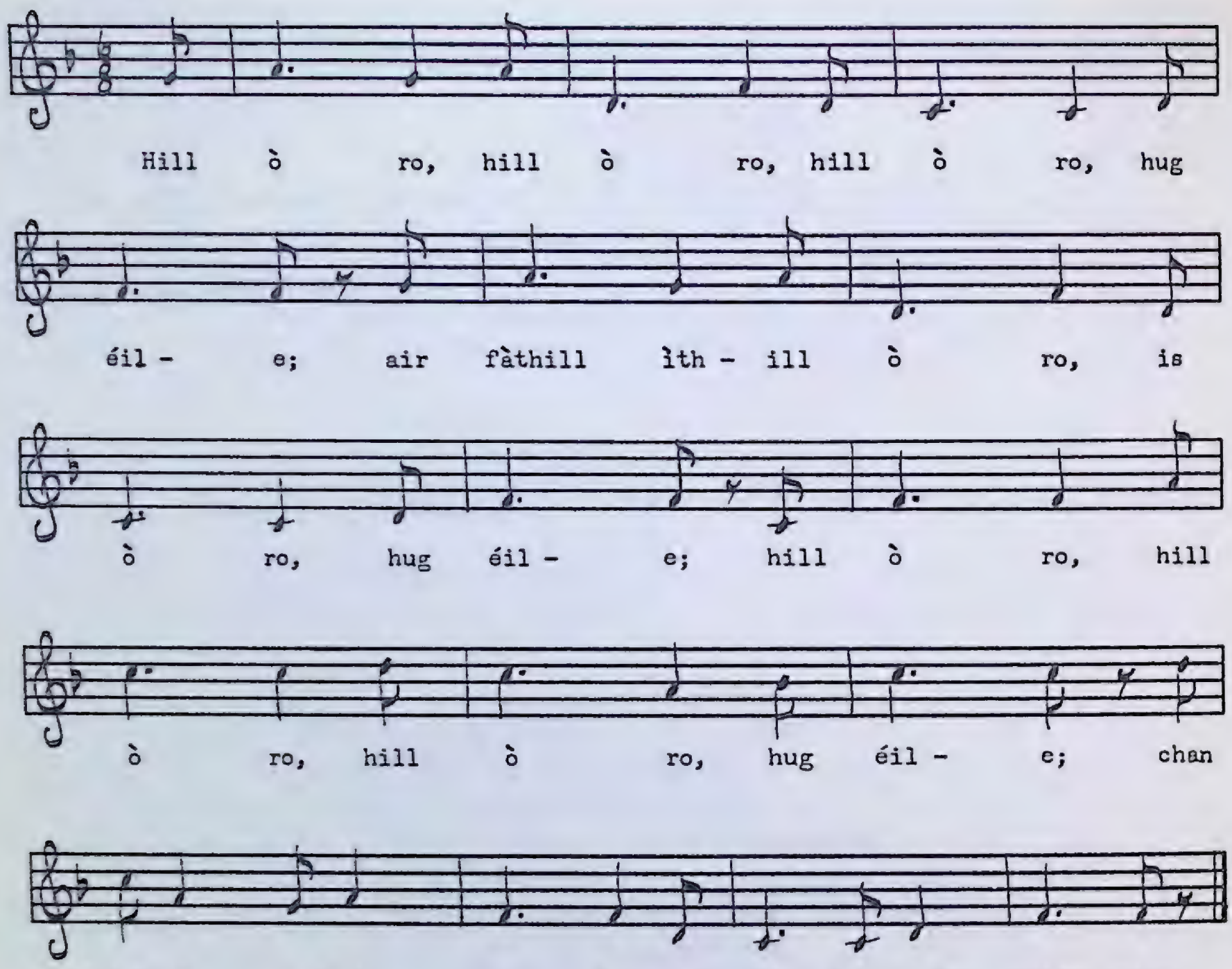
3. On all sides of Loch Fyne, if my informers are correct; in Dalmally (the Kirkton of Dysart), drinking wine with the chieftains and nobility.

TAPE 216

From Mrs. Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. This song is included in this collection in order to preserve the Cape Breton variant of the melody. The melody (solfa), including the Glen Urquhart variant, and Gaelic words appear in the "Celtic Magazine," Vol. 11, No. XIX, May 1877, p. 280. A complete version of the words is published in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 164–67.

55. ÒRAN DO'N MHOSGAID

Steadily



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Hill ò ro, hill ò ro,*
Hill ò ro, hug éile;
Air fàthill ìthill ò ro,
Is ò ro, hug éile;
Hill ò ro, hill ò ro,
Hill ò ro, hug éile;
Chan fhaigh mi cadal sunndach,
A rùin, 's gun thu réidh rium.
(An Saighdear).

1. "Tha'n oidhche nochd fliuch, fuar,
'S mi ri uallach mo chéile;
Cha sheas i ri mo ghualainn,
Ged 's fuath leam droch sgeul oirr';

Cha téid i leam dh'an tuasaid,
No dh'uaigneas le chéile;
'S chan urrainn mi cur bhuam,
O'n fhuair mi o'n chléir i.

2. 'S olc a' chéile leam-sa,
Té rùisgte, gun éideadh,
A chaidleas anns na cùilean,
'S nach ùraich dhomh léine;
Feumaidh mi bhi diùididh,
A' sgùradh a gleusan;
Le cudthrom cupla phunnd,
Eadar ùilleadh is bhréidean.

3. O'n chiad là chuir mi snaoim riut,
Chaidh maill' 'n a mo léirsinn;
Chaidh dìochuimhn' 'n a mo chuimhne,
Is buidhre d'a réir sin;
M'aigne chuir thu aimhreit,
'S mo cheann troimh chéile,
'S nach tuiginn srann de d'chànain,
An Gàidhlig no 'm Beurla."
(A' Mhosgaid).

4. "Nam biodh tu ann an aimhreit,
No'n gamhlas, no'n éiginn,
Is mi bhi air do chùlthaobh,
'S gun tionndadh thu fhéin rium;
Le pailteas luaidh is fùdair,
'S gach ionnstramaid dh'fheumainn;
Gun cuirinn air do nàimhdean
Gu teann an ratreuta."

(*Translation*)

A SONG TO THE MUSKET

CHORUS: *Hill ò ro, hill ò ro,*
Hill ò ro, hug éile;
Air fàthill ìthill ò ro,
Is ò ro, hug éile;
Hill ò ro, hill ò ro,
Hill ò ro, hug éile;
I do not sleep soundly, beloved, because you are not at peace with me.

(The Soldier).

1. "It is wet and cold to-night, and I am responsible for my wife. She will not stand by my shoulder, although I hate to hear bad reports about her. She will not go with me to the fray, or to lonely places together; and I cannot get rid of her because I received her from the clergy.

2. "It is unfortunate for me to have a nude, unclothed wife who sleeps in obscure closets, and who will not even change my shirt. I must be submissive whilst I scrub her gun-locks; both oil and cleaning-rags weigh a couple of pounds.

3. "Ever since the first day I knotted myself to you, my sight began to fail; my memory declined, and, also, I became deaf. You disturbed my mind, and my head was confused, so much so, that I could not understand the intonation of your speech, either in Gaelic or in English."

(The Musket).

4. "If you found yourself in the midst of contention, hatred, or oppression; I would support you, if you turned to me for help. With plenty of lead and powder, and every instrument I would require, I would firmly force your enemies into retreat."

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. A fairly similar version was published in "The Casket," Gaelic Column by Dr. P. J. Nicholson, Antigonish, N.S. *See* version in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. 8, 1878–9, p. 116–17.

56. MO GHAOL-SA MÀIRI

Moderately fast

Hò - rò, nach robh thu ag- am, Hò - rò, nach robh thu

ag- am, 'S truagh a Rìgh nach thu bha ag- am, Air an

luing is càch 'n an ca-dal. O gur e mo ghaol - sa

Màir - i, Bean na céill - e, gnùis na nàir - e; Beul as

binne o'n tig an gàir - e, 'S toigh leam fhéin thu, thug mi gràdh dhuit.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Hò rò, nach robh thu agam,*
Hò rò, nach robh thu agam,
'S truagh a Rìgh nach thu bha agam,
Air an luing is càch 'n an cadal.

1. O gur e mo ghaol-sa Màiri,
Bean na céille, gnùis na nàire;
Beul as binne o'n tig an gàire,
'S toigh leam fhéin thu, thug mi gràdh dhuit.

2. 'S e mo ghaol a' mhaighdeann chiatach,
'S ann 'n a d'cheann a dh'fhàs an riaghailt;
'N uair théid mi fhathast 'g a d'iarraidh,
Pòsaidh sinn mu cheann na bliadhna.

3. 'S e mo ghaol a' mhaighdeann bhanda,
'S aotrom do cheum air a' chabhsair;
'N uair a théid thu do'n sgoil-dannsa,
'S leat an t-urram air na th'ann diùbh.

4. Dheanainn searbhantas mar sgalag,
Do dhuin' uasal no fear-fearainn;
Oirnn cha bhiodh dìth an arain,
O, cha bhithinn beò 's tu falamh.

(*Translation*)

MARY IS MY LOVE

CHORUS: *Hò rò, how I wish you were with me,*
Hò rò, how I wish you were with me,
'Tis a pity, O God, that you were not with me
On the ship whilst others slept.

1. O, indeed, my love is Mary; a woman of wisdom and modest countenance; a mouth of sweetest laughter. I like you myself, I gave you love.

2. My love is the graceful maiden; the gift of sound judgment grew up with you. When, in the future, I will go seeking you, we will get married about the end of the year.

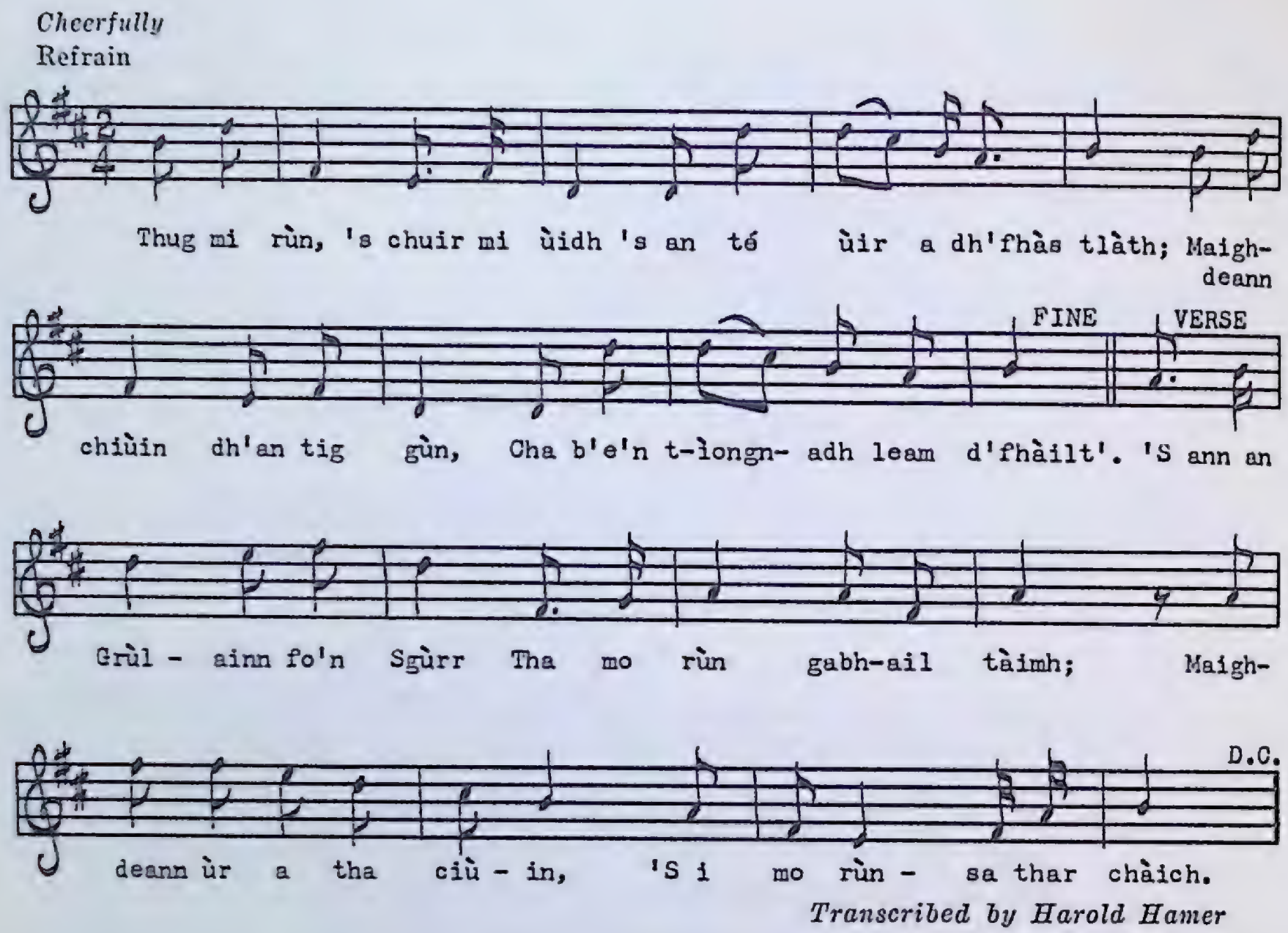
3. My love is the modest maiden, light is your step on the pavement. When you go to the dancing-school, you surpass all the dancers there.

4. I would be willing to work as a farm-servant for a noble man, or a landlord. We would not want for bread, O, I could not live whilst you were in need.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. The melody sung by this reciter is similar to the air of "Latha Inbhir Lòchaidh" (1645) (The Battle of Inverlochy).

57. NIGHEAN BHÀN GHRÙLAINN



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Thug mi rùn, 's chuir mi ùidh*
'S an té ùir a dh'fhàs tlàth;
Maighdeann chiùin dh'an tig gùn,
Cha b'e ' t-ìongnadh leam d'fhàilt'.

1. 'S ann an Grùlainnn fo'n Sgùrr[1]
Tha mo rùn gabhail tàimh;
Maighdeann ùr a tha ciùin,
'S i mo rùn-sa thar chàich.

2. Gun do bhruadair mi'n raoir
A bhi d'choibhneas a ghràidh,
'S 'n uair a dhùisg mi a m'shuain,
B'fhada bhuam thu air sàl.

3. Tha do shlios mar chanach lòin,
No mar eala òig air tràigh;
Gruaidh as deirge na'n ròs,
Bial as bòidhche ni gàir'.

---

[1] Place-names in the island of Eigg, Inner Hebrides, Scotland.

4. Pearsa dhìreach gun chearb,
Aghaidh mheanbhdhearg a ghràidh;
Mar ghath gréine 's an fhairg'
Tha do dhealbh a measg chàich.

5. Dosan lìobharra, réidh,
'S e gu h-éibhinn a' fàs;
Tha e sìos ort 'n a chléit,
'S air gach té bheir thu bàrr.

6. 'N uair a rachainn-sa gu féill,
Bu leat fhéin seud no dhà;
'S bhiodh tu cinnteach a gùn
As na bùithean a b'fheàrr.

7. Ged bu leam-sa le còir
Na tha dh'òr anns a' Spàinnt,
Liùbhrainn bhuam e le deòin
Air son pòig' o'n té bhàin.

8. Dh'aindeoin tuaileis luchd-bhreug,
Tha gach céill riut a' fàs,
Tha thu fìrinneach, réidh,
O'n là cheum thu air làr.

(*Translation*)

THE FAIR-HAIRED MAID OF GRÙLAINN

CHORUS: *I loved, and I was attentive to the young girl who was gentle in upbringing. A modest maiden who suits a gown, it was no wonder that I made you welcome.*

1. My love lives in Grùlainn under the Sgùrr (Peak). She is fair and placid, she is my choice above all others.

2. I dreamed last night, beloved, that I was in your affectionate company; and when I awoke out of my deep slumber, you were far away from me on the sea.

3. Your side is as white as cotton-grass on a meadow, or like a young swan on the beach. Your cheeks are redder than the rose; your mouth smiles beautifully.

4. Your frame is erect, without defect; your face slightly blushing, beloved; like a sunbeam on the ocean is your outstanding figure amongst others.

5. A glossy, well-arranged fringe growing delightfully in pendant strands on your forehead, excelling all women.

6. When I would go to a Fair I would buy a jewel or two for you; and you would be sure to receive a gown from the best shops.

7. Although I possessed, by right, all the gold in Spain; I would give it up, willingly, for a kiss from the fair-haired maiden.

8. In spite of slanderous liars, you are prudent in all things. You are truthful and rational, traits that remained with you from the first day you walked on a floor.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. Compare version in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 366–68.

(Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service)

Street signs in Pugwash are in English and Gaelic.

58. ÒRAN DO ALASDAIR MAC COLLA

Moderate — *sung by Major C. MacLeod*

Al - asd-air Mhic, ò hò, Choll-a ghasd- a, ò hò,

As do làimh- sa, ò hò, Dh'earb-ainn tap- adh, trom éil- e.

REFRAIN

Chall éil-eadh o hì, chall o ho-rò, Chall éil-eadh o hì, chall o ho-ro, rò,

Chall-a - o- haor-ar-i, chall o ho-ro, Hāor- i eo ho, trom éil-e.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Alasdair Mhic, ò hò,
   Cholla ghasda, ò hò,[1]
   As do làimh-sa, ò hò,
   Dh'earbainn tapadh, trom éile.

FONN: *Chall éileadh o hì, chall o horò,*
Chall éileadh o hì, chall o horo, rò,
Challa-o-haorari, chall o horo,
Hāori eo ho, trom éile.

2. As do làimh-sa, ò hò,
   Dh'earbainn tapadh, ò hò,
   Mharbhadh Tighearn', ò hò,
   Ach' nam Breac leat, trom éile.[2]

---

[1] Alasdair Mac Colla was one of the mightiest warriors ever produced by the Gaelic race. He belonged to the branch of Clan Donald known as Clan Donald South. According to tradition, he was born in Colonsay, Inner Hebrides, Scotland, early in the 17th century. He joined Montrose in 1644 and took part in several battles until he was defeated by General Leslie in Kintyre, Scotland. He was finally slain in battle, in County Cork, Ireland, in 1647.

3. Mharbhadh Tighearn', ò hò,
Ach' nam Breac leat, ò hò,
'S thìodhlaiceadh e, ò hò,
'N oir an lochain, trom éile.

4. 'S thìodhlaiceadh e, ò hò,
'N oir an lochain, ò hò,
'S ged 's beag mi-fhéin, ò hò,
Bhuail mi ploc air, trom éile.

5. 'S ged 's beag mi-fhéin, ò hò,
Bhuail mi ploc air, ò hò,
'S chuir sud gruaimean, ò hò,
Air Niall a' Chaisteil, trom éile.

6. 'S chuir sud gruaimean, ò hò,
Air Niall a' Chaisteil, ò hò,
'S dh'fhàg e lionn-dubh, ò hò,
Air a mhacaibh, trom éile.

(*Translation*)

A SONG TO ALASDAIR MAC COLLA

1. Alasdair, son of brave Coll, I would entrust heroic deeds to your hand (Gaelic vocables).

CHORUS: (*Gaelic vocables, unchanged*).

2. The Laird of Auchinbreck was killed by you,

3. And he was buried at the edge of the small loch;

4. And although I was little, I threw a clod of earth at him.

5. Neil of the Castle was sullen because of this incident;

6. It made his sons dejected.

TAPE 216

From the late Jim Hughie MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney (his unpublished MS.). In the Gaelic text, the second couplet of each quatrain is repeated. One of the most complete versions of this song appears in "The MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry," p. 40–42. Compare also, "Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig," p. 212–13.

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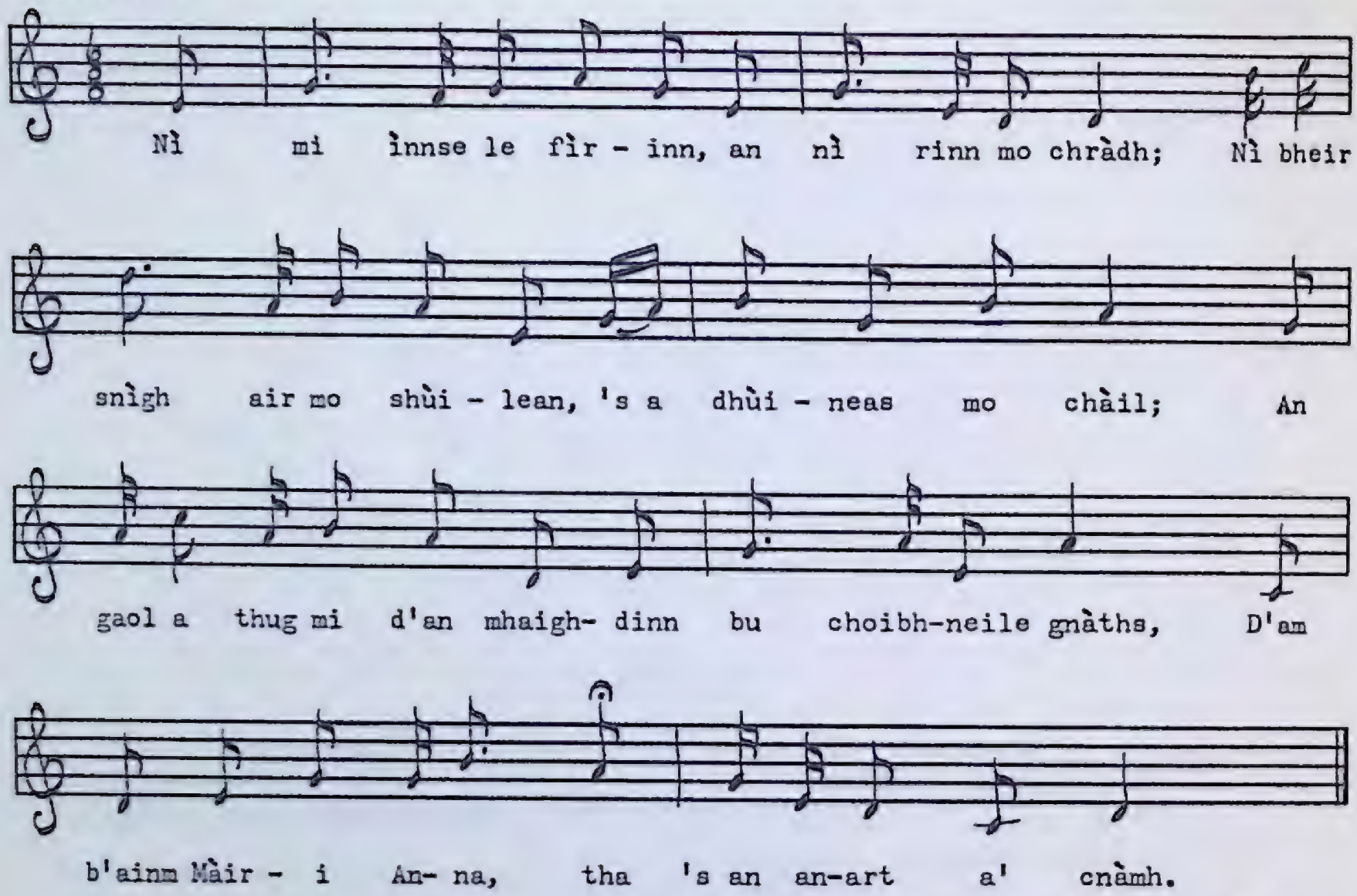
(2) An account of this slaying is recorded in "MS. West Highland Tales," Vol: 11, p. 175. I quote Professor Angus Matheson's translation, as follows: "The Laird of Auchinbreck was taken prisoner on the day of Inverlochy, and after the battle was over, he was brought before Alasdair mac Colla. The Laird of Auchinbreck said, 'I am hoping that mercy will be shown to me as I am an old man.' Alasdair mac Colla said, 'I believe it will, if you give us all the information we ask.' The Laird of Auchinbreck said that he would. Alasdair mac Colla then asked him everything about which he wanted information, about the Earl of Argyle's camp, and about every noble family of the Campbells. The Laird of Auchinbreck told him everything he knew. When he could not give him any more information, Alasdair mac Colla said to him, 'Now, my friend, since you and I are related, and since you are a gentleman, I will give you your choice, whether you will be put to death by beheading or by hanging.' The Laird of Auchinbreck said, 'Alas, alas, two evils and no choice.'

"Alasdair mac Colla drew his sword and said, 'This is the choice you ought to get,' and he struck the Laird of Auchinbreck with his sword and killed him."

71399—13

59. 'S ANN AIR FEASGAR DI-CIADAOIN



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Ni mi ìnnse le fìrinn, an ni rinn mo chràdh,
   Ni bheir snìgh air mo shùilean, 's a dhùineas mo chàil;
   An gaol a thug mi d'an mhaighdinn bu choibhneile gnàths,
   D'am b'ainm Màiri Anna, tha 's an anart a' cnàmh.

2. 'S ann air feasgar Di-Ciadaoin 'n uair bha ghrian anns na neòil,
   I a' dearrsadh gu sgiamhach le sgiathan mar òr;
   Thachair mise ri m'ghràdh ann an gàradh nam flùr,
   Bha àileadh nan ùbhlan gu cùbhraidh mar thùis.

3. Rinn mi foighneachd d'an ògbhean, gu stòlda 's gu ciùin,
   " 'N téid thu còmhl' rium, a mhàltan, fo sgàileadh an tùir,
   Far nach'eil ni gus ar còmhdach bho lòinteag an driùchd,
   Ach duilleagan bòdhach nan òganan ùr?"

4. "Théid mi leat troimh gach cunnart air muir is air tìr,
   'S gun dean mi fuachd fhulang gus do chumail gun dìth;
   'N uair a théid thu do'n bhlàr, bidh mi làmh riut le m'sgéith,
   Chum do dhìon o na nàimhdean 'n uair thàrr'nte lann geur."

5. 'N uair thuig h-athair 's a màthair gun robh Màiri an gaol,
Rinn iad fhoighneachd gun dàil dhith, có h-àilleagan caomh?
Thuirt i riuth gum bu ghunnair e, o mhullach an t-sléibh',
No a Gàidhealtachd na h-Alba, far am marbhte na féidh.

6. 'N uair a chual' iad am facal, gun do ghlais iad i suas,
Ann an seòmar a cadail, fad seachduin gun truas;
Bha mo chridh' air a bhristeadh, nach fhaighinn bruidhinn ri m'luaidh,
'S i 'g a m'choimhead troimh 'n uinneig, le snìgh air a gruaidh.

7. Thàinig litir 'g a m'ionnsaigh, air a dùnadh gu dlùth,
Mi ruith sìos gu siùbhlach gu cùlthaobh an dùin,
Far'n robh carbad gu mùirneach, gus mo ghiùlan gun dàil,
Gu pàileis duin' uasail, far'n robh gruagach mo ghràidh.

8. 'N uair a ràna mi'n aitriu,[1] bha mar shneachda nam beann,
Gun a sheas mi car tacain air stairsneich an tranns';
Gus an tàinig fear glaschinn, 's na deòir a' frasadh o ghruaidh,
'S thuirt e, " 's tusa Mhic Leòid chuir an ògbhean do'n uaigh."

9. Thug e suas mi do'n àite 's an robh m'àilleagan buan,
Rinn a sùilean ciùin dràbhadh, 's dreach a' bhàis air a gruaidh;
Bha cho dearg ris na ròsan, cho bòdhach, cho suairc,
'N uair a ghlac mi air làimh i, dh'fhàg a cainnt i glé luath.

10. Ach sheall i orm-sa 's an aodann gu caomh mar a b'àbhaist,
'N uair a phòg mi bilean gaoil bha mar chaorann air fàs;
Rinn a gruaidhean ciùin aomadh le aogasg a' bhàis,
'S gun d'dhùin i sùil shocair gun a fosgladh gu bràth.

11. "A Mhàiri, a Mhàiri, 's tu dh'fhàg mi gu tinn,
'S tu dh'fhàg mi fo mhulad 's mi'n diugh 'g a do chaoidh;
'S mi bruadar gu tric ort a là is a dh'oidhch',
'S gus an téid mi do'n anart cha sguir mi dheth chaoidh."

(*Translation*)

IT WAS ON WEDNESDAY EVENING

1. I will tell you truthfully about the cause of my anguish, an incident that will bring tears to my eyes and take away my appetite. It relates to my love for the maiden who was kindly in manner, and who was called Mary Anne, now decaying in her death-shroud.

---

[1] Dialectic: in so-called modern orthography it might be written as, " 'N uair a ràinig mi'n aitreabh."

71399—13½

2. It was on Wednesday evening when the sun was in the firmament shining brightly with wings of gold that I met my sweetheart in the flower-garden where the aroma of apples was as fragrant as frankincense.

3. I spoke to the young lady, slowly and quietly, "Will you go with me, modest maiden, to the shelter of the turret, where there is nothing to cover us from the dew-drops, save the beautiful leaves of young budding branches?"

4. "I will go with you through every danger on sea and on land, and I will suffer cold so as to keep you from want. When you go forth to battle, I will accompany you with my shield, so as to protect you from enemies when they draw their sharp sword-blades."

5. When her father and mother understood that Mary was in love, they asked her, without delay, who her loved one was. She told them that he was a gunner from the upland slope, or from the Highlands of Scotland, where the deer are killed.

6. When they heard the news, they locked her up in her bedroom for a whole week, without sympathy. My heart was broken because I was not allowed to speak to my love who peered at me through the window with tear-drenched cheeks.

7. I received a firmly-sealed letter informing me to run down quickly to the back of the fort where a grand carriage was waiting to carry me to a nobleman's palace, where dwelt the maiden of my love.

8. When I reached the residence which was as white as mountain snow, I stopped momentarily on the threshold of the entrance, until a grey-haired man arrived with tears flowing down his cheeks, who said, "You are the MacLeod who sent the young lady to the grave."

9. He took me up to the room where my jewel was still alive, her peaceful eyes slightly open; the pallor of death on her cheeks, that were once as red as roses, so beautiful, so kind. When I clasped her hand, she immediately became speechless.

10. But, she looked straight at my face in her kindly way, as usual. When I kissed her rowan-red, loving lips, her smooth cheeks yielded to the image of death, and she closed her peaceful eyes, never to open them again.

11. "Mary, O Mary, you have left me in such a sickly state; you have left me so sad, I lament you to-day. I often dream about you, day and night, and until I am laid out in the linen-shroud, I will never stop mourning for you."

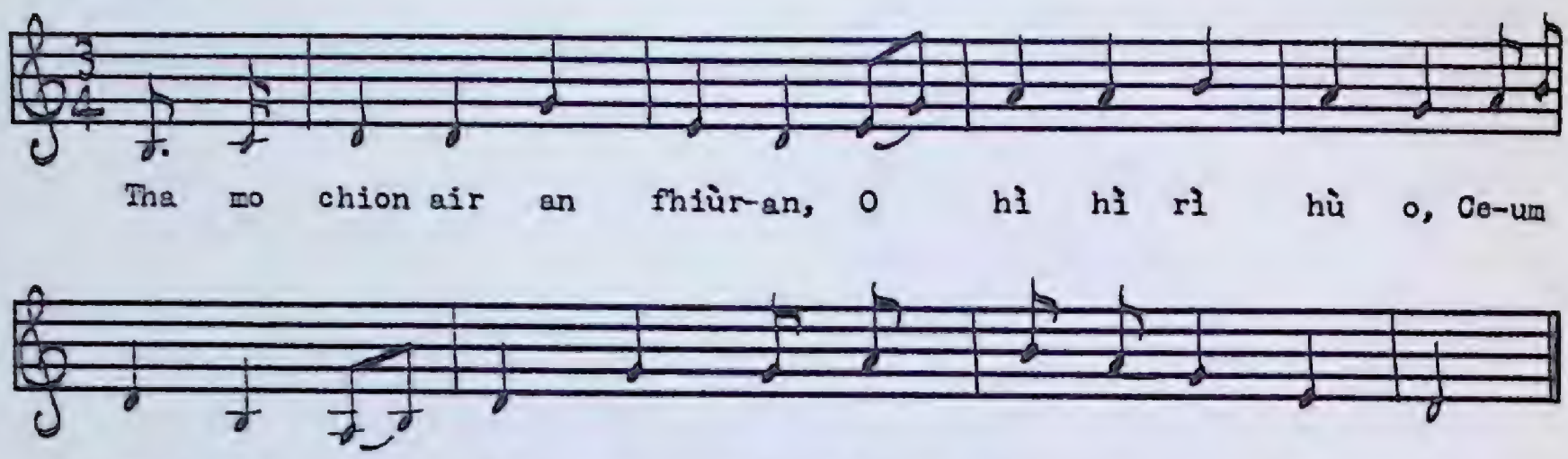
Tape 216

From the late Frank MacNeil, Big Pond, Cape Breton. The Gaelic editor recorded verse 11, in 1930, from Dr. Farquhar MacRae, Ratagan, Glenshiel, Ross-shire, Scotland, who declared that the song was composed by a John MacLeod from Scalpay, Harris, Outer Hebrides, Scotland.

A version of the song appears in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 503–04, where it is ascribed to Murdo MacLeod, the Skye Soldier.

60. THA MO CHION AIR AN FHIÙRAN

Refrain



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Tha mo chion air an fhiùran,*
O hì hì rì hù o,
Ceum farasd' air ùrlar,
Gun d'fhuair thu cliù nam fear òg'.

1. Chuir iad mise 'n a m'mharaich
Ann an toiseach na gaillinn,
Air eagal m'fhaicinn le m'leannan
Tighinn á gleannan an fhraoich.

2. Bh mi'n raoir anns a' bhàta,
Cha robh 'n cadal mar b'àbhaist;
Gur h-ann a chunnaic mi làmh rium
A' bhean a b'àillidh ri m'thaobh.

3. Sud an obair a dh'iarrainn,
Gur h-i m'aighear 's bu mhiann leam,
Bhi cur litreach 'g a d'iarraidh
Gun téid thu Ghrianaig fo sheòl.

4. Na biodh ort-sa bonn chùraim
Ach mis' bhi 'g a stiùireadh;
Ged a dh'éireadh muir dubhghorm
Ri cùl na stràchd-bheòil.

5. Na biodh ort-sa bonn gealtachd,
Ged bhiodh cruaidh fhrasan sneachd ann;
Ma bhios mi'm bàrr slatan
'N ám bhi pasgadh nan seòl.

6. Sud an obair a chleachd mi,
Bhi an seòmar na pacaid,
Cluich air dìsnean is cairtean,
'S gillean sgairteil mu'n bhòrd.

7. 'N ám dhuinn seòladh á Grianaig,
Tighean-chusbainn a "chlearadh";
Uisge-beatha cha b'fhiach leinn
Ach am fìon bhi 'g a òl.

8. Nam faicinn dol seachad,
Long do Albainn no Sasunn,
Chuirinn litir do m'leannan,
Gura maireann mo ghaol.

9. Chuirinn litir do m'eudail,
'S an deanadh i leughadh,
Gu bheil an Dòmhnallach deurach
A' call a chéille 'g a caoidh.

10. Ach ma bhios mise maireann,
'S tighinn sàbhailte dhachaidh;
Cha téid mi tuilleadh 'n a m'mharaich',
Ni mi fantail 's na caoil.

11. Ach ma ni thu pòsadh mun tig mi,
Fiach gur feàrr e na mise;
Na gabh pòitear no misgear,
'S na gabh idir fear faoin.

(*Translation*)

I LOVE THE HANDSOME YOUTH

CHORUS: *I love the handsome youth,*
O hì hì rì hù o,
Of facile step on the dance-floor,
You were renowned amongst young men.

1. They sent me away as a sailor at the beginning of the gale, for fear that I would be seen with my sweetheart coming from the small heather glen.

2. Last night I was in the boat, my sleep was not as sound as usual; I saw on starboard the most beautiful woman by my side.

3. That is the work I would ask for, my joy and desire would be to send you a letter asking you to go to Greenock under sail.[1]

---

[1] Greenock: a sea-port on the south bank of the River Clyde, Scotland.

4. Do not be in the least anxious as I will be at the helm; although the dark-blue sea would rise up at the back of the top stroke.

5. Do not be in the least afraid although there would be severe showers of snow; if I can remain on the top of the yards when the sails are being furled.

6. That is the occupation to which I was accustomed, being in the cabin of the packet-boat, playing backgammon and cards, and brisk men around the table.

7. When we sailed from Greenock and had cleared the customs-office, we despised whisky, we drank wine only.

8. If I would sight a ship going to Scotland or England, I would post a letter to my sweetheart, indicating that my love for her was still constant.

9. I would forward a letter to my darling, and in it she would read that MacDonald is shedding tears, and nearly out of his mind, deploring his absence from her.

10. But, if I remain alive, and return home safely, I will not go to sea again, I will stay in the straits.

11. But, if you wed before I arrive, ensure that he is a better man than I am. Do not accept a tippler, or a drunkard, and do not, on any account, marry a silly fellow.

TAPE 216

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. The melody sung by this reciter seems to be the same as that of, "The Braes of Glenbraon," in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 3, originally, the "Dùthaich nan Craobh" melody.

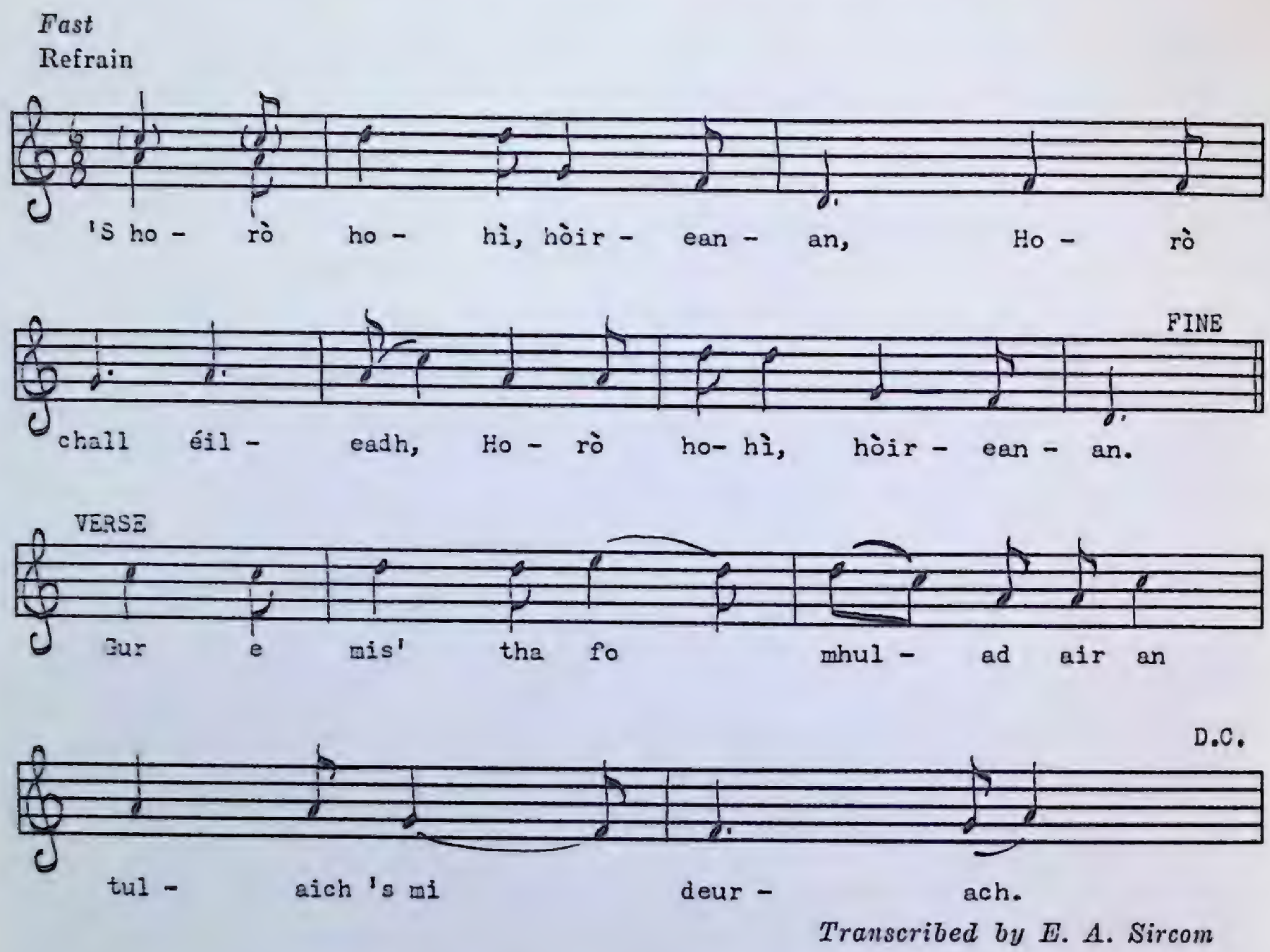
Verses 8, 10, and 11 of the Grand Narrows version appear in, "An t-Òranaiche," p. 482, with slight variations.

Our present recording seems to be a linguistic mélange of two songs combined into one.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

Songs are excellent company when the fishermen go off in their boats.

61. CHUNNA MISE MO LEANNAN



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *'S horò-ho-hì, hòireanan,*
Horò chall, éileadh,
Horò ho-hì, hòireanan.

1. Gur e mis' tha fo mhulad,
   Air an tulaich 's mi deurach.

2. Mi 'n a m'laidh' ann an Crosal,[1]
   'S trom an osna 'g a m'léireadh.

3. 'S chunna mise mo leannan,
   'S cha do dh'aithnich e 'n dé mi.[2]

4. Cha d'fhidir, 's cha d'fharraid,
   'S cha do ghabh e mo sgeula.

5. Chunna mise mo luaidh
   Dol seachad buaile na spréidheadh.

---

[1] According to "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol: 8, 1878-9, where there is another version of this song (p. 115-16), "Crosal" is in MacLeod's country in Skye, Scotland.

[2] The final "-ich," in the word "dh'aithnich," becomes "-ish," in Inverness County, Cape Breton, pronunciation.

6. Chunna mis' e dol seachad
Air each glas nan ceum eutrom.

7. Bha do ghunn' air do ghualainn
Dol a ruagadh na h-éilde.

8. 'S gheibhte fuil an daimh bhallaich
Ann am bannan do léine.

9. Gur h-ann shuas air an àirigh
Thug mi, ghràidh, mo chiad spéis dhuit.

10. Cha taobh mise fear bàta,
Ged a chàradh e bréid rith'.

11. 'S mór gum b'fhearr leam fear mullaich,
D'am biodh grunnan beag spréidheadh.

12. Fear a rachadh do 'n mhunadh
Le a ghunna mun éirinn.

13. Gur e mo rùn Clann Dòmhnaill,
Sid an còmhlan nach tréiginn.

14. Sian nach sòradh 's an Dòmhnaich[3]
Le Clann Dòmhnaill nan geur lann.

15. Luchd nan calpanna troma,
Chìte foinnidh fo'n fhéileadh.

16. Luchd nan claidheamhnan geala,
Chuireadh faileas ri gréin diùbh.

17. Luchd nam musgaidean dubha
Dheanadh bruthadh is reubadh.

18. Luchd nam boghachan iubhair
Chuireadh siubhal fo shaighdean.

19. Luchd nan gunnaichean dubhghorm
Chuireadh smùid air feadh sléibhe.

20. Nach cuirte claidheamh an truaill leo,
Gun a' bhuaidh aig Rìgh Seumas.

(*Translation*)

I SAW MY SWEETHEART

CHORUS: (*vocables, as in Gaelic text*).

1. I am indeed sad, sitting on the hillock, shedding tears.

---

[3] "sian," a charm, in battle, against lead. In olden times it was common to seek invulnerability in battle by means of enchantments. Old Irish Gaelic, "séin"; Latin, *signum*, a sign; the sign of the cross.

2. As I lie in Crosal, my heavy sighs are tormenting me.
3. I saw my sweetheart yesterday, and he did not recognize me.
4. He did not notice, nor inquire after me, and he did not ask news of me.
5. I saw my sweetheart passing by the fold of cattle.
6. I saw him passing by, mounted on a grey horse of lively steps.
7. Your gun was on your shoulder going to hunt the hind.
8. The blood of the speckled stag may be found on your shirt-bands.
9. It was up at the shieling that I, dearest one, bestowed my first affection upon you.
10. I will not be partial to a boat-man although he would hoist a sail to her.
11. I would greatly prefer a man who lived in the uplands, and who had a small herd of cattle.
12. A man who would go to the hill with his gun before I arose in the morning.
13. My love belongs to the Clan Donald, that is the company that I would not forsake.
14. Clan Donald of the sharp blades, and battle-charm that would not hesitate to be effective on Sundays.
15. The men of well-built legs that would be seen in their shapely form beneath the kilt.
16. The men of glistening swords that would scintillate in the sunshine.
17. The men of black muskets that would bruise and wound.
18. The men of yew bows that would make arrows dart forward.
19. The men of blue-black guns that would raise smoke about the slopes.
20. That will not sheathe their swords until King James is victorious.

TAPE 218

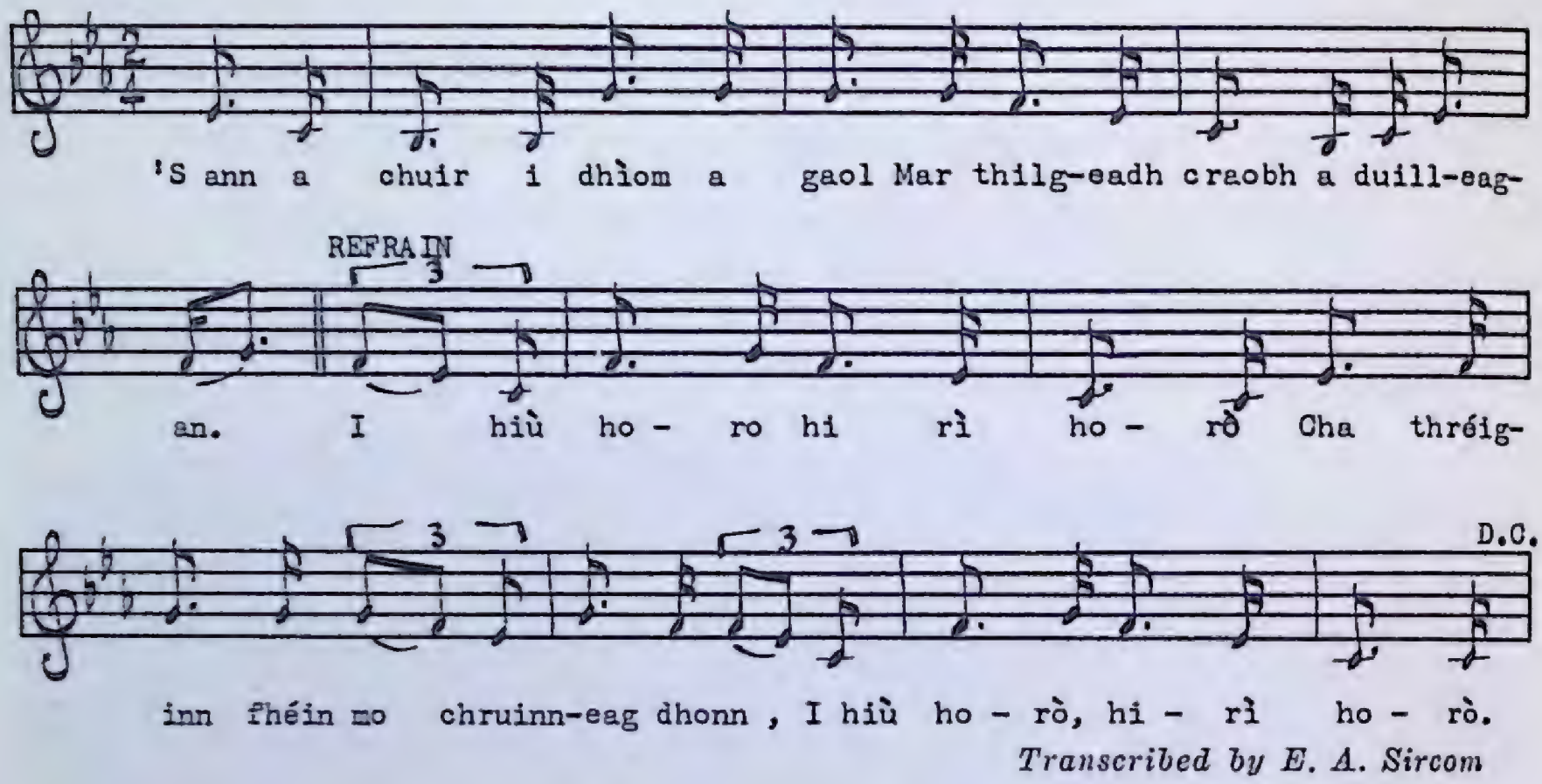
From Angus R. Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton, who sings the verses. Chorus sung by Malcolm MacLellan, Christine Gillis, Mrs. Gillis, and Mrs. Archie Kennedy. Compare versions in Craig's "Òrain Luaidh," p. 34–35. In "An t-Òranaiche," p. 504–06. In "Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist," p. 228–30. In "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. 26, p. 240–42.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

It is beside sheltered coves like this that people meet for milling frolics.

62. CHA THRÉIGINN FHÉIN MO CHRUINNEAG DHONN

Rhythmically—Solo
Verse 2



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *I hiù horo, hi rì ho-rò,*
Cha thréiginn fhéin mo chruinneag dhonn,
I hiù horo, hi rì ho-rò.

1. Cia mar dh'fhaodas mi bhi sunndach,
   Agus cùl mo chruinneig rium.
2. 'S ann a chuir i dhìom a gaol
   Mar thilgeadh craobh a duilleagan.
3. 'S gad a shuidhinn air cnoc leam fhéin
   Gur gann gun till i tuilleadh rium.
4. Cha thréiginn-sa mo chruinneag ghaolach
   Air son an t-saoghail 's a chunna mi.
5. Cha thréiginn-sa mo chiad bhean òg,
   Gur math thig cleòc' is currac dhith.
6. Ma's e tochar bha thu 'g iarraidh,
   Gheobh thu chiall na's urrainn sinn.
7. Dusan dh'an na h-aighean ruadha,
   Miosrach, cuachach, cuinneagach.
8. 'S fhad' tha mi am port an Éirinn,
   'S bochd ma's fheudar fuireach ann.

9. Tha "man-a-war" a muigh 's a' chaol,
'S i air gach taobh le gunnaichean.

10. Sìos is suas air feadh a' chuain,
'S a bratach suas 's a "culars" ann.

11. Chan fhaod sinn togail o thìr,
Is geàrrd an Rìgh 'g ar furachas.

12. Cia mar théid sinn a Chaol Ìle,[1]
'S ám a bhi gu furachail?

13. Loisg na peilearan m'ar ceann,
A' bristeadh chrann is ulagan.

14. A' ghaoth a deas a dheanadh feum dhuinn,
'S ann a thréig i buileach sinn.

15. A' ghaoth a tuath a rinn an call,
'S i chum am fang na dunach sinn.

(*Translation*)

I WOULD NOT DESERT MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

CHORUS: *I hiù horo, hi rì ho-rò,*
I would not desert my brown-haired maiden,
I hiù horo, hi rì ho-rò.

1. How can I be happy when my sweetheart has turned her back on me?
2. She discarded her love for me as a tree sheds its leaves.
3. And although I would sit on a hill by myself, there is little hope of her ever returning to me.
4. I would not forsake my beloved maiden for the whole world, and all I have seen.
5. I would not forsake my first young love, well do mantle and mutch become her.
6. If it is a dowry you desire, you will receive, beloved, as much as we can afford.
7. A dozen red young cows with their accompanying churns, milk pails and buckets.
8. I have been in a harbour in Ireland for a long time, 'tis a pity if I have to wait here.

---

[1] Sound of Islay between Islay and Jura, Inner Hebrides, Scotland.

9. There is a man-of-war out in the strait, armed on each deck with guns.

10. She is sailing up and down the ocean, flying her flag and colours.

11. We cannot weigh from land as the King's guard is watching us.

12. How can we venture through the Sound of Islay, as it is a time for exercising vigilance?

13. Cannon-balls being fired about our heads, splintering masts and pulley-blocks.

14. The south wind which would have been of benefit to us, forsook us all together.

15. It was the north wind that was the cause of the loss, and limited our movement in our perplexing confinement.

TAPE 218

From Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton (soloist). Chorus sung by Malcolm MacLellan, Angus R. Gillis, Gillisdale. Compare shorter version in Craig's, "Òrain Luaidh," p. 21–22.

63. THA M'INNTINN TROM 'S CHA TOG MI FONN

Rather slowly

Tha m'inn-tinn trom 's cha tog mi fonn, A' siubh-al thonn neo-

FINE

thàbh- achd- ach, Tha m'inn - tinn trom 's cha tog mi fonn.

3

'S ann Di-Luain a ghlu-ais an long, 'S bu mhór a call mun

(last time D.C. al FINE)

d'ràin - ig i. Tha m'inn - tinn trom 's cha tog mi fonn.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Tha m'inntinn trom 's cha tog mi fonn,*
A' siubhal thonn neo-thàbhachdach,
Tha m'inntinn trom 's cha tog mi fonn.

1. 'S ann Di-Luain a ghluais an long,
'S bu mhór a call mun d'ràinig i.

2. Shéid an stoirm o'n àird an iar,
'S gum b'fhiadhaich leam a thàinig i.

3. Bha i 'n a caoire geala, greannach,
Dol seachad 'n a màmanan.

4. Bha cóig ciad againn air bòrd,
'S bha òl air fìon na Spàineadh ann.

5. 'S ann air Di-Màirt 's Di-Ciadaoin,
Chaill sinn trian dh'an àireamh sin.

6. 'S mun tàinig an ath Dhi-Ciadaoin,
Sianar a bh'an làthair dhiùbh.

7. Là thuirt an Caiptean le guth ìseal,
"'S bochd an sgrìob a thàinig oirnn.

8. Cia mar théid sinn troimh Chaol Ìle,
'S ann leam fhéin a dh'fhàg iad mi?

9. Cia mar théid na siùil ri croinn,
O'n dh'fhalbh na suinn a chàradh iad?

10. 'S cia mar théid mi dh'an a leabaidh,
Cha chadal 's cha thàmh dhomh e?

11. Tha mi cuimhneachadh air an t-sluagh
Tha'n grunnd a' chuain a' tàmhachd ann."

(*Translation*)

I AM DEJECTED AND I HAVE NO DESIRE TO SING

CHORUS: *I am dejected, and I have no desire to sing,*
Voyaging over waves, without profit,
I am dejected, and I have no desire to sing.

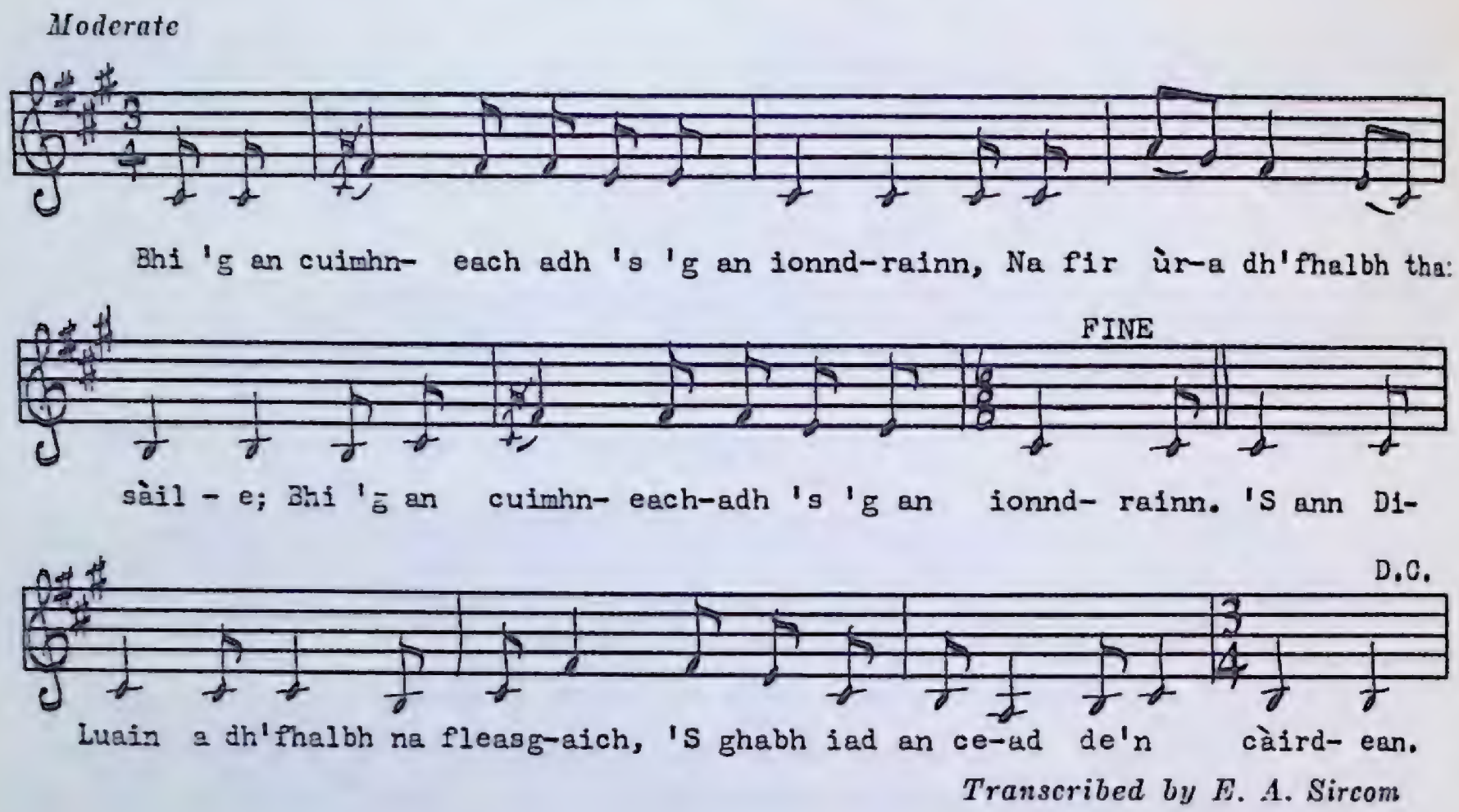
1. It was on Monday that the sailing-ship left port, and great was her loss before she returned.
2. The gale blew from the western airt, and, methinks, it was boisterous when it came.
3. It was foaming-white-crested, lowering-theatening, with waves swirling past like large rounded hills.
4. There were five hundred of us on board, and there was drinking of Spanish wine.
5. It was on Tuesday and Wednesday that we lost one-third of that number.
6. And before next Wednesday came, there were only six left.
7. One day the Captain said in a low voice. "Unfortunate was the calamity that beset us.
8. "How can we navigate through the Sound of Islay, they have left me by myself?
9. "How can the sails be hoisted to the masts, since the warriors have gone who would unfurl them?
10. "How can I go to bed as I cannot sleep or rest there?
11. "I am thinking of the men whose home is at the bottom of the ocean."

TAPE 218

From Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton.

71399—14½

64. BHI 'G AN CUIMHNEACHADH 'S 'G AN IONNDRAINN



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Bhi 'g an cuimhneachadh 's 'g an ionndrainn,*
Na fir ùra dh'fhalbh thar sàile;
Bhi 'g an cuimhneachadh 's 'g an ionndrainn.

1. 'S ann Di-Luain a dh'fhalbh na fleasgaich,
   'S ghabh iad an cead de'n càirdean.

2. 'S gum b'e sid a' chuideachd rìoghail,
   B'onoir iad dh'an tìr a dh'fhàg iad.

3. Caiptean Donnachadh, mac Mhic-Dhùghaill,
   Leis an d'fhalbh na fiùrain àluinn.

4. Ma's e mac thu fhéin mar d'athair,
   Dheanadh tu'n toirt dhachaidh sàbhailt'.

5. Anns gach gàbhadh agus cunnart,
   'S mór an t-urram fhuair na Gàidheil.

6. Dh'fhàgadh iad na Goill gu h-ìseal,
   Cuid 'n an sìneadh air am màgan.

7. Ogh' Iain Chiar a bha'n Dùn-Ollaich,
   Rachadh togarrach 's na blàraibh.

8. 'S o'n 's e Donnachadh làmh bu chruaidhe,
   'S tric a fhuair e buaidh air nàmhaid.

9. 'S tric a fhuair e buaidh le onoir,
'S ann tha'n cothrom aig an dràsd' orr'.

10. Le chuid ghillean sgairteil, gleusda,
Làidir, reubhairteach, neo-sgàthach.

11. Théid iad uile deas 'n an tarraing,
Grad mar dhealanach fo làmh-san.

12. 'S geal an claidhemh 's an crios-guailne,
Dh'éireadh buaidh le sluagh mo ghràidh-sa.

13. 'S ann Di-Luain a dh'fhalbh na gillean,
'S leam bu mhilis an deoch-slàinte.

(*Translation*)

REMEMBERING AND MISSING THEM

CHORUS: *Remembering and missing them, the young men who set sail over the ocean. Remembering and missing them.*

1. It was on Monday that the young men departed and took leave of their friends.

2. They were, indeed, a princely company, an honour to the land they left behind.

3. Captain Duncan, son of MacDougall, with whom the handsome heroes departed.[1]

4. If you are a son like your father, you would take them back home safely.

5. In every peril and danger, great was the fame won by the Gaels.

6. They would leave the foreigners lying low, some of them stretched out on all fours.

7. The grandson of Swarthy John who was in Dunollie, who would go forth to the battle-fields, willingly.[2]

---

[1] Captain Duncan MacDougall for whom this song was originally composed, in Scotland. In 1140, the mighty Somerled, King of Argyll, Scotland, and first Lord of the Isles, cleared the Norsemen out of Argyll and the Isles south of the point of Ardnamurchan. Somerled maried Ranghildis, daughter of the King of Man. Their eldest son, Dougall, was the first Chief of the Clan MacDougall and was given by his father the Isles of Mull, Coll, Tiree, and Jura, and called King of the Isles and Lord of Lorn. In 1145, Arran was added to the Islands to be ruled over by Dougall's son, Duncan, who was granted the mainland district of Lorn, with the title of de Ergadia (of Argyll) by King Alexander II of Scotland. In 1220, Dougall, his father, built a wooden house at Ard-Chattan. In 1230, Duncan MacDougall de Ergadia founded and built the Priory of Ard-Chattan on Loch Etive. He died in 1248, and his tombstone is still preserved in the Priory burial ground.

[2] *Circa* 1746, the then Chief of the MacDougalls, and son of Iain Ciar (Swarthy John), was Alexander, who built a new house instead of repairing the Castle of Dunollie.

8. And since Duncan was the hardest of hand, he often conquered his enemies.

9. He often conquered with honour; he has a good chance of winning just now.

10. With the help of his men who are vigorous, eager, strong, disciplined, and unafraid.[3]

11. They will all be ready to attack as quick as lightning under his command.

12. With their glistening swords and shoulder-belts, my beloved company would be victorious.

13. The youths departed on Monday; to drink a toast to their health was sweetly flattering to me.

TAPE 218

From Mrs. Archie Kennedy, Angus Gillis, Malcolm MacLellan, Christine Gillis, recorded in Gillisdale, Cape Breton. A more complete version of this song is published in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 153–55.

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[3] "reubhairteach," translated as "disciplined." This is as recorded on tape, but the word appears to be rather in the form of "réidhbheartach."

In verse 7 of the Gaelic text, "Dûn-Ollaich" is an interesting form of the word as recorded in the Cape Breton version of the song. According to Professor W. J. Watson, the fort was named after a man called Ondach or OLLACH, son of Brión, of whom nothing is known.

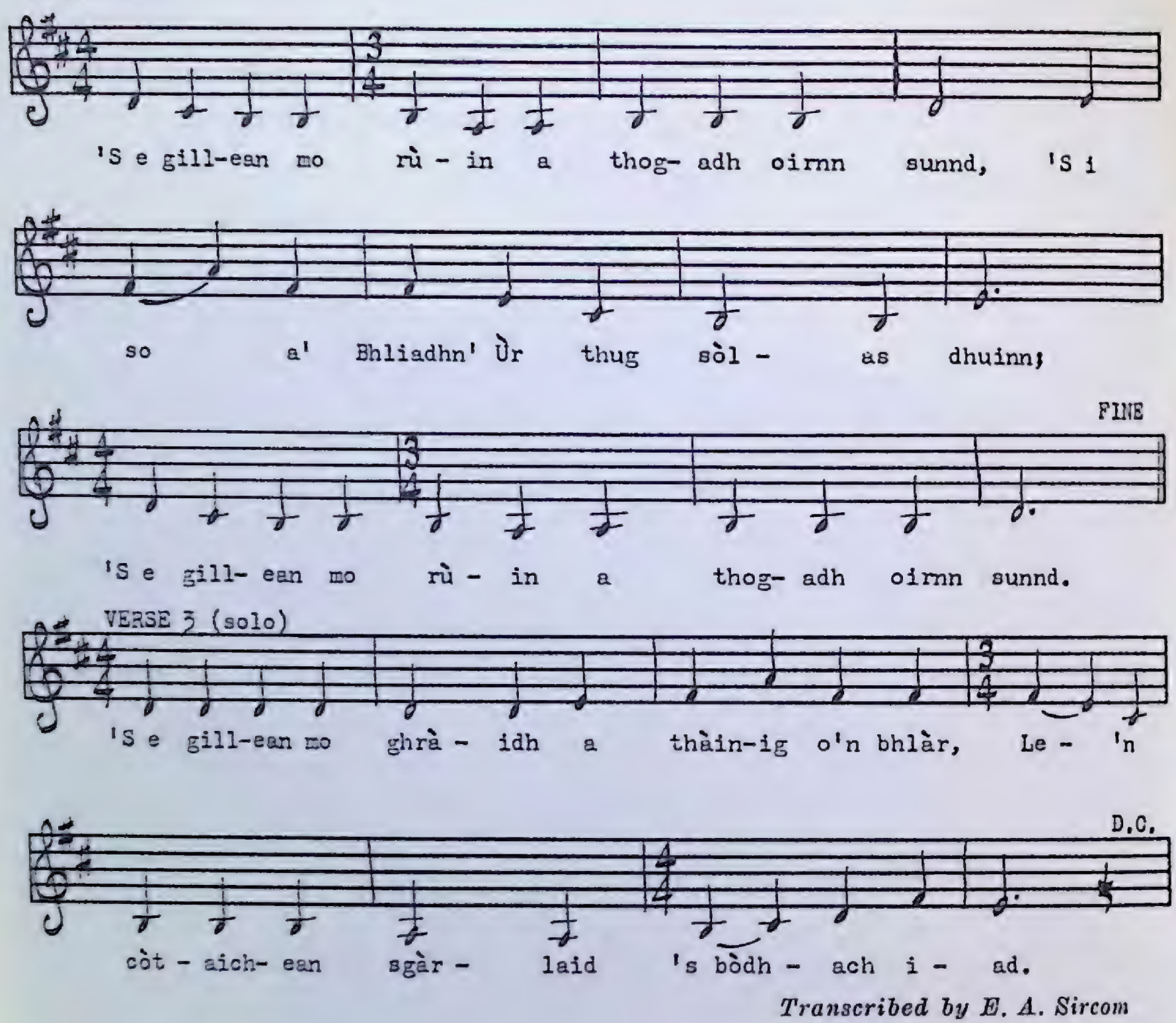
Dunollie Castle is situated near Oban, Argyll-shire, Scotland. It was the stronghold of the MacDougall Chiefs. It is described by Sir Walter Scott as follows: "Nothing can be more wildly beautiful than the situation of Dunolly, the ruins are situated on a bold and precipitous promontory, about a mile from the Port of Oban . . . ."

It is a fortified site of great antiquity. It is mentioned five times in "The Annals of Ulster," viz., in A.D. 686, 698, 701, 714, and 734.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

The peaceful Margaree Valley where singers like Mrs. John Hamish Gillis live.

65. A' CHALLUINN



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *'S e gillean mo rùin a thogadh oirnn sunnd,*
'S i so a' Bhliadhn' Ùr thug sòlas dhuinn:
'S e gillean mo rùin a thogadh oirnn sunnd.

1. Air m'uilinn 's an leabaidh an ám dol a chadal,
Gun d'fhairich mi Challuinn 's gun chòrd i rium.

2. Chualas na duain am briathran nam buadh,
"Thoir botul a nuas 's an tòisich sinn".

3. 'S e gillean mo ghràidh a thàinig o'n bhlàr,
Le'n còtaichean sgàrlaid 's bòdhach iad.

4. 'S e gillean mo luaidh o chois an taobh-tuath,
'S gun choisinn iad buaidh nan Dòmhnallach.

5. 'S e gillean mo chridhe a sheinneadh an fhidheall,
Bu mhiann le clann-nighean bhi còmhla riuth'.

6. 'S e gillean Loch Abar 's á Locha nam Madadh,
'S e fàileadh nan adag nach còrdadh riuth'.

7. Am fear bha 's an Spàin an cogadh nam blàr,
Gun tàinig e slàn gun leòn chugainn.

8. Am fear bha 's an Fhraing gun tàinig e nall,
A dh'òl an dram' so còmhla ruinn.

9. "Cuir a nuas bean-an-tighe 's gum faigheadh i naidheachd,
'S gun deanadh iad aighear 's bu chòir dhaibh sin".

10. Gur mis' thug mo ghràdh do mhnaoi an taobh bhàin,
Bha botul 'n a làmh 's i ag òl oirnn.

11. Ùrlar math, réidh, bean-tighe 'g a réir,
'S cha b'eagal dhuinn fhéin nach òlamaid.

12. 'S i fidheall nan teud a sheinneadh gu réidh,
'S gun cuireadh i ceud an òrdugh dhuinn.

13. Thuirt Iain 's a' mhionaid, an déidh dha tighinn,
"Nach toir thu dhuinn dileag a dh'òlas sinn?"

14. Thuirt Seumas 's e thall, 's e labhairt mu'n dram,
"Gun theirig a' bhranndaidh, dh'òl iad i".

15. Bha iad ceathairnich ann chuireadh cridh' am fear fann,
'S bha caman an làimh gach seòid aca.

16. 'S aighearrach mi o'n rinneadh an t-sìth,
'S mo bheannachd do'n Rìgh thug fòrladh dhuibh.

17. 'S gad bhithinn gu bràth dol dh'ionnsaigh na sràid',
Gu faicinn na's àillidh' còmhla ruibh.

18. 'S gad bhithinn gun dàil dol dh'ionnsaigh a' bhàis,
Gum faighinn mo shlàinte còmhla ruibh.

(*Translation*)

NEW YEAR'S DAY

CHORUS: *The young men of my love would rouse us to joy. This is the New Year that gave us happiness. The young men of my love would rouse us to joy.*

1. Whilst reclining on my elbow in bed, near sleeping-time, I heard the revelry of the New Year, and I liked it.[1]

2. The rhymes couched in words of virtue were heard saying, "Fetch down a bottle so that we may commence."

3. These were the lads of my love who came from the battlefield; handsome they were, dressed in their scarlet greatcoats.

4. These were the lads of my affection who hailed from near the north country, and who won the victory of the MacDonalds.

5. These were the lads of my heart who would play the fiddle, young girls liked to be in their company.

6. These were the lads from Lochaber and Loch Maddy, who did not like the smell of haddock.

7. The soldier who was in Spain fighting in the battle-fields, came back to us healthy, without wounds.

8. The man who was in France came over to us, to drink this dram with us.

9. "Send down the lady-of-the-house so that she may get news, let them be joyful as they ought to be."

10. I gave my love to the fair-skinned lady; she had a bottle in her hand and she was drinking our health.

11. With a sound, smooth dancing floor, and the hostess in a pleasant humour, we had no fear that we would not imbibe.

12. The fiddle of strings would be played melodiously, and it would help us by putting one hundred people in good humour.

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[1] Part of "the revelry of the New Year" is described by John Gregorson Campbell in his book entitled, "Witchcraft & Second Sight in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland" (1902), p. 230-32, as follows: "Towards evening men began to gather and boys ran about shouting and laughing, playing shinty, and rolling large snowballs. The hide of a winter cow was wrapped round the head of one of the men, and he made off, followed by the rest, belabouring the hide, which made a noise like a drum, with switches. The disorderly procession went three times, according to the course of the sun, round each house in the village, striking the walls and shouting on coming to a door:

The New Year of the yellow bag of hide,
Strike the skin (upon the wall),
An old wife in the graveyard,
An old wife in the corner;
Another old wife beside the fire,
A pointed stick in her two eyes,
A pointed stick in her stomach,
Let me in, open this.

Before this request was complied with, each of the revellers had to repeat a rhyme . . . On entering, each of the party was offered refreshments, oatmeal, bread, cheese, flesh, and a dram of whisky. Their leader gave to the good man of the house that indispensable adjunct of the evening's mummeries, the breast-stripe of a sheep wrapped round the point of a shinty stick. This was then singed in the fire, put three times with the right-hand turn round the family, and held to the noses of all. Not a drop of drink was given till this ceremony was performed."

13. Immediately John had arrived, he said, "Will you not give us a drop to drink?"

14. James, whilst speaking about drink, from the other side of the room, said, "The brandy is finished; it has been drunk."

15. Foot-soldiers were there who would put new heart into a weak man, and each one of the warriors had a shinty club in his hand.[2]

16. I have been mirthful since peace was declared, my blessings upon the King who granted you leave.

17. Although I would always frequent the streets, I would see more handsome men in your company.

18. And, although I would be approaching death, without delay, I would recover in your company.

TAPE 218

From Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. The melody of this version is not unlike that of "Mo Roghainn 's mo Rùn," published in "A 'Chòisir-chiùil," p. 94.

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[2] The game of shinty goes back in antiquity to at least the Cu Chulainn Celtic Mythological Cycle era, i.e., immediately before and after the opening of the Christian period. It became an organized game with regulations and rules of play, on October 10, 1893, when the Camanachd Association was established at Kingussie, Scotland, with its first President, Lord Lovat. It is still a very popular game in Scotland.

The minimum field of play measurements (played on turf) are 160 yards long by 80 yards wide. Each team has twelve players. The heads of the shinty sticks must not be of a size larger than can pass through a ring of 2½-inch diameter. The ball consists of cork and worsted, with a covering of leather, and should measure 7½ to 8 inches in circumference, and be of a weight from 2½ to 3½ ounces.

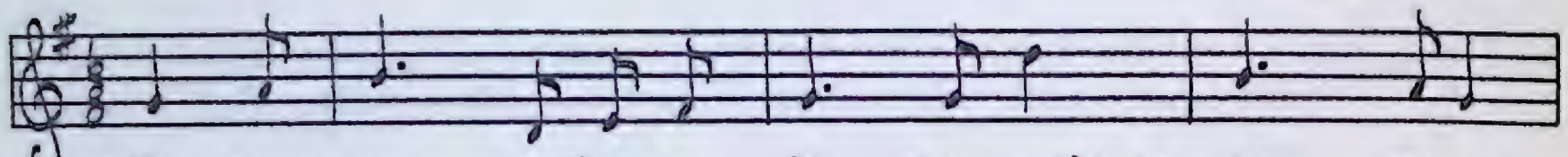
A print depicting a shinty match in the Highlands of Scotland, appears in an early issue of "The Penny Magazine" in the year 1835.

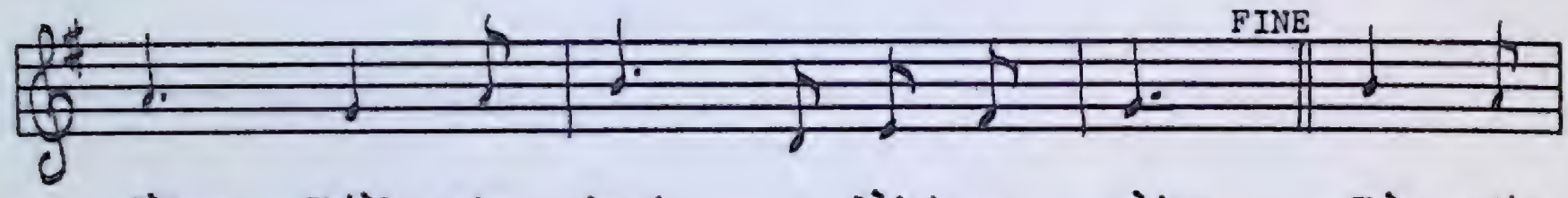
66(a). DH'ÒLAINN DEOCH A LÀIMH MO RÙIN

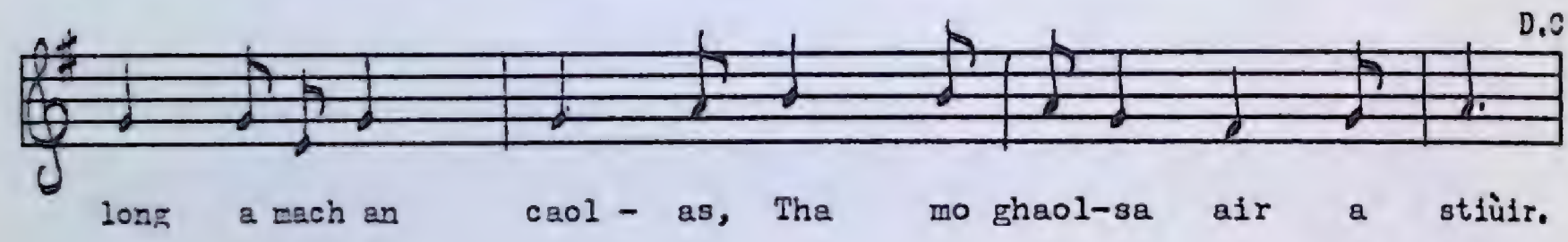
CR 124 A-4

Moderately fast, steady swing

sung by Malcolm Angus MacLeod, Birch Plains, N.S.







Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Dh'òlainn deoch a làimh mo rùin,*
Deoch-slàinte le Fear au Tùir;
Dh'òlainn deoch a làimh mo rùin.

1. Chì mi'n long a mach an caolas,
Tha mo ghaol-sa air a stiùir.

2. 'N uair a chunnaic mi air sàl i,
Dh'aithnich mi'n long bhàn 's a "criù".

3. Dh'aithnich mi i fo cuid bhrataich',
A buill-bheirte 's a cairt-iùil.

4. Dh'òlainn deoch-slàinte mo thighearn',
'N uair a dh'fhiathaich' e mi null.

5. Dh'òlainn deoch-slainte Rìgh Sheumais,
M'eudail air MacDhòmhnaill Ghuirm.

6. Dh'òlainn deoch-slàinte Mhic Gill-Eathain,
Mac na mnà a choisinn cliù.

7. Sgiobair 'n a shuidh air a "haidse",
'S a làmh ri sgapadh nan crùn.(1)

---

(1) "crùn" can mean a five-shilling piece.

8. Ged a tha mi'n so, an Cola,
B'e mo thoil a dhol do Rùm.[2]

9. 'S rachainn as a sin do dh'Uibhist,
Ach mo ghuidhe a dhol leam.

10. Choimhead muime chaoin nam maighdeann,
Thogadh an t-oighr' air a glùin.

66(b). AN SGIOBAIR ÙR

FONN: *Biodh an deoch so 'n làimh mo rùin,*
Slàinte do'n sgiobair ùr;
Biodh an deoch so 'n làimh mo rùin.

1. Sgiobair ùr air luing na Mórroinn,
Deagh Mhac Dhòmhnaill th'air an stiùir.

2. Chuireas oirre gleus gu astar,
Le deagh acfhuinn agus "criù".

3. Chumas i gu seasgair, tioram,
Anns an iomairt air an lunn.

4. Nach leig i air chòir nan creagan,
Ged bhiodh greadan teth m'a cùl.

5. 'N uair a bhios na siantan fàbh'rach,
Chuireas 'n àird i fo làn-shiùil.

6. Ach 'n uair a chì e coltas gaillionn,
A bheir faireachadh do'n "chriù".

7. Chum 's gun toir iad uaipe h-aodach,
Thoirt dhith faochadh ma thig brùchd.

8. A bheir i gu caladh sàbhailt',
'S bratach àrd a' snàmh os cionn.

9. Cha lean mi do shloinneadh mórail,
Fòghnaidh gur MacDhòmhnaill thu.

10. 'S faillean ùr a broilleach deàrrsach,
Smior Chloinn Raghnaill chanadh rium.

11. Fuil na Frainge mar an ceudna,
Glan a' sìoladh 'n a do ghnùis.

---

[2] Coll and Rhum are islands in the Inner Hebrides, Scotland.

12. Cha tuirt mi, nan leanainn céin thu,
Nach tug thu a Éirinn drùchd.

13. Nall a' ghlaine, lìon gu stràc i,
Suas air slàint' an Sgiobair Ùir.

(*Translation*)

66(*a*). I WOULD DRINK A TOAST TO THE HAND OF MY BELOVED

CHORUS: *I would drink a toast to the hand of my beloved, a toast to the Man of the Tower; I would drink a toast to the hand of my beloved.*

1. I see the sailing-ship out in the strait, my beloved is at the helm.
2. When I saw her on the sea, I recognized the white ship and her crew.
3. I recognized her by her flags, her rigging and her compass.
4. I would drink to the health of my Chief when he would invite me to visit him.
5. I would drink to the health of King James, the Blue Mac Donald is my darling.
6. I would drink to the health of MacLean, the son of the woman who gained renown.
7. The Captain is sitting on the hatch, his hand distributing crowns.
8. Although I am here in Coll, my desire is to go to Rhum.
9. And from there I would go to Uist, if only my wish would materialize.
10. To visit the gentle foster-mother of the maidens who would rear the heir at her knee.

TAPE 124

From Malcolm Angus MacLeod, Birch Plains, Victoria County, Cape Breton. Similiar versions were also recorded from Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton; Dan. K. MacLeod and Charles MacDonald, North River, Cape Breton.

The historical background of this song is published in a lecture given by Dr. A. MacLean, Sinclair, N.S., in the "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. 26, (1904–07), p. 236–38, which also contains a fairly complete version of the song. A version also appears in "The MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry," p. 340-41.

(*Translation*)

66(b). THE NEW SKIPPER

CHORUS: *May the drink be in the hand of my beloved, here's health to the New Skipper; may the drink be in the hand of my beloved.*

1. The New Skipper of the Provincial sailing-ship, the worthy Macdonald is at the helm.
2. He will trim her to get under way with good gear and crew.
3. He will keep her protected and dry in her voyage over the heaving billows.
4. He will not let her go near the rocks although there may be a strong gale astern.
5. When the winds are favourable, he will set sail under full canvas.
6. But when he sees a storm brewing, he will warn the crew.
7. So that they will reef the sails in order to give her relief before the blast.
8. He will guide her to harbour safely, with her top-mast banner fluttering aloft.
9. I will not deal at length with your magnificent genealogy, suffice it to say that you are a Macdonald.
10. You are a young branch from a radiant family, the very essence of Clanranald vigour, I am told.
11. You have some French blood also that is evident in the radiance of your countenance.
12. Perhaps, if I followed your line overseas, it might be said that you may have inherited a drop of Irish blood.
13. Bring forward a glass, fill it up to the brim, let us stand up to drink the health of the New Skipper.

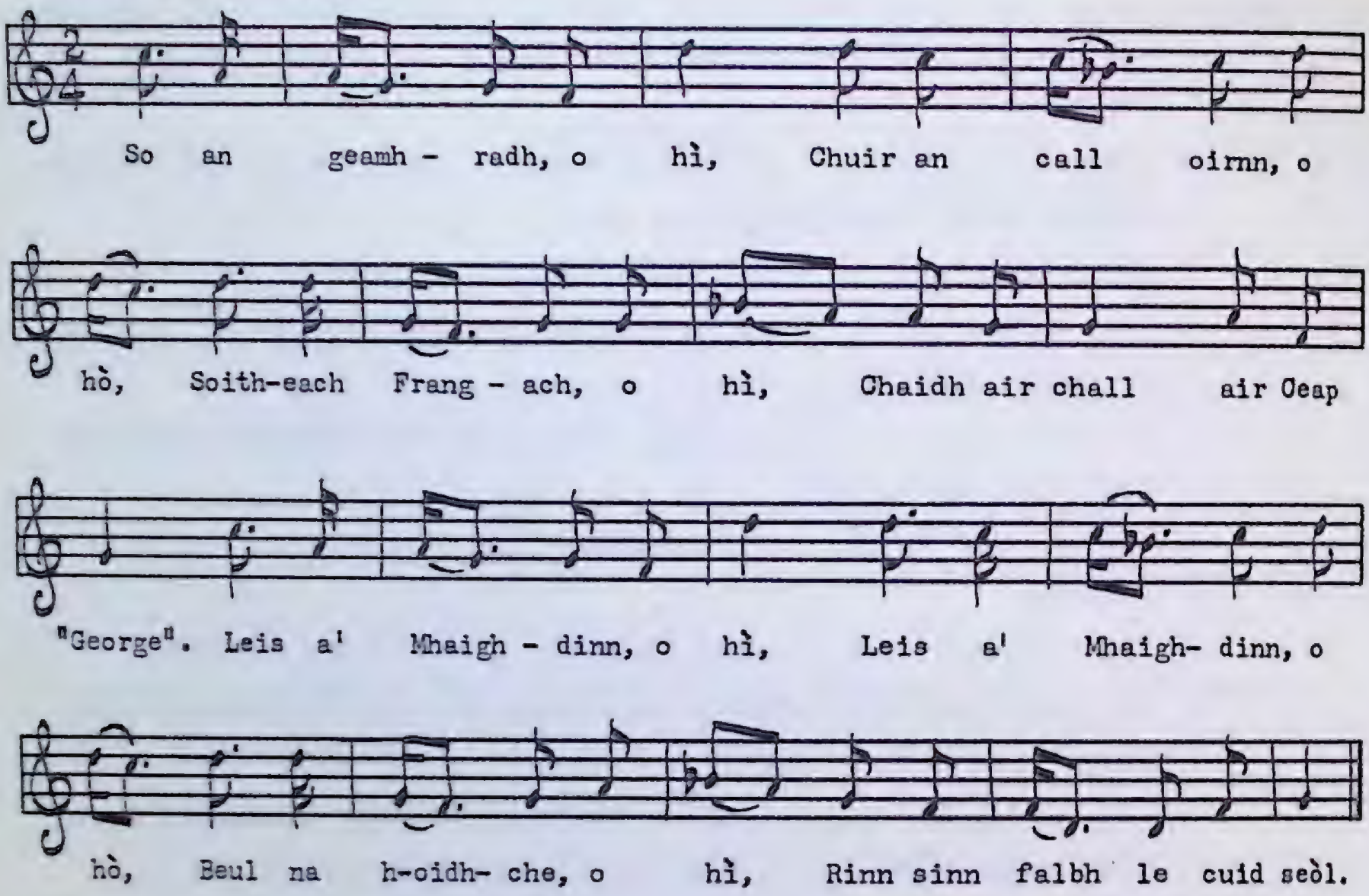
From the unpublished MS. of the late Jim Hugh MacNeil, Yendys Street, Sydney, Cape Breton. The melody for this song is the same as that of 66(a).

According to a footnote in the MacNeil MS., this song was composed to the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald when he was first elected as Premier of Nova Scotia in 1933 at the age of 43. The song was composed by Angus Y. MacLellan, Lightkeeper on Margaree Island, Cape Breton.

Angus L. Macdonald was born at Dunvegan, Inverness County, Cape Breton, on August 10, 1890, and he died at Halifax, N.S., on April 13, 1954. He was a true son of the Gael who had an unflinching devotion to Scottish tradition, and a deep sense of love for his native Province. "Let us have faith that the great Scottish patriotism which he so eloquently propounded, and the true artistry of his soul shall serve as a cultural inspiration for present and future generations."

67. LEIS A' MHAIGHDINN

Moderate, not too fast



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. So an geamhradh, o hì,
   Chuir an call oirnn, o hò,
   Soitheach Frangach, o hì,
   Chaidh air chall air Ceap "George".

FONN: *Leis a' Mhaighdinn, o hì,*
Leis a' Mhaighdinn, o hò,
Beul na h-oidhche, o hì,
Rinn sinn falbh le cuid seòl.

2. 'S ann Di-Luain-e, o hì,
   Rinn sinn gluasad, o hò,
   Chaidh ar fuadach, o hì,
   'S am fear uasal air bòrd.

3. Rinn i boillsgeadh, o hì,
   'M beul na h-oidhche, o hò,
   Las sinn coinnlean, o hì,[1]
   'S chuir sinn combaist air dòigh.

---

[1] "coinnlean" comes through on tape as "coilltean," woods.

4. Thuirt mo mhàthair, o hì,
'S cianail tha mi, o hò,
Caoidh mo bhràithrean, o hì,
'S fear no dhà dhiùbh air bòrd.

5. 'S thuirt an sgiobair, o hì,
Ri chuid ghillean, o hò,
"Glacaibh misneach, o hì,[2]
'S cuiribh "reef" 'n a cuid sheòl".

6. Broidse "diamond", o hì,
'M broilleach maighdeann, o hò,[3]
Beul a' choibhneis, o hì,
Nach dean foill do neach tha beò.

(*Translation*)

WITH THE MAIDEN

1. This is the winter in which we suffered loss, when a French ship foundered on Cape George.

CHORUS: *With the Maiden, o hì,*
With the Maiden, o hò,
At dusk, o hì,
We departed under sail.

2. It was on Monday that we moved, and we were driven off course with the noble man on board.

3. The sun shone briefly, and at dusk we lit candles, and we put the compass in order.

4. My mother said that she was sad, lamenting for my brothers; one or two of them were on board.

5. And the Captain said to his men, "Be courageous, and put a reef in her sails."

6. A diamond brooch is pinned on a maiden's bosom, a lady who is the essence of kindness, and who would not deceive any living person.

TAPE 124

From Malcolm Angus MacLeod, Birch Plains, Victoria County, Cape Breton. Compare melody of "Leis an Lurgainn," in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 26-27, with this recorded Cape Breton version.

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[2] "misneach," on tape, appears to have an- "eachd," suffix. This ending is fairly common.
[3] The genitive of "maighdeann" was not given by the reciter in this particular case, although he records the old dative form of the word regularly.

71399—15

68. MO RUN, MO NIGHEAN DONN BHÒIDHEACH

Moderate
Refrain

I iù o ra hù o, Mo rùn, mo nigh-ean donn, bhòidheach;

I iù o ra hù o. 'S mise tha gu mul - a-dach, Air

m'uilinn anns an t-seò-mar. I iù o ra hù o, Mo rùn, mo nigh-ean donn, bhòidheach;

I iù o ra hù o. 'S a nighean bheag a th'aig a chrea-gan,

Fea-gal orm nach pòs sinn. I iù o ra hù o, Mo rùn, mo nigh-ean donn, bhòidheach;

I iù o ra hù o. 'S a nigh-ean mhór a' Bharr - onaich, Tha

fir a' bhail- e 'n tòir ort. I iù o ra hù o, Mo

rùn, mo nigh-ean donn, bhòidheach; I iù o ra hù o.

Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *I iù o ra hù o,*
Mo rùn, mo nighean donn, bhòidheach;
I iù o ra hù o.

1. 'S mise tha gu muladach,
Air m'uilinn anns an t-seòmar.

2. 'S a nighean bheag a th'aig a' chreagan,
Feagal orm nach pòs sinn.

3. 'S a nighean mhór a' Bharronaich,[1]
Tha fir a' bhaile 'n tòir ort.

4. 'S a nighean bheag a th'aig an allt,
Tha feagal orm nach còrd sinn.

5. Ag éisdeachd ri na diùcaichean,
Tha cur do chliù an òrdugh.

6. Ag éisdeachd ri na h-iarlaichean,
'G a d'iarraidh air son pòsaidh.

7. Ag éisdeachd ris na tighearnan,
Ag iarraidh ceart is còir ort.

8. Ag éisdeachd ri na ministearan,
Tha bruidhinn air do bhòidhchead.

9. 'S a' dealachadh ri m'chruinneig-s',
'S mi suidhicht' air a pòsadh.

10. A' dealachadh ri m'ghruagaich,
'S a gruaidhean mar na ròsan.

11. A' dealachadh, 's a' dealachadh,
'S fear eile faighinn còir ort.

12. B'fhearr leam na bhi 'g òl an fhìon',
Bhi deanadach 'g a d'phòsadh.

13. Shiùbhlainn leat an ear 's an iar,
Gun each, gun strian, gun ròpa.

14. Shiùbhlainn leat an saoghal,
A ghaoil nam biodh tu deònach.

15. Shiùbhlainn a Dhùn-Éideann leat,
Gu sràid nan ceuman còmhnard.

16. Shiùbhlainn leat dh'Amairiga,
'S na h-eileanan as bòidhche.

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[1] Might have some connection with "baran" (m), meaning a Baron, also "baranachd" (f), Barony.

71399—15½

17. Rachainn leat do dh'Uibhist,
Far am buidhicheadh an t-eòrna.

18. Rachainn leat do Shléibhte,
'S ge b'fheudair e do'n Òlaind.

19. Fiach nach pòs thu'n griasaiche,
Ged 's breagh a ni e bròg an.

20. Fiach nach pòs thu'n ceannaiche,
Ma's meall e thu le stòras.

21. Fiach nach pòs thu'm muilleir,
Bidh dhust is mhuill an tòir ort.

22. Fiach nach pòs thu'n gobha-guail,
Ma's buail e leis an òrd thu.

23. Fiach nach pòs thu'n gàirnealair,
Ged tha mi'n dràsd' a' seòladh.

(*Translation*)

MY LOVE, MY BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

CHORUS: *I iù o ra hù o, my love, my beautiful, brown-haired maiden; I iù o ra hù o.*

1. I am indeed dejected, reclining in the room.
2. I am afraid that we will not wed, O little girl who lives at the rocky place.
3. The men of the town are after you, O big girl of the Barron family.
4. I am afraid that we will not reach any agreement, O little girl who lives at the brook.
5. I listen to the dukes putting your reputation in order.
6. I listen to the earls wanting you for marriage purposes.
7. I listen to the overlords wanting to marry you justly and rightfully.
8. I listen to the ministers who speak of your beauty.
9. I am parting with my maiden although I had settled on marrying her.
10. I am parting with the young girl whose cheeks are like roses.
11. I am parting, parting, whilst another man gets hold of you.

12. I would prefer to endeavour to marry you than drink wine.

13. I would travel with you east and west, sans horse, sans bridle, sans halter.

14. I would travel with you throughout the world, beloved, if you were willing.

15. I would travel with you to Edinburgh, to the street of level stepping.

16. I would travel with you to America, and to the most scenic islands.

17. I would travel with you to Uist where the barley ripens with a golden hue.

18. I would travel with you to Sleat, and, if necessary, to Holland.

19. Ensure that you do not marry the shoemaker, although he fashions shoes beautifully.

20. Ensure that you do not marry the merchant, in case he deceives you with riches.

21. Ensure that you do not marry a miller because his dust and chaff will cling to you.

22. Ensure that you do not marry the coal-smith in case he strikes you with his hammer.

23. Ensure that you do not marry the gardener although I am at present sailing.

TAPE 213

From Dan. K. MacLeod, and Charles MacDonald, North River, Cape Breton. Compare versions in Craig's, "Òrain Luaidh," p. 109, and, "The MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry," p. 209–10. In pages 222–23 of "Folksongs & Folklore of South Uist," a version is printed along with the origin of the song and other collections where it is published.

Verses 19–23, in our Cape Breton recording, are typical of many of the older Gaelic folksongs where advice is given regarding the suitability or otherwise of prospective husbands or wives. "Cormac's advice to his son," is as follows:

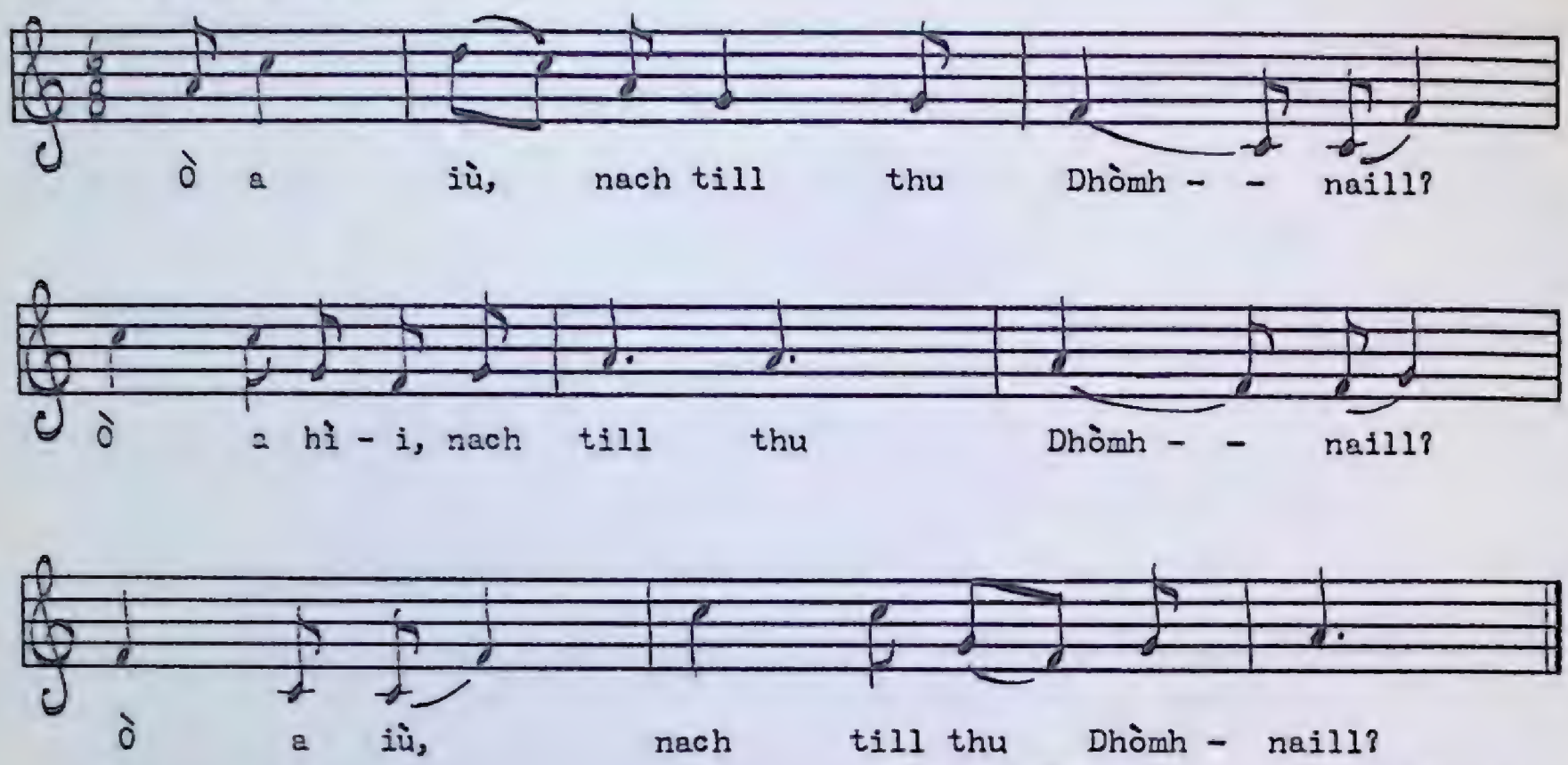
"Pòs bean bheag odhar
'N a seasamh an dorus a sobhail fhéin;
Fuath aic' air fir an domhain,
'S gràdh aic' air a fear fhéin."

"Marry a diminutive, sallow-complexioned woman, standing in the doorway of her own barn; who hates all the men of the world, but loves only her own man."

NOTE: place-names in song:
(a) Uist is in the Outer Hebrides, Scotland.
(b) Sleat is in Skye, Scotland.

69. Ò A IÙ, NACH TILL THU DHÒMHNAILL?

Fast, steady time



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

FONN: *Ò a iù, nach till thu Dhòmhnaill?*
Ò a hì, nach till thu Dhòmhnaill?
Ò a iù, nach till thu Dhòmhnaill?

1. Là dhomh 's mi siubhal a' mhonaidh.
2. Có thachair rium ach Dòmhnall.
3. Thòisich sinn ri beadradh spòrsail.
4. Thàinig am beadradh gu dòruinn.
5. Bhagair e mo léine shròiceadh.
6. Chuir e falt mo chinn fo bhròg an.
7. Thug e sgian bheag ás a phòcaid.
8. Cha b'e sud a gheall thu dhòmh-sa.
9. Ach réiteach is banais is pòsadh.

(*Translation*)

Ò A IÙ, WILL YOU NOT RETURN DONALD?

CHORUS: *Ò a iù, will you not return Donald?*
Ò a hì, will you not return Donald?
Ò a iù, will you not return Donald?

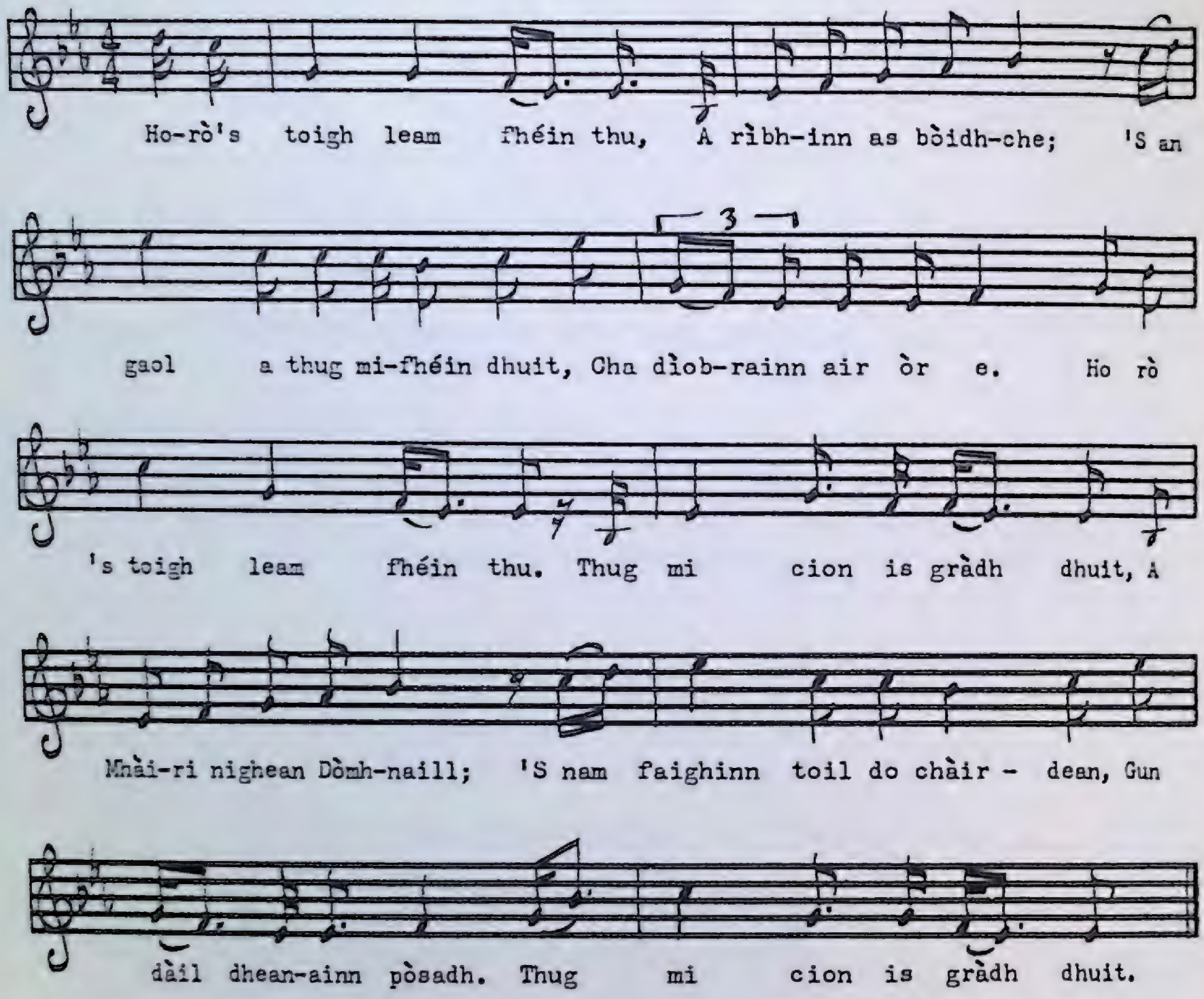
1. One day as I was traversing the moorland
2. Whom did I meet but Donald.
3. We commenced to flirt playfully.
4. The flirting developed into anguish.
5. He threatened to tear my chemise to shreds.
6. He trampled my hair under his boots.
7. He took a small knife out of his pocket.
8. That was not what you promised me.
9. But a betrothment, and a wedding-feast, and a ceremony of marriage.

TAPE 63

From Dr. J. D. Nelson MacDonald, Cole Harbor Road, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. There is a more complete version of this song in Craig's "Òrain Luaidh," p. 66. (*See* Maritime Folk Songs, p. 178, 179, Helen Creighton.)

70. MÀIRI NIGHEAN DÒMHNAILL

Moderate



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Ho-rò 's toigh leam fhéin thu,*
A rìbhinn as bòidhche;
'S an gaol a thug mi-fhéin dhuit,
Cha dìobrainn air òr e.
Ho-rò 's toigh leam fhéin thu.

1. Thug mi cion is gràdh dhuit,
A Mhàiri nighean Dòmhnaill;
'S nam faighinn toil do chàirdean,
Gun dàil dheanainn pòsadh.

2. 'S nam faighinn cead na cléire
Leat fhéin bhithinn deònach,
'S gun cluinnte 'g ar n-éigheach,
'S an teampull Di-Dòmhnaich.

3. 'S chuireamaid an cruaidh shnaoim
Nach fhuasgladh na meòirean,
'S chan fhaigheadh Eòghann Ruadh thu
Ged 's cruaidh air do thòir e.

4. Ged bhiodh a chrodh ghuaillfhionn
Air bhuailidh 'n an dròbhan;
O, cia mar bheirinn fuath dhuit,
'S tu luaidh nam ban òga.

5. Troigh chuimir am bróig ùir thu,
Nach lùbadh am feòirnean;
Do dhà shùil mheallach, chaomha,
Fo chaol mhalaidh bhòidheich.

6. O thug mi cion is gràdh dhuit,
A Mhàiri nighean Dòmhnaill,
'S mur dean mi do bhuannachd
'S i 'n uaigh m'àite-còmhnuidh.

(*Translation*)

MARY, DONALD'S DAUGHTER

CHORUS: *Ho-rò, I am indeed fond of the most beautiful maiden; and I would not abandon the love I gave you for all the gold in the world. Ho-rò, I am indeed fond of you.*

1. I respected and loved you, O Mary, daughter of Donald; and if I received the permission of your relatives, I would marry you without delay.

2. And if I received permission from the clergy, I would be willing to marry you, and our banns would be heard proclaimed in the church on Sunday.

3. The tight knot that fingers would not loosen would be tied, and Red-Haired Hugh would not get you although he is relentless in your pursuit.

4. Although his white-shouldered cattle were in droves in the cattle-fold; O, how could I hate you, as you are the dearest of young women.

5. You have a shapely foot in a new shoe that would not bend the blade of grass. You have two bewitching, affectionate eyes under thin, pretty eye-brows.

6. O, I respected and loved you, Mary, daughter of Donald; and if I do not win your hand, the grave will be my resting-place.

TAPE 134 B.

From the singing of the Cape Breton Club, in Halifax (1954). A version of the song was also recorded from Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. There seems to be some doubt regarding the author of this song. Amongst the Gaelic songs of the unpublished Jim Hughie MacNeil MS., the Gaelic editor of this book found the following letter, dated November 7, 1935, written in SW. Margaree, Cape Breton, by D. D. McFarlane, to Mr. MacNeil, which says, in part: "A few observations on 'Màiri Nighean Dòmhnaill,' on page 225. Your improved edition of Vincent's book. Mrs. MacKinnon says it was composed on Cape Mabou. I have my doubts. Several parties around here claim it was composed in Morar, Scotland, by a native of Mull, who was teaching school probably in Morar, and who, of course, did not marry her.

"A sister of Malcolm Gillis, the bard, who is a woman over eighty years, tells me that she remembers singing the song in the presence of her grandmother who remarked, 'Is math a b'aithne dhomh-sa Mairi Nigh'nn Domhuil, agus b'e sin a' nighean bhoidheach, laghach, agus bha i cairdeach dhuinn fhin' (Well did I know Mary, Donald's daughter, and, indeed, she was a beautiful, affable young girl, and she was related to ourselves.)."

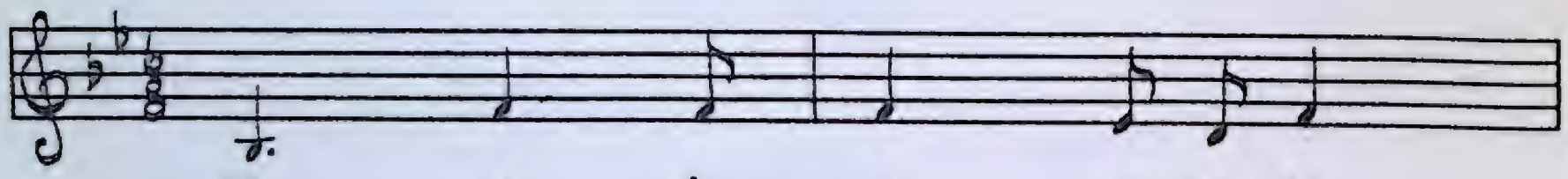
Another version of the song appears in "Fàilte Cheap Breatainn (MacNeil Edition), along with notes on the Cape Mabou origin, which states that "Eòghann Ruadh" (Red-Haired Hugh) was Eòghann MacEachern of Cape Mabou (*See* p. 225-30).

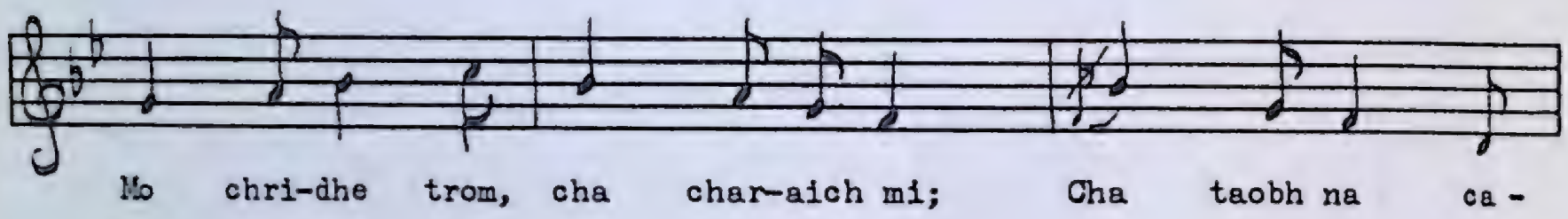
The second couplet of each Gaelic Quatrain is repeated before you begin to sing the next verse.

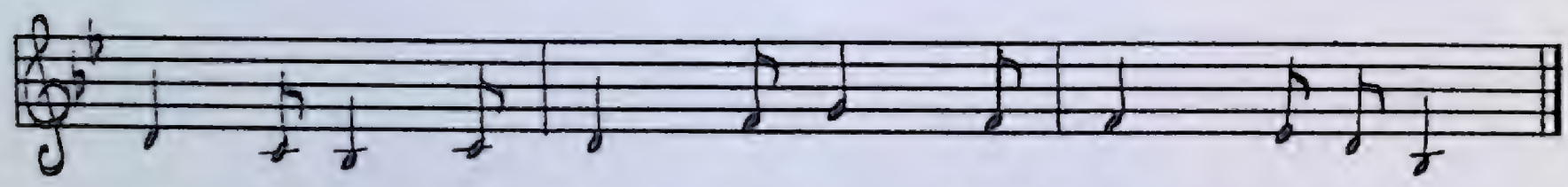
Mrs. Kenny, Guysborough County.

71. MO CHRIDHE TROM, CHA CHARAICH MI

Moderately fast
Refrain







Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Hi ri ù il agus ò,*
Mo chridhe trom, cha charaich mi;
Cha taobh na caileagan mi
O'n sheòl mi-fhéin 'n a m'mharaiche.

1. 'S mithich dhomh teannadh ris an dàn,
O'n tha mi m'thàmh 's gun char agam;
Mar a dh'éirich dhomh 's mi òg,
'N uair bha mi gòrach, amaideach.

2. Dh'fhalbh mi'n aois mu dhà bhliadhn' diag,
Gun robh mi cian air allaban;
A' falbh air luing o thìr gu tìr,
Gun d'rinn mi-fhéin an t-aran dhaibh.

3. Bha mi'n còmhnaidh air a' mhuir,
A' falbh le luchd is balaiste;
B'inntinneach an obair i
Bhi ruith le luing nan crannagan.

4. Bha mi'n Ceap an Dòchais thall,
Gur fhad o làimh am fearann sin;
Còrr is lethchiad mìle "league",
Gun robh mi-fhéin air m'aineol ann.

5. Chuir mi seachad a' Mhuir Ruadh,
Gur fhada shuas a chaidh mi;
'S thug mi a' ghrian orm o thuath
Le "Sally" Ruadh dh'Amairiga.

6. Oidhche dhuinn 's a' Bhàgh an Iar,
Gun laigh i taobh an fhasgaidh dhuinn;
'S mur biodh a' ghaoth air tighinn mu'n cuairt,
Gur h-ann 's a' chuan a chaidlimead.

7. Dh'éibh an caiptean ruinn gu h-àrd,
"Ìslichibh an canabhas";
'S gun tuirt am "mate", 's e tighinn a nuas,
"A rìgh gur truagh ma chaillear sinn."

8. Dh'éibh e'n "top-sail" thoirt a bhàn,
'S a h-aodach-àrd a theannachadh;
'S gum b'fheudar dhòmh-sa a dhol suas,
Ged b'uamhasach an sealladh e.

9. Bha mi tuath is bha mi deas,
Is greis am measg nan caileagan;
Greis aig "Bonaparte" am prìosan,
Tha mi sgìth 'n a m'thaisdealach.

10. Bha mi seal an arm an Rìgh,
A' giùlan phìc is dhagaichean;
Seal eile còmhla ri na Frangaich
Ann an camp air ghearasdan.

11. 'S dh'éirich mi gu moch Di-Dòmhnaich,
"Breeze" mór o'n ear oirre;
Chunna mi'n "cutter" 's e fo sheòl,
'S gun tàinig bròn 'g a m'aindheoin orm.

12. Gur e mise tha gu tùirseach,
Anns an Dùn 's gun char agam;
Tha mo leannan 's an tigh-chiùil,
'S fear 's a' chùil 'g a mealladh orm.

13. Cha téid mi nis a bhuain an eòrna,
Chan'eil feòir no talamh leam;
Tha mo thigh gun chlach, gun stéidh,
'S gu dé 'm feum 's an leannanachd?

14. Choisinn mi airgiod gu leòir,
Ged fhuair mi móran allabain;
Na dh'fhòghnadh fad mo shaoghail bhuain,
A dh'aindheoin fuachd no gaillionn dhomh.

15. Nist o'n tha mi'n so 's an Dùn,
'S gun mo dhùil ri carachadh;
Cuiridh mi "reef" 'n a cuid siùil,
'S mo chùlthaobh ris na marannan.

(*Translation*)

MY HEART IS HEAVY, I DO NOT WISH TO MOVE

CHORUS: *Hi ri ù il agus ò, my heart is heavy, I do not wish to move; the girls are not friendly with me anymore since I became a sailor.*

1. It is time for me to begin composing since I am idle, and I have nothing to do; to narrate what happened to me when I was young, foolish, and silly.

2. I went to sea when I was about twelve years of age, and I visited many foreign places during my peregrinations; on board ship voyaging from land to land, I baked the bread for them(?).[1]

3. I was always at sea, voyaging with cargo and ballast. It was stimulating work, sailing on the ship of cross-trees.

4. I was over at the Cape of Good Hope, a land far-distant. I sailed more than fifty thousand leagues in foreign waters.

5. I sailed over the Red Sea, and I voyaged north for a long way; and I followed the sun from the north on board "Red-Haired Sally" to America.

6. One night in the West Bay she heeled over to the lee-side, and had the wind not turned in the opposite direction, we would have slept in the ocean.

7. The Captain shouted loudly to us, "Lower canvas"; and the mate, on descending said, "O Lord, it will be tragic if we are lost."

8. He shouted to lower the top-sail, and to furl her mainsail; and I had to climb the rigging although the spectacle was frightening.

9. I was in the north and in the south, and for a time in the company of the young girls; for a period imprisoned by Bonaparte (Napoleon); I am tired being a vagabond.

10. I served for a while in the King's army, carrying pick-axes and pistols; for another period I was with the French in a camp on garrison duty.

---

[1] The Gaelic verb used here could also be, "roinn," to divide, distribute. The singing on the tape sounds more like, "rinn."

11. I arose early on Sunday, there was a brisk breeze blowing from the east; I saw the cutter under sail, and sadness came to me in spite of myself.[2]

12. I am dejected, staying in the Fort with nothing to do. My sweetheart is in the music-house, and a man in the back-room is luring her away from me.

13. I will not go now to reap the barley, I have no hay or land; my house is without stones or foundation, and what is the use of courtship to me?

14. I earned plenty money, although I wandered a great deal; enough to last me my whole life in spite of cold and gales.

15. Now that I am located here in the Fort, and that I do not intend to move; I will put a reef in her sails, and I will turn my back upon the seas.

TAPE 134 B

Recorded from the singing of the Cape Breton Club in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Some verses of this song were also taken down from Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. They are incorporated in this version.

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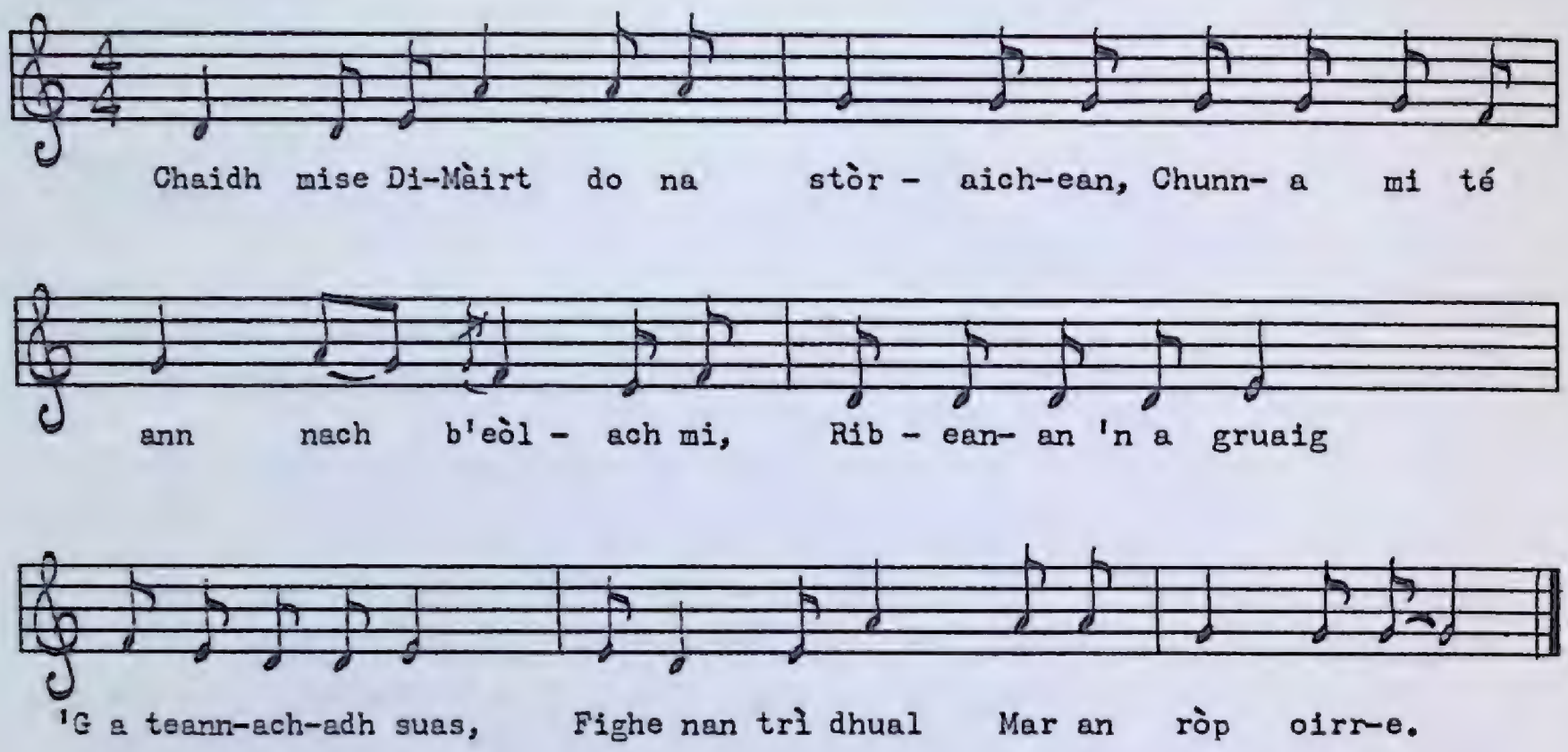
[2] The correct Gaelic for "cutter" is "luathbhata" or "luathlong," a small vessel with one mast, mainsail, forestaysail and jib set to bowsprit-end; also, any sloop of narrow beam and deep draught.

72. FEAR NA FIASAIG' RUAIDH'

Andante-legato



Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Chaidh mise Di-Màirt do na stòraichean,
   Chunna mi té ann nach b'eòlach mi,
   Ribeanan 'n a gruaig
   'G a teannachadh suas,
   Fighe nan trì dhual
   Mar an ròp oirre.

2. Bha fàinneachan grinn air a meòirean,
   Bha paidearan de ghrìogagan òmair oirr';
   Thuirt mise rium fhéin,
   "Ged gheibhinn Ceann Tìr,
   'S ged gheibhinn na mìltean,
   Cha chòrdamaid."

3. Chunnaic mi Di-Dòmhnaich 's a' chòmhlan thu,
   Bha "top gallant" shuas air an sgòd agad—
   'S e 'n t-iasad a bh'ann,
   Fhuair i o'n mhnaoi ghalld',
   A chaidh cheannach thall
   Ann an Tròndairnis.

4. Bean-cheannaich a' Chinn Shuas, saoil nach neònach leat,
Chunnaic i fear ruadh, agus feòsag air,
Labhair i 'n a cainnt,
'S i cur càr 'n a ceann,
"Nam biodh agam ansporag[1].
Ròsdainn i."

5. Labhair i 's a' chànain 's am b'eòlach i,
Shaoil i gum b'e Gall a bha còmh' rithe;
"Fear na fiasaig' ruaidh'
Eadar a dhà chluais,
'S mór gum b'fheàrr i luath
A chur còmh' rithe!"

6. Cha do ghabh mi fearg no droch nòisean riut,
Ged thuirt thu, gu dearbh, nach bu bhòidheach mi;
Ach nam biodh tu fhéin
Cho taitneach d'a réir,
Chuirinn thu do'n treud
Sin bu mhóralaich!

7. Ged labhair thu tàireil measg d'eòlaich orm,
Dheanainn riut na's fhearr na tha còir agam;
Chuirinn thu do'n Spàin,
Do "nunnery" a' Phàp',
Far am biodh na pàisdean
Bu bhòidhche dol.

8. Dh'ionnsaicheadh tu seinn air na h-òrganan,
Dh'ionnsaicheadh tu danns' air na h-òrdagan;
Dh'ionnsaicheadh thu gach nì
Tha buileach 'g a d'dhìth,
'S bhi modhail ris na daoin'
Air nach eòlach thu.

9. Cha chan mi dad ri d'mhàthair, chan eòlach mi,
No idir ri d'athair, 's duine còir a bh'ann;
Ach canaidh mi riut fhéin,
Gu bheil thu 'n a d'bhéist,
'N uair chuireadh tu éibheall[2].
Air feòsaig fir!

---

(1) "spor," "sporag" (m), gun-flint, also a piece of quartz, or quartzite used in lieu of flint for making a light. (Gairloch Gaelic usage). (-an, intensive particle meaning, super, or very).

(2) "éibheall" (f), flame, cinder. In Gairloch Gaelic the nominative sing. is "éibhill," with medial, "-bh" silent.

71399—16

10. Nam faighinn thu leam fhéin ris an t-seòl'daireachd,
Chumainn ris an fhuaradh an còmhnuidh thu;
Chumainn thu 'n a d'dheann,
Greasad bhos is thall,
Gu rachadh do cheann
Ann am bòilich ort.

11. Chumainn thu ri haoiseadh is lòbhraigeadh,
Chumainn thu ri hìbheadh nam bombaichean;
Chumainn thu aig an ailm,
Gus am biodh an stoirm,
Cur a stigh na fairge
'N a dòrtaidh ort.

12. 'S ann 's fhearr do chur air falbh le Ricòbhan,[3].
Seachad air an fhairge gu Steòrnabhagh;
Far'eil bathar saor,
Ribeanan is cìr—
Sud an rud tha dhìth
Air na h-òinnsichean.

(*Translation*)

THE RED-BEARDED MAN

1. I went to the shops on Tuesday where I saw a woman with whom I was not acquainted. Ribbons were tying her hair in an upward sweep, her braids were three-plaited like a rope.

2. There were beautiful rings on her fingers and clusters of amber beads. I said to myself, "although I possessed Kintyre and thousands of pounds, we would not agree with one another."

3. I saw you in church on Sunday, wearing a top gallant on your ship-boom—you received this on loan from a foreign lady, the apparel was bought over in Trotternish.

4. O merchant's wife of the Upper Reaches, do you not think it strange that she saw a red-haired man with a beard? She said, as she tossed her head to one side, "If I had a very good quartz flint I would roast it."

---

[3] May be a reference to Baron von Richthofen (–1918), the German captain and army aviator in World War I, who brought down 80 enemy air-planes; killed in action.
The location of the place-names mentioned in the song are as follows:
(*a*) Kintyre, Argyll-shire, Scotland.
(*b*) Trotternish, Skye, Scotland.
(*c*) Stornoway, Lewis, Outer Hebrides, Scotland.

5. She spoke in her customary language; she thought that the person who was with her was a stranger; "O man of the red beard, extending from ear to ear, it would be better if you added ashes to it."

6. I was not angry with you, nor did I take a dislike to you, although, indeed, you said that I was not handsome; but, if you yourself were, by the same token, as pleasing, I would send you to join that most dignified tribe!

7. Although you spoke disparagingly of me amongst your acquaintances, I would deal with you better than I have a right to; I would send you to Spain, to the nunnery of the Pope, where the most beautiful children are wont to go.

8. You would learn how to play the organ; you would learn how to dance on your toes; you would learn everything that you completely lack, and you would learn to be polite to those people whom you do not know.

9. I will not say anything to your mother as I am not acquainted with her, or anything at all to your father because he was a kind man; but I will tell you that you are a beastly wretch when you would set a man's beard on fire!

10. If I could get you alone with me on board ship, I would keep you on the windward side all the time; I would keep you hustling feverishly, hurrying here and there, until your head would be in a delirious whirl.

11. I would keep you hoisting and lowering; I would keep you heaving the ship-booms; I would keep you at the helm until the gale would pour the sea over you.

12. We had better send you away with Ricòbhan (Richthofen?), over the ocean to Stornoway; where merchandise is cheap, including ribbons and combs—these are the articles that silly girls require.

Gaelic words from Mrs. Jack Butterworth, Union Street, Sydney, Cape Breton. Melody from the late D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton.

This song was composed by Captain Duncan Rob MacLeod, of St. Ann's, Victoria County, Cape Breton, who was the son of Robert MacLeod, a miller at Clashnessie Falls, Sutherland-shire, Scotland. Capt. Duncan Rob spent most of his life at sea; hence, when he happened to enter a certain shop on Boularderie Island, Cape Breton, the lady behind the counter thought that he was a stranger who could not speak Gaelic. On seeing the Captain's red beard, she exclaimed, in Gaelic, to her female companion in the store, "Nach bu ghasda ghabhadh fiasag an fhir ud teine!" (Wouldn't that fellow's beard go on fire well!)

On hearing this remark, Captain Duncan Rob, setting his back to the door of the store, gave vent in Gaelic bardic verse to his opinion about the lady in question.

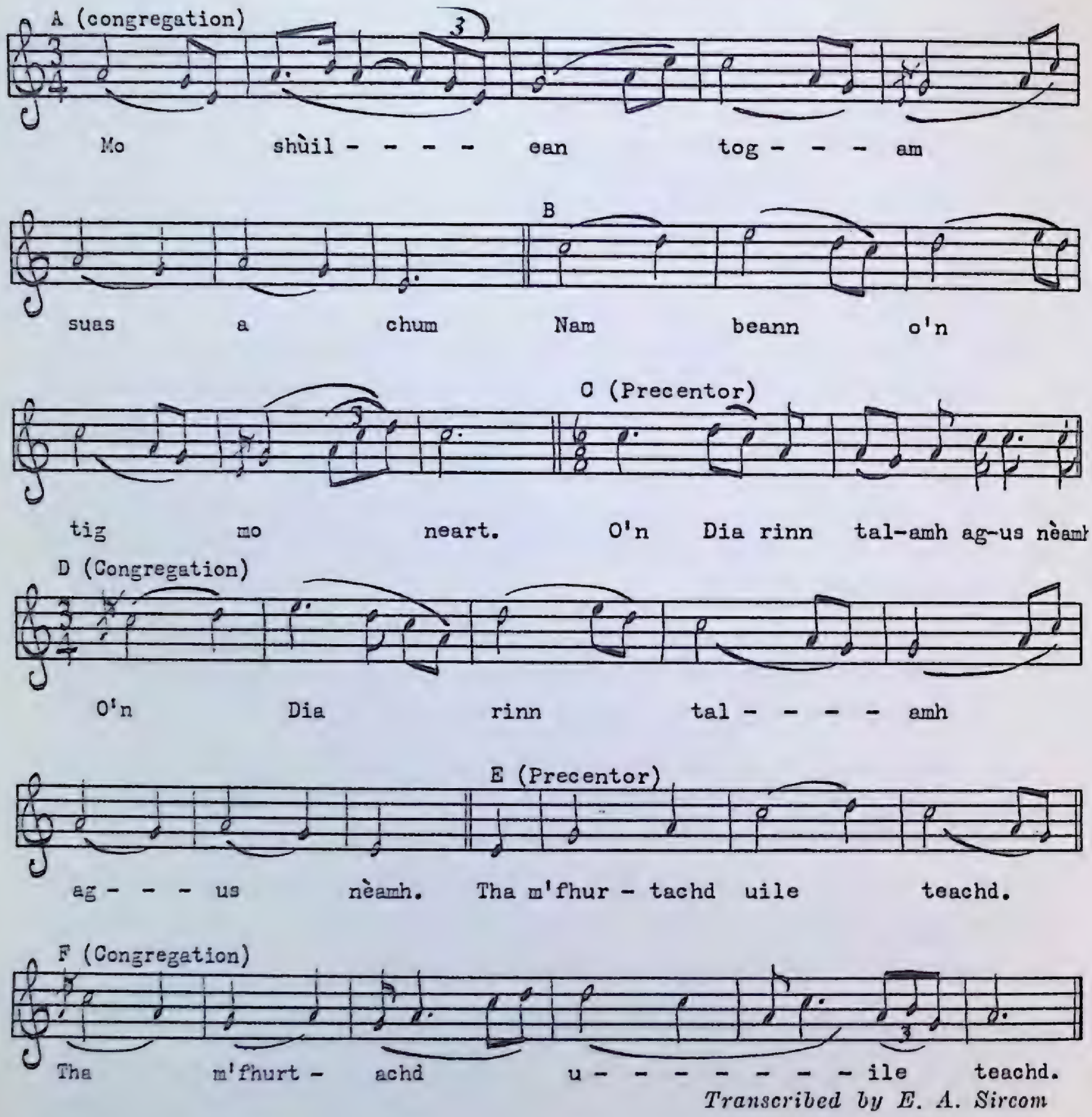
The Captain died at the age of 86.

The Gaelic words of this song were given to "Gairm," by Dr. P. J. Nicholson, President Emeritus of St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S. (*See*: "Gairm," No. 28, Summer edition, 1959, p. 351–53). The Gaelic word at large owes a great debt to Dr. Nicholson for his tremendous work on behalf of his native tongue in North America.

71399—16½

SALM, 121

73. A' TOGAIL AN FHUINN



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Mo shùilean togam suas a chum
   Nam beann o'n tig mo neart. (An Coimhthional)
2. O'n Dia rinn talamh agus nèamh. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)
3. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)
4. Tha m'fhurtachd uile teachd. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)
5. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)
6. Cha leig do d'chois air choir air bith. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)

7. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)
8. Gun sleamhnuich i gu bràth. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)
9. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)
10. Tàmh-neul cha tig sin air an neach. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)
11. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)
12. 'S fear coimhid ort a ghnàth. (Fear-togail' an fhuinn)
13. (A Rithist). (An Coimhthional)

PSALM, 121 (English version)

(*"Precenting"*)

1. I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
   From whence doth come mine aid. (Congregation)
2. My safety cometh from the Lord, (Precentor)
3. (Repeat). (Congregation)
4. Who heav'n and earth hath made. (Precentor)
5. (Repeat). (Congregation)
6. Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will (Precentor)
7. (Repeat). (Congregation)
8. He slumber that thee keeps. (Precentor)
9. (Repeat). (Congregation)
10. Behold, he that keeps Israel, (Precentor)
11. (Repeat). (Congregation)
12. He slumbers not, nor sleeps. (Precentor)
13. (Repeat). (Congregation)

TAPE 164

From Hughie Wilson, Glace Bay, Cape Breton.

The precenting of Gaelic Psalms is still prevalent in St. Paul's Church, Glace Bay; Brookland Street Church, Sydney, Whitney Pier, and in the counties of Victoria, and Richmond, Cape Breton. At Communion in the olden days in Cape Breton, the Gaelic Service was conducted outside the church and the English inside, according to our reciter, Hughie Wilson.

In the open-air religious Gaelic services in Scotland, there used to be two precentors, presenting the line alternately.

The first fifty Psalms were not translated into Scottish Gaelic until 1659; hence bibles and psalms were scarce in the very old days, and the copy in the parish church was chained to the pulpit. The "precentor" was, therefore, a necessity, and first of all the psalm was "read" not "sung," and sometimes the last bar of the "read" line was sung so as to give a "starting" note to the congregation. Later, the whole line was sung by the precentor and the congregation joined in and repeated the line.

Some state that Highland soldiers who were in the army of Gustavus Adolphus in Europe, took back with them the original psalm tunes, but according to modern research this is not so. The names of the tunes themselves, such as French, Dundee, Bangor, St. David, London New, Stroudwater, and so on, and the musical emphasis on certain notes, indicate a Lowland and southern origin, going back in Church History before the Reformation and having some connection with the Gregorian Chant.

This early church music had no "bar-divisions," and there were no "major" or "minor" "scales," but simply "modes."

After the Reformation, John Calvin wished to simplify church music so that the complete congregation could participate and also to ensure that the beauty of the music did not detract from the spiritual meaning of the words and the solemnity of religious worship. Both Calvin and Augustine were in agreement on this particular point.

Psalters have, of course, been published with church music written for precenting, but such musical scores have never been rigidly adhered to in the Highlands of Scotland; hence we may have variations in stress and emphasis in Scottish Gaelic precenting even to-day in neighbouring counties in Cape Breton Island. A good parallel to this is seen in the old method of instructing pipers in "ceòl-mór," the classical music of the bagpipes, that is, through the medium of the vocable syllabic scale, or, in Gaelic, "canntaireachd." "Ceòl-mór" is out of character when written in a rigid and regimented staff notation.

Newly woven cloth, Cape Breton Island.

74. ÒRAN NA BOCHDAINN

Moderate

Bheir mi ò, ag-us ò ro éil - e, Bheir mi

ò, ag-us ò ro éil - e, Bheir mi ò, ag-us ò ro

éil - e, Gur truagh a' bheò-shlaint' bhi air an déirc - e.

Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Cha d'rinn sinn móran fad an t-samhraidh,
Cha bhi sinn beò 'n uair thig an geamhradh;
Chan fhaigh sinn mil mar gheibh a' choinnspeach,
A thogas bothan air stoban calltair.

FONN: *Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,*
Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,
Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,
Gur truagh a' bheòshlaint' bhi air an déirce.

2. Na daoine truagha a dh'fhàg na h-àitean,
Tillidh sibh air ais do'n fhàsach;
Na cuiribh suas le lagh nan tràillean,
A ruaig ar sinnsridh a nall thar sàile.

3. Tha fuathas agaibh anns na méinnean,
Nach deanadh beòslaint' innt' le dìchill;
Na "Finlanders" a' tighinn 'n a 'm mìltean,
'S gun lagh 's an dùthaich a chumas cìs orr'.

4. Shrac am poca, 's dh'fhalbh am màs as,
A' goid a' ghuail bhàrr nan càraichean;
Bha e math is bha e làidir,
Ach gheibh mi nise dronng 'n a àite.

5. Nam biodh dòigh agam dheanainn dìchill,
Rachainn dhachaidh as na méinnean,
Gu na càirdean o'n bha iad dìleas,
'S chan fhàgainn tuilleadh ged gheibhinn dìleab.

6. Gur e mise a tha gu truagh dheth,
Toirt mo chùlthaobh ri àit' a' chruadail;
'S lìonmhor nàmhaid a rinn mi suas ris,
Gu fac an saoghal nach'eil mi suarach.

(*Translation*)

SONG OF THE DEPRESSION

1. We did not work very much all summer, we will not be able to live when winter comes; we will not get honey as the hornet does when it builds a nest in a clump of hazel.

CHORUS: *Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,*
Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,
Bheir mi ò, agus ò ro éile,
Begging is a poor livelihood.

2. The wretched people who left these places will return to the waste-lands. Do not tolerate the laws of the enslavers who evicted our progenitors over the ocean.

3. Many of you who labour in the mines could not make a living out of them even with diligence. The Finlanders are entering our country in their thousands, and there is no law in the land to keep them under subjection.

4. The sack is torn and the bottom has fallen out of it, caused by the stealing of coal from the top of the cars. It was useful and it was strong, but I will now get a trunk in its place.

5. If I had the means of doing it, I would be diligent, and I would go home from the mines to my friends since they were faithful, and I would never depart again, although I would receive a legacy.

6. I am indeed dejected, turning my back upon the place of hardship. I compensated many an enemy, it was clear to the world at large that I am not niggardly.

Words written by J. H. Jamieson, 75 R. Main Street, Glace Bay, Cape Breton. Sung by Donald B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. The melody is similar to that of, "Fàill-ill-ò agus Hò-ro éile," p. 22–23, "A' Chòisir-chiùil." Words published in the Sydney Post Record Gaelic Column, August 17, 1932.

75. ÒRAN MO SHEANN DACHAIDH

Andante con moto

Tha'n t-Eilean Dubh a' fàs fo ghlòir 'N uair thig air treòir an t-samh-raidh; Gur

lìon-mhor ròs tha fàs fo dhriùchd, Gu fall-ain, flùr-ail, bòidh - each,

'S grian na mais-e toirt dhaibh lùth, 'S a' tarr-uing sùgh do'm pòr - aibh, 'S an

lili mhìn a' fàs le buaidh, Aig fuar-an Cnoc a' Phòn - a.

Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Tha'n t-Eilean Dubh a' fàs fo ghlòir
   'N uair thig air treòir an t-samhraidh;
   Gur lìonmhor ròs tha fàs fo dhriùchd,
   Gu fallain, flùrail, bòidheach,
   'S grian na maise toirt dhaibh lùth,
   'S a' tarruing sùgh do 'm pòraibh,
   'S an lili mhìn a' fàs le buaidh,
   Aig fuaran Cnoc a' Phòna.

2. 'S ann an Còbh Ida a tha'n tràigh
   A thug dhomh tràth a sòlas;
   Cha d'fhosgail sùil 's cha d' dh'iadh oirr' là,
   Air àite b'fhearr leam còmhnuidh.
   Ged bheirinn ruaig do'n chuan-an-iar
   Air bharraibh siab' nam bòcthonn,
   'S ann bhios mo smuain, mo thlachd, 's mo mhiann,
   Air ìomhaigh Cnoc a' Phòna.

3. An Sgìr Dhubh a tha'n taobh shìos dhith,
Bha mi riamh oirr' eòlach;
Bu lìonmhor coigreach aic' ag iasgach,
'S bu bhaile dìon i Thòmas.
Bu tric mi air do leacaibh grianach,
'S mi gun bhiadh le sòlas,
Mi casruisgt' ann le morghath fiar,
'S b'e ghrian e làithean m'òige.

4. Gur iomadh bàta laidh air do thràigh,
D'an tug thu fàthach sòlais,
Làn de throsg, 's de runnach liathghlas,[1]
A b'fhiach a fiach de'n òr dhuit;
Ach chan fhaic thu sin 's an ám so,
Dh'fhàs iad gann de'n t-seòrsa,
Ach théid iasgan eile 'n diugh gu Galldachd
Nach robh ri m'ám 'g an cròthadh.

5. Gur iomadh gille tapaidh, treun,
Bha farum', eudmhor, eòlach,
Eadar "Smoky" 's an "Ceann Camb",
'S mu'n cuairt do bhràigh an t-"Shòre",
Bhiodh ullamh gus a dhol an greim
Nan tugtadh beum dha sheòrsa;
'S far am buaileadh e a réis,
Bhiodh fuil an déidh a mheòirean.

6. 'N uair a thigeadh oirnn an geamhradh,
Cha bu ghann an spòrs leinn;
Bhiodh na luaidh ann 's bhiodh na bainnsean,
'S bu chridheil ann an òigridh;
Bhiodh na h-ìghneagan gu baindidh
Togail fonn nan òran;
Ach dh'fheumadh cùis a thighinn gu ceann,
'S cha mhaireadh ám dhomh 'n còmhnuidh.

7. 'N uair a dh'fhalbhadh iad a dh'fhiadhach,
B'e sud mo mhiann 's mo shòlas;
Bhiodh gunna-snaip an làimh gach giamain,
'S mialchu a' dol còmhla;
Bhiodh Mac na Cròic' a' dol am fiamh,
'N ám teanntainn teann gu leòir air;
Bhiodh fhuil 'g a dòirteadh air an t-sliabh,
'S am peilear liath 'g a leònadh.

---

(1) "runnach," as pronunciation, usually "rionnach."

8. 'S ann am "Breton Còbh" a' tàmh,
Tha luchd mo ghràidh is m'eòlais;
Aonghus, Iain, Tormod 's Niall,
Tha iarmad nach'eil beò dhiùbh.
Dòmhnall MacLeòid, an duine ciatach,
'S fialaidh aig a' bhòrd e;
Tha e 'n dàimh dhomh thaobh mo mhàthar,
'S ni e 'm bàta sheòladh.

9. 'N uair a théid mi null an tràsda
Chì mi Ceann a' Phòna,
'S gum bi m'inntinn air a cràdh
A' cuimhne làithean m'òige;
Far an robh mo chuideachd fhéin,
A bheireadh sìth dhomh 's sòlas,
Ach tha móran dhiùbh air falbh,
'S cha chluinn iad rann de m'òran.

10. Tha móran 'n an laidhe 's an uaigh
Fo bhruaicheanan nam fòdan,
Nach dùisg a cadal no a suain,
Is nach toir luaidh air sòlas;
A dh'innseadh dhuit gur obair chruaidh,
Bhi cur 's a' buain an eòrna,
Thug iomadh bliadhna 's là 's uair,
Mu'n cuairt do bhruaich a' Phòna.

11. Thoir mo shoraidh-sa gu bràth
Gu àirigh Ceann a' Phòna,
Far an d'fhuair mi beatha 's m'àrach,
'S far 'm bu chàirdeil òigridh;
Far am faigheadh coigreach fàrdach,
Agus ànraich bhrònach:
Far an cinnicheadh am buntàta,
Coirce bàn is èorna.

(*Translation*)

SONG OF MY OLD HOME (BLACK ISLAND)

1. When the fecundity of summer descends upon Black Island it becomes a glorious place. Many a healthy, blushing, and beautiful rose grows there beneath the dew, and the fair sun gives them vigour and draws sap through their stems, and the delicate lily thrives successfully at the spring of the Hill of the Pond.

2. In Cove Ida is the beach that gave me early happiness; never, on any day, did my seeing-eye view a dwelling-place better than this. Although I might voyage over the Western Ocean on the sea-sprayed crests of the surging billows, the image of the Hill of the Pond will ever be in my thoughts, my delights, and my desires.

3. Further down is Sgir Dhubh, a place always well known to me; numerous were the strangers who used to fish there, and it was a sheltering homestead for Thomas. Many a time have I been on your sunny slopes, although without food I was happy, fishing bare-footed with a crooked spear, like the sunlight were the days of my youth.

4. Many a boat lay on your beach that gave you reason for satisfaction, laden with cod-fish and light grey mackerel, worth their value in gold for you; but you do not see this these days, their species are scarce, but other kinds of fish are being transported to the mainland that were not being caught in my day.

5. Many a sturdy, brave young man, energetic, zealous, and intelligent, lived between Smoky and Ceann Camb, and around the braes of the Shore, who would be ready to grapple with anybody who reproached his kindred, and where he would strike his fist, his fingers would surely leave blood as a result.

6. When winter would descend upon us, we would not be lacking in fun. There would be milling frolics, and weddings, and the young people would be gay. The modest young girls would sing the melodies of the songs; but such things had to terminate, and time did not always last out for me.

7. I derived my greatest desire and happiness when they would go deer-hunting; each stalwart fellow would carry a fast-triggered gun in his hand, and a greyhound would accompany them, and when they came close enough to the Son of the Antlers (stag), he would become frightened and blood would flow on the slope as the gray bullet wounded him.

8. My loved ones and my friends dwell in Breton Cove—Angus, John, Norman and Neil; some branches of their family are no longer living. Donald MacLeod, the goodly man is hospitable at his own table. He is related to me from my mother's side, he is the man who will sail the boat.

9. When I go over there now, I see the Headland of the Pond, and my mind becomes depressed as I remember the days of my youth, where lived my own people who would bring peace and happiness to me, but many of them have passed on, and they will not hear a single verse of my song.

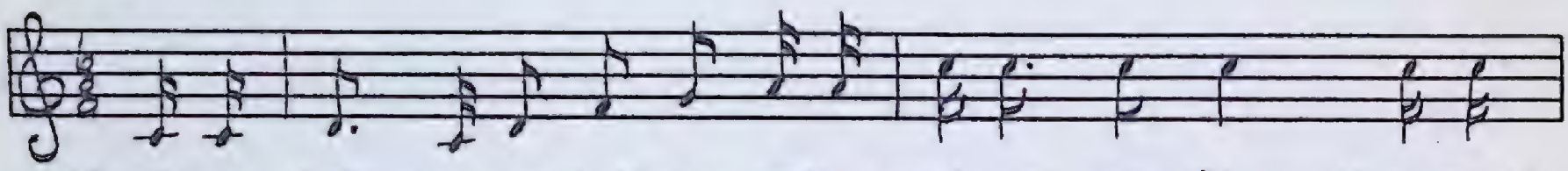
10. Many of them are lying in the grave under the sod-mounds, who will not awaken out of their sleep or profound slumber, and who will not mention happiness; who would tell you that the sowing and harvesting of barley is hard work, who spent many a year, day, and hour around the banks of the Pond.

11. Bear my farewell for ever to the shieling at the Headland of the Pond, where I lived and where I was nurtured, and where the young people were kindly; where the stranger and the forlorn wanderers would receive lodgings; where potatoes, golden oats, and barley would grow.

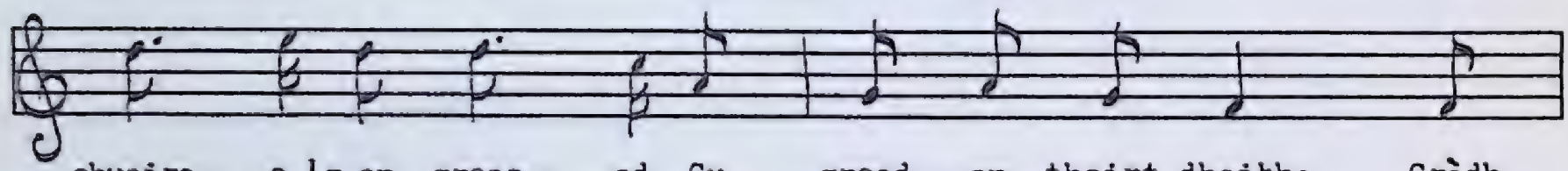
Song composed by Big Norman Matheson, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove.

76. RÉISIMEID GHÀIDHEALACH EILEIN
CHEAP BREATAINN (185th)

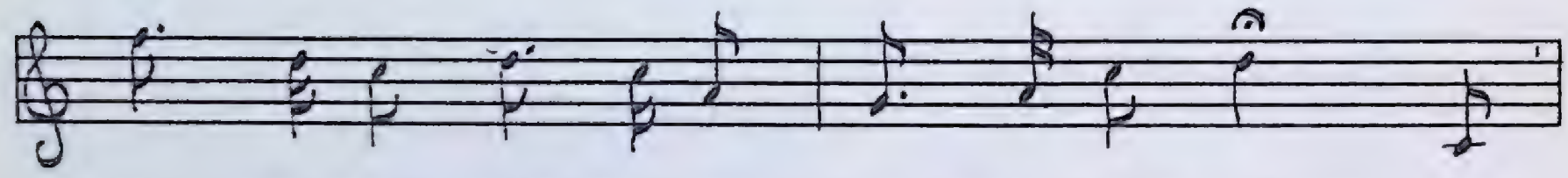
Allegretto



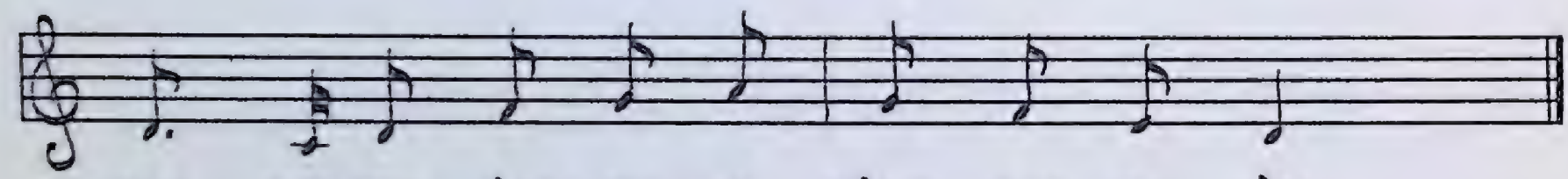
'N uair a ghair-mear am bait-eal, Bidh na gaisg-ich air làimh, 'S an fhuil



shuairc - e 'g an greas - ad Gu gread - an thoirt dhaibh; Gràdh



dìl - eas dh'an dùth-aich, Dh'an chag - ailt, 's dh'an chrùn; Cur



neirt anns gach gàird- ean, Is spàirn anns gach cùis.

Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. 'N uair a ghairmear am baiteal,
Bidh na gaisgich air làimh,
'S an fhuil shuairce 'g an greasad
Gu greadan thoirt dhaibh;
Gràdh dìleas dh'an dùthaich,
Dh'an chagailt, 's dh'an chrùn;
Cur neirt anns gach gàirdean,
Is spàirn anns gach cùis.

2. Cha do leig iad air dìochuimhn'
Na tìmean bho chian,
'N uair bu ghnàth do luchd dùthcha
Bhi cliùiteach 's gach gnìomh.
Bidh an diugh mar an dé,
Is gach latha gu bràth,
Toirt urraim is onoir'
Do fhearaibh mo ghràidh.

3. Thoir mo shoraidh thar mara
Gu fearaibh mo ghràidh,
Clann onoireach, dhìleas,
Nach dìobradh 's a' bhlàr.
Cinn-fine nan Gàidheal
A gheàrdas a' chòir,
'S bhios dìleas do'n chràidhteach,
Gus an tàr iad fo'n fhóid.[1]

4. Air gach maduinn is feasgar
Tha ar n-ùrnuigh dol suas,
Air son "Sìol nam Fear Fearail",[2]
Chaidh thairis air cuan.
Théid ur turus gu math leibh,
'S thig sibh dhachaidh le buaidh;
Gheibh sibh fàilt' agus furan,
'S mòr urram an t-sluaigh.

(*Translation*)

THE 185th BATTALION (CAPE BRETON HIGHLANDERS)

1. When the battle is declared, the warriors will be on hand, and the noble blood will be stirred in order to deliver blows; their faithful love for their patria, homes, and crown, putting strength into every arm, and striving in every cause.

2. They did not forget times gone by, when it was customary for the people of their country to be of good report in every deed. It will be to-day as it was yesterday, and each day for ever more, giving respect and honour to the men of my love.

3. Bear my greeting overseas to the men of my love, honourable and faithful clansmen who would not yield in battle. Chieftains of the Gaels who safeguard justice, and who will be faithful to the oppressed until they descend under the burial-sod.

4. Every morning and evening our prayers will be put up for "The Race of Manly Men" who departed over the ocean. Your venture will be successful, and you will return victorious; you will receive a welcome and salutation, and the great respect of the people.

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[1] An old Irish Gaelic saying states: "tri fódain nach sechaindter . . . fót in ghene, fót in bháis agus fót in adhnacuil" (three little sods that are not avoided: the sod of birth, the sod of death, and the sod of burial).

[2] The motto selected for the 185th was the same as that of the 85th.

71399—17

Gaelic words by D. D. MacKenzie, South West Margaree, Cape Breton. Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. The melody is similar to that of "Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhealtachd," p. 128–29, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Highlands."

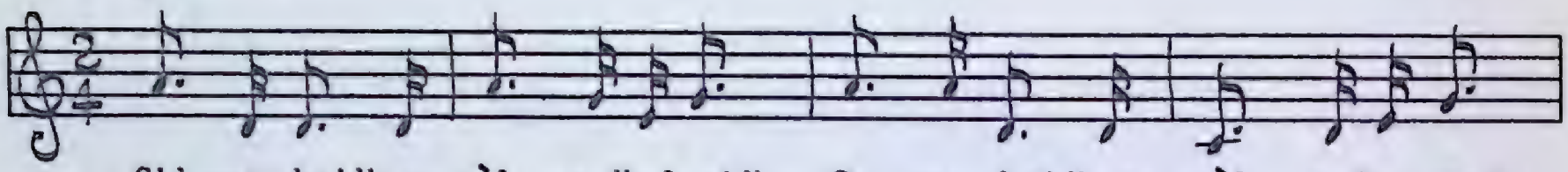
Another Gaelic poem in praise of the 185th was composed by Vincent A. McLellan, Cape Breton, to the tune of "Scots, Wha Hae." *See* "Fàilte Cheap Breatainn" (McNeil edition), p. 219–24 (For the history of the 185th, *see* "Nova Scotia's Part in The Great War," by M. Stuart Hunt, p. 122–29, article written by Captain Angus L. Macdonald).

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

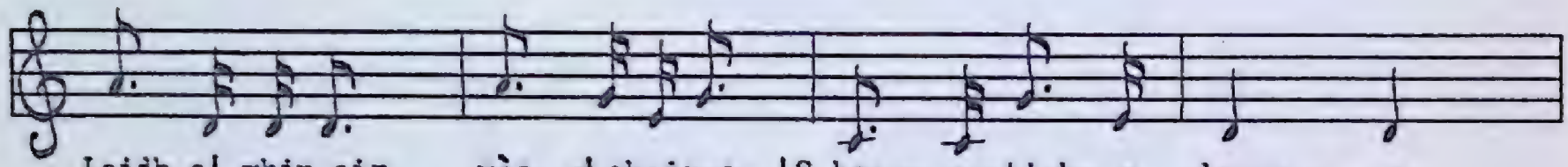
During the Antigonish Highland Games they even dance on the sidewalks.

77. SID MAR CHAIDH AN CÀL A DHOLAIDH

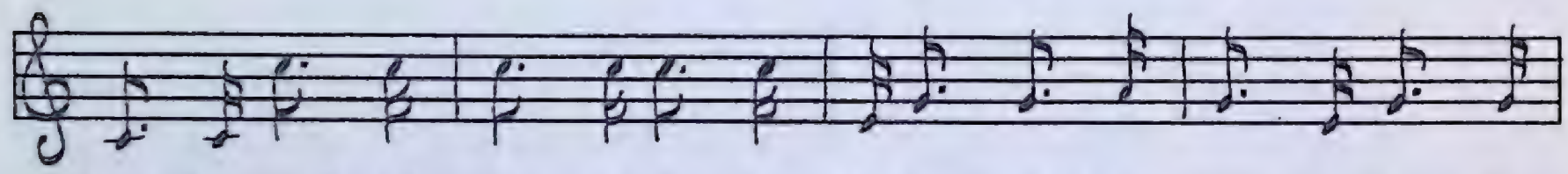
Allegro vivace



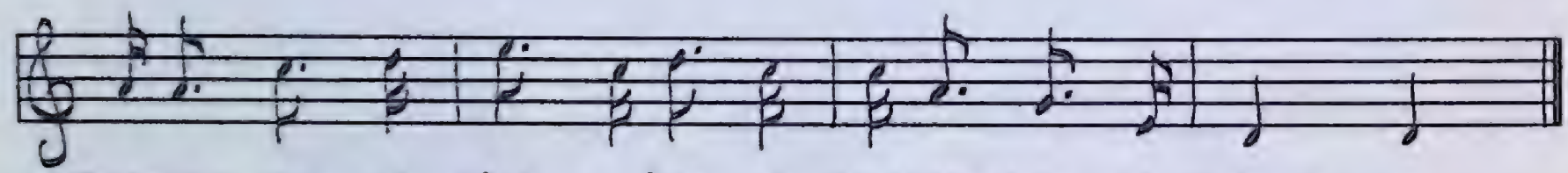
Sid mar chaidh an càl a dhol-aidh, So mar chaidh an càl a dhol-aidh;



Laidh a' mhin air màs a' choir-e, 'S bean- an-tigh- e danns - a.



Air dhuinn greis bhi gabh- ail òr- ain, 'S tac-an eil' ri sgeul-an gòr - ach;



Chuir Rob Cam a' phìob an òrd- ugh, 'S thòis-ich cuid ri danns - a.

Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Latha dhuinn mu ám na buana,
   'S cuideachd ghrinn de ghillean uallach
   Suidh mu'n bhòrd ag òl na cuaiche.
   An tigh-òsd' air Galldachd.

FONN: *Sid mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh,*
So mar chaidh an càl a dholaidh;
Laidh a' mhin air màs a' choire,
'S bean-an-tighe dannsa

2. Air dhuinn greis bhi gabhail òrain,
   'S tacan eil' ri sgeulan gòrach;
   Chuir Rob Cam a' phìob an òrdugh,
   'S thòisich cuid ri dannsa.

3. 'S tigh oirnn thàinig bean-an-tighe
   Leis gach té a bha aig baile;
   Nighean òg is seann chailleach,
   'S iad a' togairt dannsa.

4. Rug MacRaing air té bhig chrannaich,
'S ghabh mi-fhéin le bean-an-tighe;
'S am prioba sùl' bha té an achlais
H-uile fear a bh'ann dhuinn.

5. Air do'n ùbraid dol 'n a déinead,
'S caitein 'g éirigh air na déilean,
Thàinig fear-an-tighe fhéin
Le treud de bhodaich Ghallda.

6. Leithid a dh'othail shìos an staidhir,
'S iad-san dìreach bhàrr an fhaidhir;
Glaodh' gu crosda ris na mnathan,
'S b'uamhasach an greann orra.

7. Throid am fear ri mhnaoi gu sgraingeil,
'S fhreagair ise cheart cho searbh e;
"Bhodaich mhosaich cum do theanga,
'S stad air ball do dhranndan".

8. "'S beag orm thu, a bhodaich ghrànnda,
Seach bhi cleasachd measg nan Gàidheal;
Ceòl na pìoba, cainnt na Gàidhlig',
Sid a ghnàth a b'anns' leam".

(*Translation*)

THAT IS HOW THE KALE WAS RUINED

1. One day during harvesting time, a pleasant group of sportive young men were seated around the table drinking (out of a goblet) in a Lowland inn.

CHORUS: *That is how the kale broth was ruined, this is how the kale broth was ruined; the meal lay on the bottom of the pot whilst the lady-of-the-house was dancing.*

2. When we had been singing songs for a spell, and for a while telling silly stories, Squinting Robert put his pipes in order and some people began to dance.

3. Then entered the lady-of-the-house accompanied by every female in the village; young girl and old woman, all eager to dance.

4. Rankin grabbed a dwarfish decrepit damsel, and I took the lady-of-the-house; and in the twinkling of an eye, there was a lady in the arms of every man present.

5. When the uproar became more vigorous, and the dust began to rise from the floor-boards, the man-of-the-house arrived with a company of Lowland farmers.

6. There was such a hub-bub downstairs, whilst the Lowland farmers had just arrived from the Fair shouting madly at the women and scowling at them in a frightening manner.

7. The host scolded his wife with sullenness, and she replied with equal bitterness; "You niggardly old man, hold your tongue, and stop your snarling at once."

8. "I hate you, you ugly old man, being sportive amongst the Gaels with their bagpipe music, and Gaelic language was always more pleasing to me than your company."

Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Composed in Scotland. "The Haughs of Cromdale" is the bagpipe equivalent of the melody. The year 1710 appears to be the first known date of its origin, when it is revealed in a MS., known as "Margaret Sinclair MS.," under the title of "New Killiecrankie." It was said to be in an older MS. under the title of "Wat ye how the play began." It was first published as a Strathspey by Angus Cumming in 1780.

The well-known Scottish ballad beginning

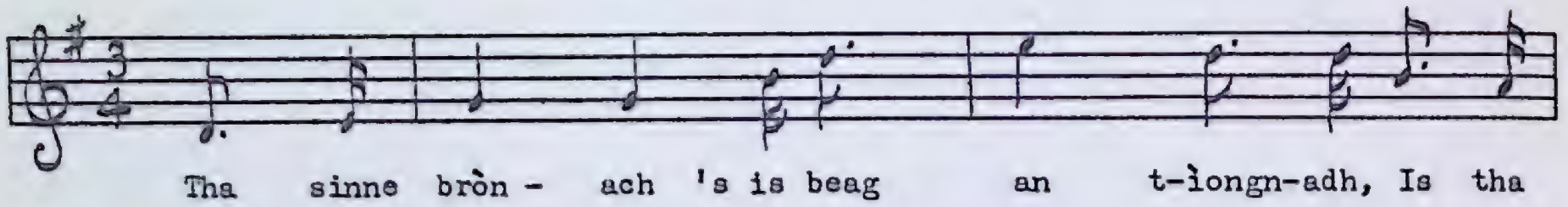
"As I came in by Auchindoun,
A little wee bit frae the toon,"

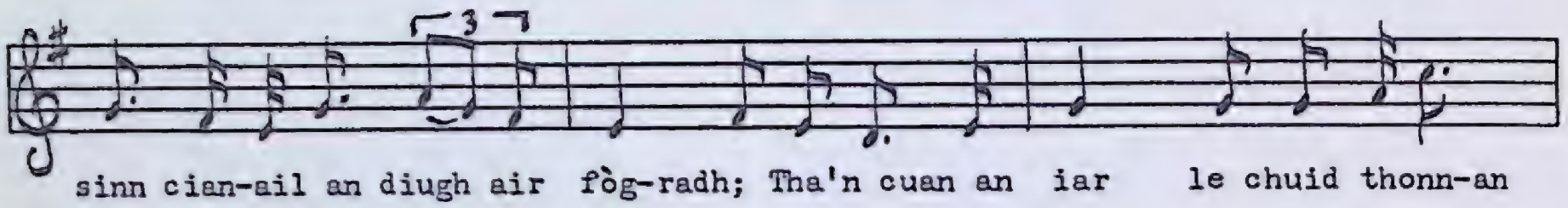
is sung to this melody.

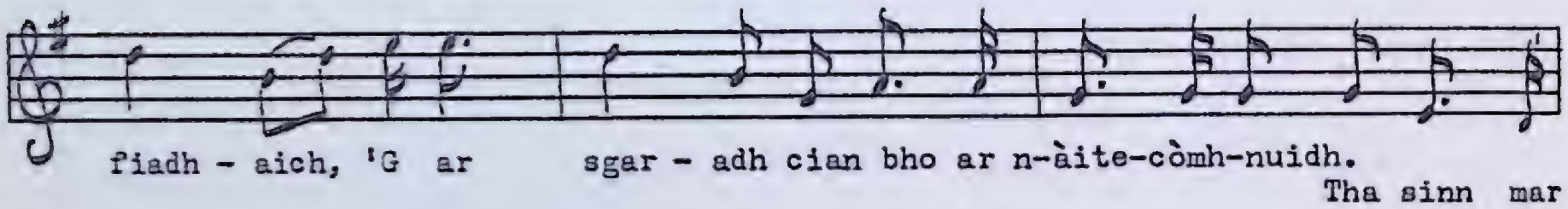
The Gaelic song version published here is strongly suggestive of the old Highland sentiment which regarded the ordinary Lowlander as belonging to an inferior race.

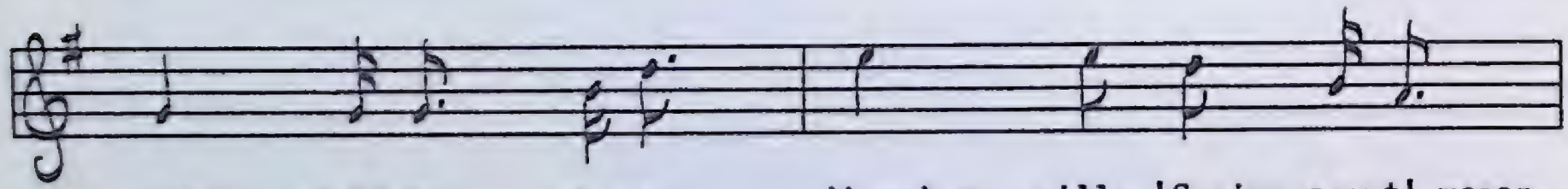
78. TUIREADH NAN HIORTACH

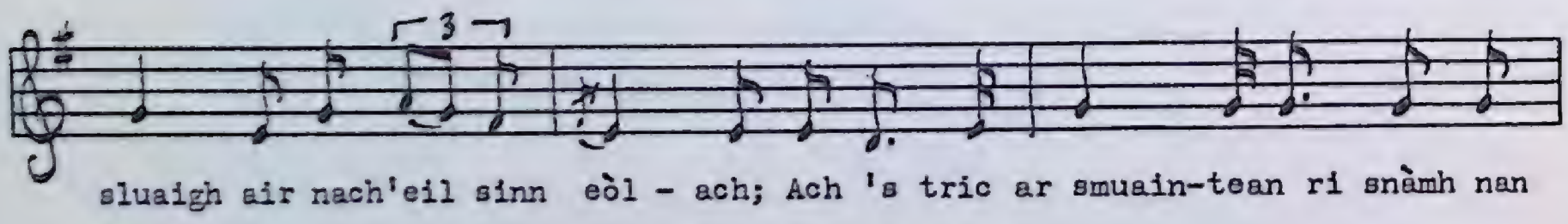
Moderate

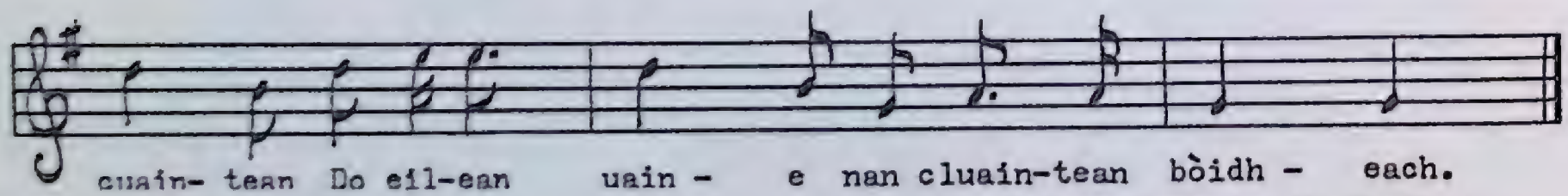












Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Tha sinne brònach 's is beag an t-ìongnadh,
   Is tha sinn cianail an diugh air fògradh;
   Tha'n cuan an iar le chuid thonnan fiadhaich,
   'G ar sgaradh cian bho ar n-àite-còmhnuidh.

2. Tha sinn mar chaoraich an so gun bhuachaill,
   'S sinn sgapt' measg sluaigh air nach'eil sinn eòlach;
   Ach 's tric ar smuaintean ri snàmh nan cuaintean
   Do eilean uaine nan cluaintean bòidheach.

3. Tha Hiort nam fuaran 's nan sgeirean gruamach,
Am meadhon cuain 's chan'eil duine beò ann;
Na h-eòin mu'n cuairt air ri gabhail uamhais,
O'n dh'fhalbh an sluagh a bh'ann uair ri còmhnuidh.

4. Na tighean blàth' anns an cluinnte Ghàidhlig,
Théid iad 'n an càirntean 's bidh tàmh aig eòin annt';
Cha bhi am buachaill le chù 's le chuaille
Na's mò 'g am fuadach le fuaim a chòmhraidh.

5. Tha'n caglais fuar 's chan'eil clag 'g a bhualadh,
Cha tional sluagh ann air maduinn Dòmhnaich;
Cha chluinnear seinn ann na fonn an aoibhneis,
Tha'n tìr ri caoidh chionn nach till na seòid ud.

6. Cha b'e gu h-àraidh a dhol thar sàile,
Chuir sinn fo àmhghar 's a dh'fhàg sinn brònach;
Ach mar a sgaoileadh air feadh gach taobh sinn,
'S nach fhaic sinn aon air a bheil sinn eòlach.

7. Ged tha an sluagh measg a bheil sinn truasail,
Tha'n cànain cruaidh 's tha iad fuar 'n an dòighean;
'S ann bha sinn suaimhneach far n'thogadh suas sinn,
Le Gàidhlig uasal 'g a luaidh an còmhnuidh.

8. An uair bhiodh àmhghar aig neach 's an àite,
Gach duine chàich bhiodh le bàigh 'g a chòmhnadh;
Chan fhaighte gamhlas 'n am measg, na aimhreit,
'S e sud na glinn anns nach cluinnte fòirneart.

9. Tha sinne cràiteach o'n rinn sinn fhàgail,
Chan e gu h-àraidh gun d'fhàg sinn stòras;
'S e chuir fo phràmh sinn na tha d'ar càirdean,
'N an laidhe sámhach 's iad càirt' 's na fóid' ann.

10. Soraidh slàn leibh gu'n teich na sgàilean,
Far bheil sibh tàmh cha bhi càch 'n ur còir ann;
Tha sibh-se sìnt' anns an tìr bu mhiann leibh,
Is eòin ri sgriachail mu'r n-àite-còmhnuidh.

11. Mu'n cuairt do'n àite 's a bheil sibh càirte,
Cha chruinnich càirdean 's cha shilear deòirean;
Bidh ur n-uaighean 'n an tulaich' uaine,
Bidh feur gun bhuain orr' 's an sluagh air fògradh.

12. 'S e sgur de m'òran is iomchuidh dhòmh-sa,
Le briathran beòil meud mo bhròin chan innsear;
Ceud soraidh slàn leat o eilein ghràdhaich,
Far 'n deachaidh m'àrach 's bheil tàmh mo shinnsre.

(*Translation*)

LAMENT FOR THE ST. KILDANS

1. We are sad and it is little wonder, and we are homesick to-day in exile; the western ocean with its wild waves is separating us far away from our dwelling-place.

2. We are here like sheep without a shepherd, and we are scattered amongst a race with which we are not acquainted; but often do our thoughts swim over the oceans to the green island of the beautiful meadows.

3. St. Kilda of the springs and forbidding rocks is in the middle of the ocean, and there is no living human being there. The sea-fowl round about are stunned since the departure of the people who once lived there.

4. The warm houses where Gaelic was spoken will turn into ruined cairns where birds will rest; no longer will the shepherd with his crook make them fly away at the sound of his voice.

5. The church is cold, and no bell is being tolled; no congregation gathers there on Sunday morning; no singing is heard there or joyful sounds; the land is in mourning because those warriors will not return.

6. It was not, especially, going overseas that left us distressed and in sorrow; but the fact that we were scattered on every side, and that we do not see now one person we know.

7. Although the people with whom we live are sympathetic, their language is irksome, and they are cold in their ways. We were contented where we were brought up, and the noble Gaelic language was always spoken by us.

8. When any person in the place was in trouble, each individual remaining would help him with kindness; there was no jealousy or contention amongst them, these were the glens where the voice of oppression would not be heard.

9. We are dejected since our departure, not especially because we left possessions but because of the many friends who lie there peacefully buried under the sods.

10. Farewell forever to you until the shadows flee away, others will not be near your resting-place; you are buried in the land of your desire, whilst the shrill call of sea-fowl surrounds your place of repose.

11. Friends will not meet around your burial location, and tears will not be shed. Your graves will become green mounds, no grass will be cut upon them as the people have been evicted.

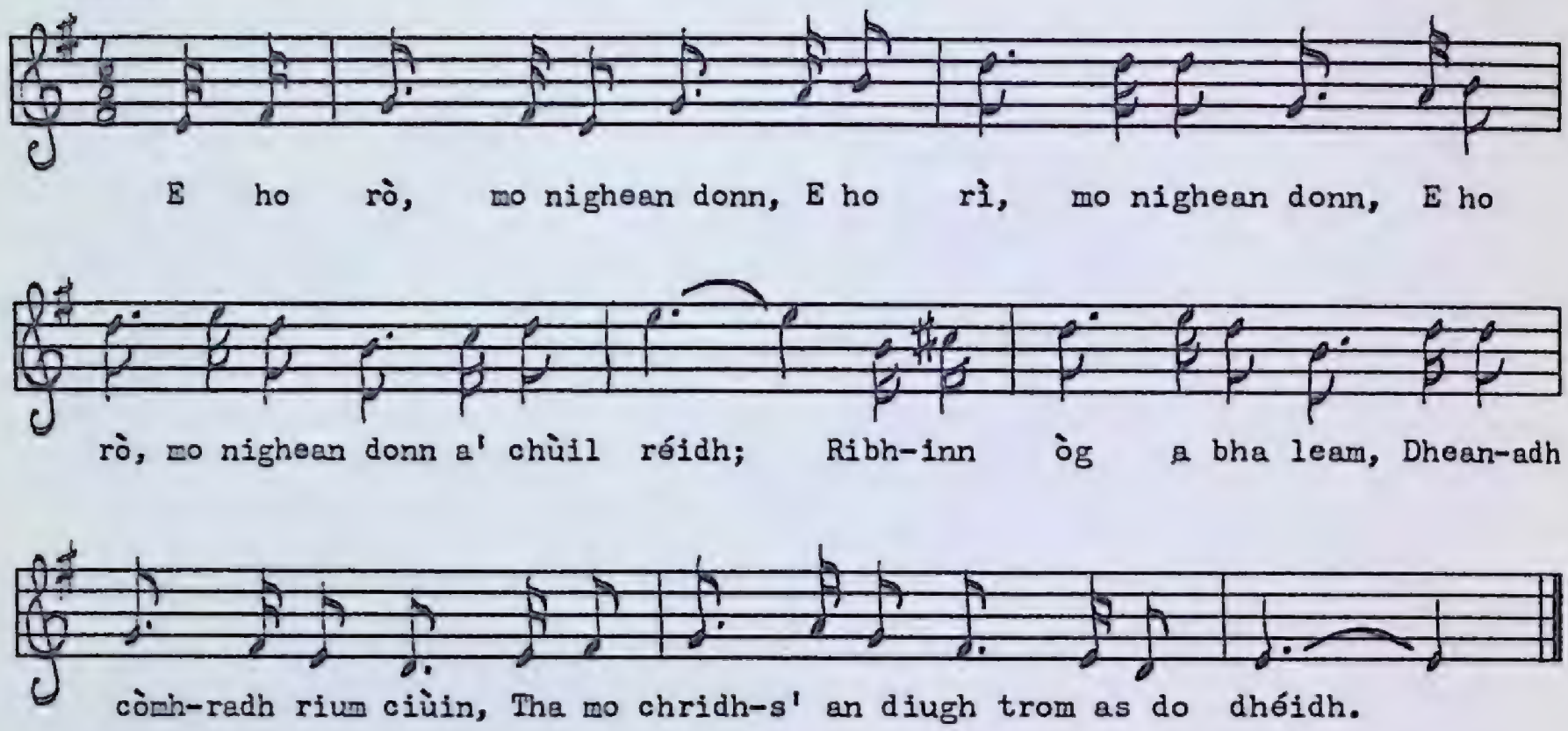
12. It is befitting for me to conclude my song, the extent of my sorrow cannot be expressed in words; one hundred last farewells to you, oh loving island where I was reared and where my progenitors dwell.

Melody sung by Malcolm Angus MacLeod, Birch Plain, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by the late Dr. George Murray, Scots Presbyterian Church, Boston, who was born in Lewis, Outer Hebrides, Scotland. The Gaelic editor received the Gaelic version printed here from Miss Florence Macintyre, Mira Ferry, Cape Breton.

One of the earliest references to St. Kilda is contained in Martin Martin's book entitled, "A Late Voyage to St. Kilda," published in 1698, as follows: "This isle is by the inhabitants called Hirt, and likewise by all the Western Islanders; Buchanan calls it Hirta; Sir John Narbrough and all seamen call it St. Kilda; and in sea maps St. Kilder, particularly in a Dutch sea map from Ireland to Zeland, published at Amsterdam by Peter Goas in the year 1663, wherein the isle of St. Kilda is placed due west betwixt fifty and sixty miles from the middle of Lewis, and the isle answers directly to the fifty-eighth degree of northern latitude, as marked upon the ends of the map, and from it lies Rokol, a small rock sixty leagues to the westward of St. Kilda."

The local inhabitants of St. Kilda were finally evacuated from the island in 1930.

79. NIGHEAN DONN A' CHÙIL RÉIDH



Transcribed by D. H. Senior

FONN: *E ho rò, mo nighean donn,*
E ho rì, mo nighean donn,
E ho rò mo nighean donn a' chùil réidh;
Ribhinn òg a bha leam,
Dheanadh còmhradh rium ciùin,
Tha mo chridh-s' an diugh trom as do dhéidh.

1. 'S e do chòmhradh, a rùin,
Guth bu cheòlmhoire leam,
Na guth smeòraich an dlùth choill nan craobh;
Mar ri torghan nan allt,
Tighinn le aghaidh nam beann
Anns a' mhoch mhaduinn shamhraidh ri m'thaobh.

2. 'S math thig fàineachan òir
Do na meòirean as bòidhch',
A bhios tric ann an seòmar ag gleus;
Tha do ghruaidh mar an ròs,
Chan'eil uaill ann ad dhòigh,
Thug thu buaidh le gach ceòl agus beus.

3. Nan robh beartas dhomh buan
Rachainn sgrìob thar a' chuain
Do'n Roinn-Eòrp' leat, a luaidh an deagh bheus;
Ann an dùthaich nan sonn
Bhiodh daoin-uaisle le fonn
Ag cur fàilt' air nighinn donn a' chùil réidh.

4. Tha do chàirdeas glé dhlùth
Ris na h-àilleagain ùr'
A bha tàmh anns na dùthchannan thall;
'S tric a ghléidh iad an cùis
Ann am fàbhar a' Phrionns',
'S cha bhiodh onoir an dùthcha air chall.

5. 'N uair a chìt' iad air sliabh,
Bu bhòidheach an triall,
'S gum b'e 'n suaicheantas riamh anns gach ám;
Long, leòghann is craobh,
'S an làmh dhearg ri an taobh,
Bradan tarr(a)gheal, is fraoch glas nam beann.

6. Tha do nàdur, a luaidh,
Coibhneil, càirdeil, gun ghruaim,
Gur e d'àilleachd thug buaidh air gach té;
Dh'éireadh m'aigne le sunnd
'N uair a choinnicheadh tu rium,
'S chuirinn fàilt' air nighinn donn a' chùil réidh.

7. Gur e coibhneas do chainnt
A chuir bruaillean 'n a m'cheann,
'S chan'eil fuasgladh ach gann dhomh fo'n ghréin;
Chan'eil léigheas do m'chràdh
Air an t-saoghal so mhàin,
Mo nighean donn nan sùl' blàth', ach thu fhéin.

(*Translation*)

THE BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN OF THE SMOOTH TRESSES

CHORUS: *E ho rò, my brown-haired maiden, E ho rì, my brown-haired maiden, E ho rò, my brown-haired maiden of the smooth tresses; youthful maiden who would talk quietly with me in my company; my heart is heavy after you to-day.*

1. Your speech, dearest one, was a sound most musical to me, sweeter than the song of a mavis in the thick forest of the trees;[1] accompanied by the purling of the brooks racing down the face of the mountains, in the early summer morning by my side.

2. Golden rings well become your beautiful fingers that often play musical notes in the room; your cheek is like the rose, there is no conceit in your manner, you have gained popularity by your musical gifts and your good character.

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[1] Another variant is "nan cnò," of the nuts.

3. If I possessed lasting riches I would take a voyage over the ocean to Europe with you, dearest one, of good repute; in the land of the warriors, noble people would heartily welcome the brown-haired maiden of the smooth tresses.

4. Your relationship is very close to the gentle people who lived in the countries overseas; often did they support the cause in favour of Prince Charles Edward, and they would not relinquish the honour of their country.

5. When they would be seen on the slopes, handsome would be their procession, and at all times their armorial crest was ever the galley, the lion, and the tree, with the red hand flanking them, the white-bellied salmon and the green heather of the mountains.

6. Your nature, dearest one, is kind, affectionate, without surliness, your beauty has surpassed all women; my spirit would be uplifted with joy when you would meet me, and I would welcome the brown-haired maiden of the smooth tresses.

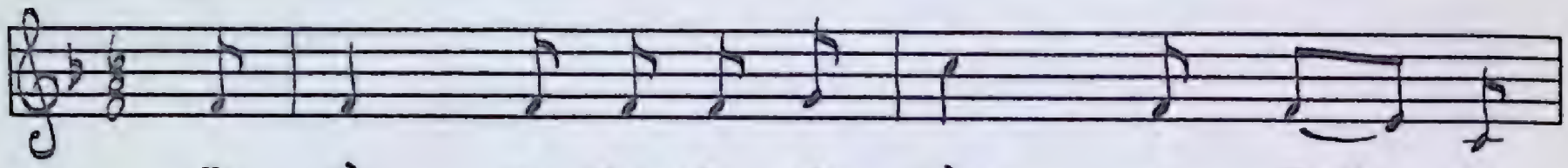
7. The kindness of your speech has confused my mind, the chances for my relief under the sun are meagre; there is no healing for my torment in this world, only, my brown-haired maiden of the affectionate eyes, but yourself.

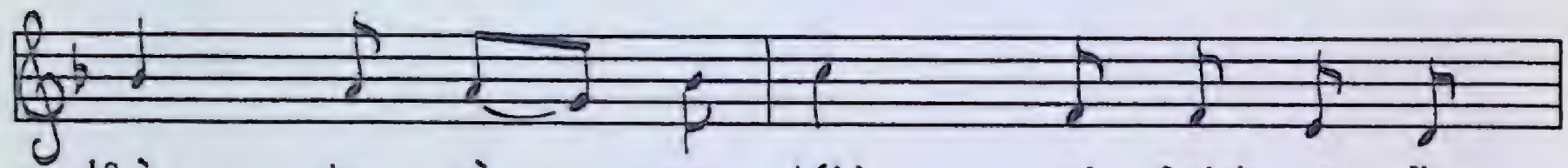
Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Malcolm Gillis, Margaree, Cape Breton, in 1887. In "Leabhar nan Cnoc 's nan Gleann," p. 22–23, this song is published with ten verses, and chorus. In "Am Feachd Gàidhealach," p. 149–53, it appears with seven verses, and chorus, along with the complete background and story concerning "Nighean Donn a' Chùil Réidh," and her progenitors.

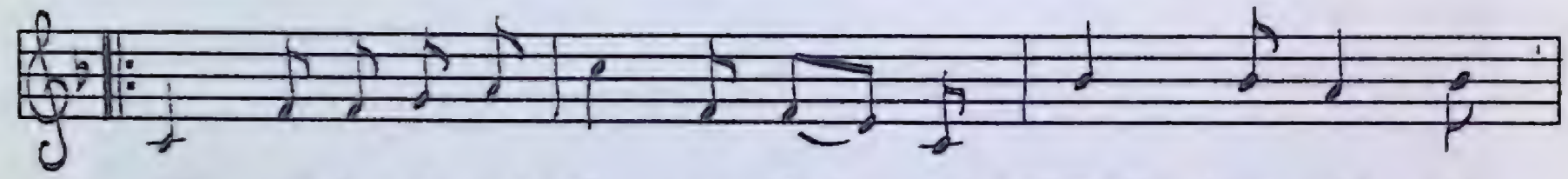
Children playing a singing game, Cape Breton Island.

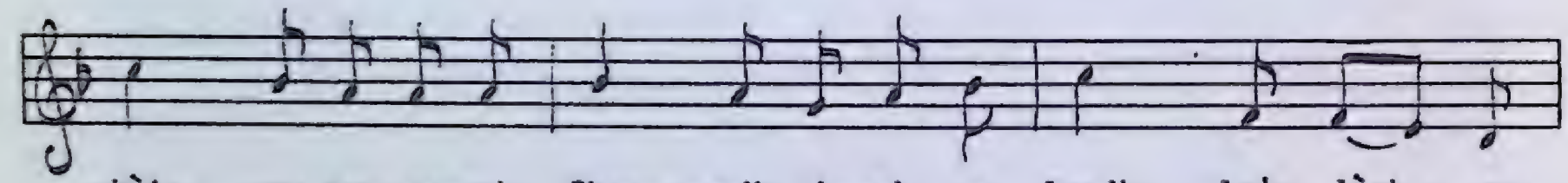
80. HO RÒ GUN TOGAINN AIR HÙGAN FHATHAST

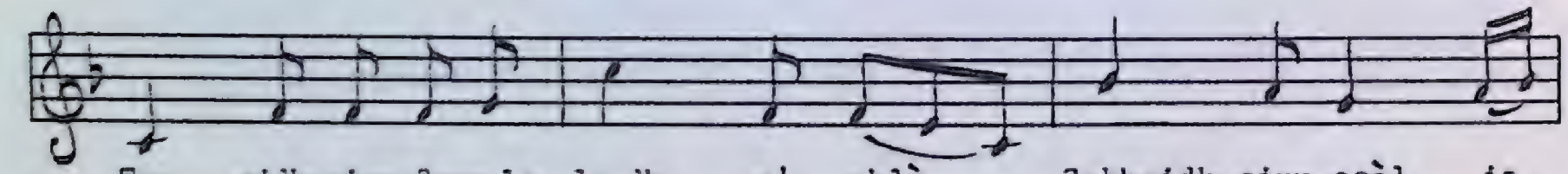
Moderate

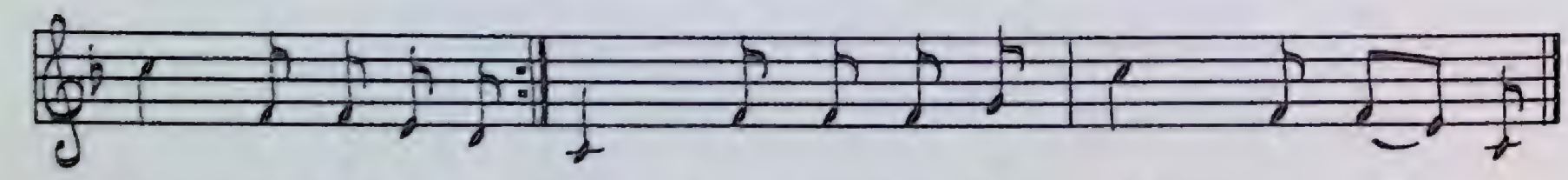












Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Ho rò gun togainn air hùgan fhathast,*
'S ù ho rò mun téid mi laighe;
Ho rò gun togainn air hùgan fhathast.

1. B'fheàirrd' an clò bhi chòir nan gruagach,
Dheanadh iad a luadh le'n làmhan.

2. Togaidh sinn fonn le luadh a' chlò,
Gabhaidh sinn ceòl is òrain mhatha.

3. Òrain ghrinne, bhinne, mhìlse,[1]
   Aig na rìbhinnean 'g an gabhail.

4. 'N uair a shuidheas iad aig a' chléith,
   Chluinnte fuaim gach té dhiùbh labhairt.

5. Cha bhi suirgheach anns an dùthaich
   Nach bi'n dùil ri pàirt dheth fhaighinn.

6. Guma slàn a bhios na caoraich
   Air an d'fhàs an t-aodach flathail.

7. Beannachd aig an làimh a shnìomh e,
   'S i rinn gnìomh na deagh bhean-tighe.

(*Translation*)

HO RÒ, ONCE MORE I WOULD SHOUT FOR JOY

CHORUS: *Ho rò, once more, I would shout for joy, and ù ho rò, before I go to bed; ho rò, once more, I would shout for joy.*

1. The tweed would be the better of being in contact with the damsels, they would mill it with their hands.

2. We will raise a melody by milling (waulking), the tweed-web, we will have music and worthy songs.

3. Well-patterned songs, tuneful, sweet, are sung by the maidens.

4. When they sit down at the fulling frame, the hum of conversation of each maiden is wont to be heard as she speaks.

5. There will be no wooer in the country who will not expect to get a length of it.

6. May these sheep be healthy on which grew the princely raiment.

7. May the hand that spun it be blessed, its action was that of an efficient house-wife.

TAPE 218

Sung by Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by Duncan Ban Macintyre, Scotland (1724–1812). For other printed versions of this song, *see* (a) "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 82, (b) "The Songs of Duncan Ban Macintyre," by Angus MacLeod, p. 146–49. (c) "Folksongs and Folklore of South Uist," p. 204.

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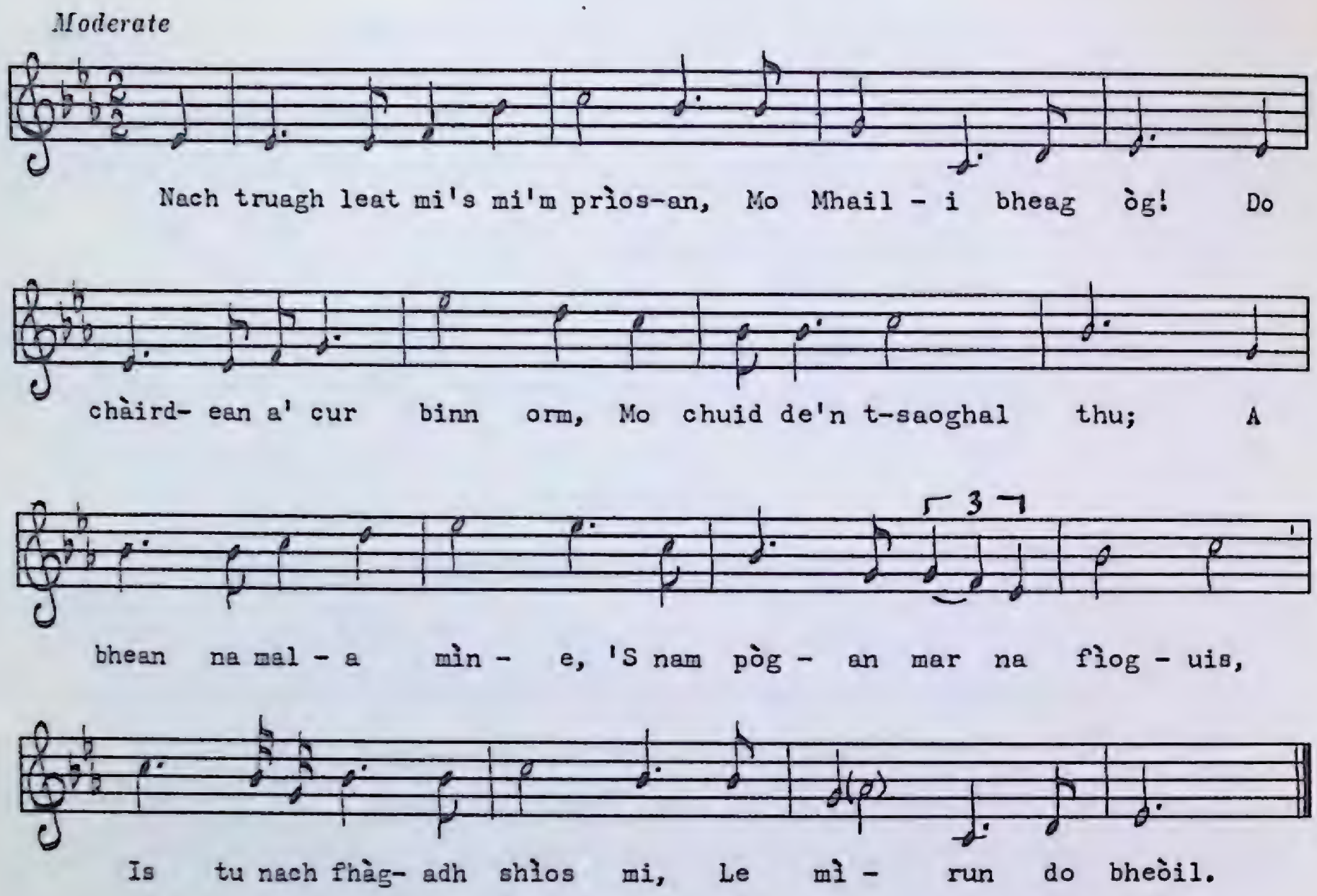
[1] "mhìlse," instead of "mhìsle" a form of Metathesis in Scottish Gaelic, where in a number of words the sequence of articulations is changed in order to facilitate pronunciation and where certain are transposed.

71399—18

81. MAILI BHEAG ÒG



Transcribed by D. H. Senior

1. Nach truagh leat mi 's mi'm prìosan,
   Mo Mhaili bheag òg!
   Do chàirdean a' cur binn orm,
   Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal thu;
   A bhean na mala mìne,
   'S nam pògan mar na fìoguis,
   Is tu nach fhàgadh shìos mi,
   Le mìrun do bheòil.

2. Di-Dòmhnaich anns a' ghleann dhuinn,
   Mo Mhaili bheag òg,
   'N uair thòisich mi ri cainnt riut,
   Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal mhór;
   'N uair dh'fhosgail mi mo shùilean,
   'S a sheall mi air mo chùlthaobh,
   Bha marcaich' nan each chrùdhach,
   Tighinn dlùth air mo thòir.

3. Is mise bh'air mo bhuaireadh,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg,
'N uair thàinig sluagh mu'n cuairt dhuinn,
Mo ribhinn ghlan ùr;
Is truagh nach anns an uair sin
A thuit mo làmh o m'ghualainn,
Mun d'amais mi do bhualadh,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg.

4. Gur bòidhche leam a dh'fhàs thu,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg,
Na'n lili anns an fhàsach,
Mo cheud ghràdh 's mo rùn;
Mar aiteal caoin na gréine
Am maduinn chiùin ag éirigh,
B'e sud do dhreach is d'eugais,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg.

5. Is truagh a rinn do chàirdean,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg,
'N uair thoirmisg iad do ghràdh dhomh,
Mo chuid de'n t-saoghal thu;
Nan tugadh iad do làmh dhomh
Cha bhithinn anns an ám so
Fo bhinn air son mo ghràidh dhuit,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg.

6. Ged bheirte mi bho'n bhàs so,
Mo Mhaili bheag òg,
Chan iarrainn tuilleadh dàlach,
Mo cheud ghràdh 's mo rùn;
B'annsa 'n saoghal-s' fhàgail,
'S gum faicinn d'aodann ghràdhach;
Gun chuimhn' bhi air an là sin,
'S na dh'fhàg mi thu ciùrrt'.

(*Translation*)

LITTLE YOUNG MOLLY

1. Do you not pity me in prison, my little young Molly! Your friends are condemning me, you are my only possession in the world; woman of the smooth eye-brows and kisses as sweet as figs, you would not degrade me with the malice of your mouth.

71399—18½

2. We were in the glen on Sunday, my little young Molly, when I began to converse with you, my only portion in the wide world; when I opened my eyes and I looked behind, the riders of the well-shod horses were approaching in my pursuit.

3. I was, indeed, confused, my little young Molly, when people began to surround us, my pure young maiden; 'tis a pity that it was not at that time my hand fell from my shoulder, before I chanced to strike you, my little young Molly.

4. You grew up more beautifully, my little young Molly, than the lily in the pasture, my first love and sweetheart; you were like the first ray of gentle sunlight, rising up on a peaceful morning, such was your beauty of form and countenance, my little young Molly.

5. Mean was the behaviour of your friends, my little young Molly, when they forbade your love for me, you were my portion of the world; if they had given me permission for your hand I would not be at this time under condemnation because of my love for you, my little young Molly.

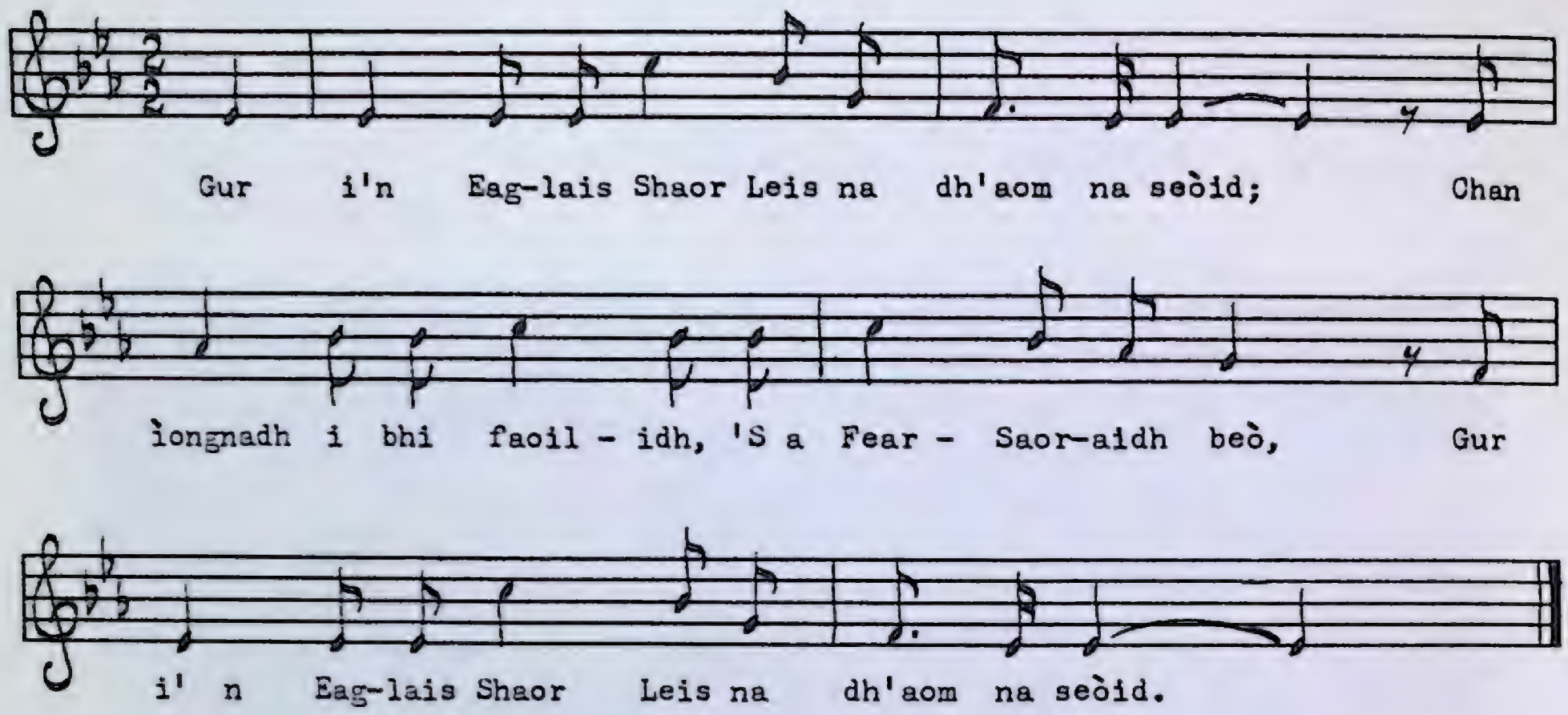
6. Although I would be snatched away from this death, my little young Molly, I would not wish any further delay, my first love and sweetheart; I would prefer to leave this world than to look upon your lovable face, and not to recall that particular day when I left you sorely wounded.

Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Song also published in "A' Chòisir-chiùil," p. 20; "A Choice Collection of the Works of the Highland Bards," by Stewart, 1804, p. 124–26, and in "The Beauties of Gaelic Poetry," 1907 edition, p. 402–03.

According to one tradition, the Gaelic words of this song were composed in Scotland about the time of the Revolution by a young Highland Scottish officer who eloped with the daughter of a landed proprietor. The latter, having found out about his daughter's disappearance, assembled his men and pursued the fugitive lovers with great speed. After many miles of pursuit, the couple were overtaken in a lonely glen on a Sunday (hence, stanza 2 in the song) (not included in Stewart Collection). The Highland officer put up a heroic fight against his pursuers. His sword was a very heavy one, loaded with what is called a "steel apple," and on one occasion, when warding off his attackers and preparing to give a deadly sword-stroke, the point of the weapon accidentally struck the landed proprietor's daughter, and she was killed instantly. The officer was thrust into gaol and executed.

International Folk Music Council, Laval University, Quebec, 1961. Nova Scotia Gaelic group milling cloth.

82. DO'N URRAMACH IAIN FRISEAL



Transcribed by D. H. Senior

FONN: *Gur i'n Eaglais Shaor*
Leis na dh'aom na seòid;
Chan ìongnadh i bhi faoilidh,
'S a Fear-Saoraidh beò.

1. Chaidh mi là do'n t-searmon,
'S b'aigeannach a dh'fhalbh mi;
Gus an d'fhuair mi dearbhadh
Thu bhi falbh fo sheòl.

2. Theirig ceòl na fìdhle,
'S tha'n solus na's ìsle;
O'n a dh'fhalbh am fìrean
Gu sgìreachd Loch Lòim.

3. Tha'n oighreachd gu cràiteach,
Dh'fhalbh an teachdair' àluinn;
'S chan fhaicear 'n a àite
Na shlànaicheas an leòn.

4. Tha'n oighreachd gu gruamach,
O'n a dh'fhalbh am buachaill';
'S a leithid cha chualas
A' cuairteachadh nam bòrd.

5. 'N uair labhradh an saighdear,
Bha'n solus a' soillseadh;
'S tric a dh'fhàg e aoibhneach
Oighreachan na glòir.

6. Bha chridhe cho fialaidh,
'N uair bhristeadh e 'm biadh dhuinn;
Bascaidean 'g an lìonadh
Leis a' bhiadh bha chòrr.

7. 'S e gun dh'ith e 'm biadh
A bhruicheadh air a' ghrìosaich;
A dh'fhàg e cho fialaidh,
An riaghladh an éisg ròist!

8. Bu tric e 's a' chùbaid,
'S fallus air a' drùghadh;
'G an tarruing le dùrachd
Gu ùghdar na glòir.

9. Bu tric air an t-sliabh e,
Saothrachadh 's an fhìonlios;
'S e 'n ìobairt-réit' am biadh
A bhiodh e riaghladh oirnn.

10. 'N uair thigeadh an t-Sàbaid,
B'e 'n crann-ceusaidh àite;
A' coimhead Chrìosd a bhàsaich
Far 'n do phàidh e' n còrr.

11. Shearmonaich e 'n dùrachd
Air a' mheanglan chliùiteach;
Is bha mi an dùil,
Gun robh mi dlùth do ghlòir.

12. 'N uair bhitheadh e 'g ùrnuigh,
'S a shileadh an driùchd air;
Bhiodh a mhuinntir dhrùidhte
A' faighinn lùths na h-òig'.

13. 'N uair dh'éireadh e 'n àirde,
Labhairt anns a' Ghàidhlig;
Bhiodh an soitheach làn,
'S a'mhil air bhàrr an fheòir.

14. 'N uair mhìnicheadh e seula,
Am bratach a' chroinn-cheusaidh;
Na calamain gu léir,
Toirt cliù do Dhia na glòir.

15. Bu treun e 's a' chùbaid,
An searmon 's an ùrnuigh;
'S àrd a bhios a chliù,
'G a chrùnadh an glòir.

16. 'N uair thogar an àird e,
Dh'ionnsaigh gréin' na slàinte;
'S iomadh pàtran àluinn,
Bhios am blàth a chòt'.

17. Bha e maiseach, uasal,
Anns gach ceum de ghluasad;
Chan urrainn mi luaidh
Gach buaidh a bha 'n a dhòigh.

18. B'easgaidh gu falbh thu,
Chluinnte fuaim do charbaid;
Neartachadh nan anama
Bhiodh a' falbh gu glòir.

19. Is sona do'n àite,
Do'n deachaidh a thàmhachd;
'S sinn aig uisge mhàirneil,
Dh'easbhuidh làn ar beòil.

20. Nach b'e 'n là dall e,
'N eaglais mhór na bantraich;
Chan'eil searmon ann,
B'e 'n call na thàinig oirnn?

21. Chan'eil duine gluasad,
No dorsan 'g am fuasgladh;
Far an tric a chualas,
Fuaim an uisge bheò.

22. A mhuinntir a' chùmhnant,
Bithibh air bhur glùinean;
Tha rud air bhur cùlthaobh,
Dh' fhalbh an tùisear òir.

23. Sguiridh mi de m'sheanchas,
Chan ann sgìth, gu dearbha;
Saoilidh mi gu falbhainn,
Dh'fhaicinn lorg do bhróig'.

(Translation)

TO THE REVEREND JOHN FRASER

CHORUS: *The warriors accepted the tenets of the Free Church; it is little wonder that the church is so liberal as her Saviour is still alive.*

1. I went one day to the church service in an eager frame of mind, until I found proof that you were departing under sail.
2. Fiddle music has ceased, and the light is dimmer since the righteous man has gone to the parish of Loch Lomond (In Cape Breton).
3. The congregation is miserable since the departure of the glorious missionary; there will not be seen in his place a man to heal the wound.
4. The congregation is sullen since the shepherd has gone; his like was never heard as he dispensed communion at the tables.
5. When the soldier of the gospel would preach, the light would shine; often did he render comfort to the inheritors of glory.
6. His heart was so generous as he broke the communion bread for us; baskets would be filled with the food that was left over.
7. It is because he ate the food that had been prepared on the burning embers, that made him so liberal in his dispensing of the roasted fish.
8. Often, in the pulpit, with perspiration oozing from him, he would, by virtue of his sincerity, draw his people towards the Author of glory.
9. He was often on the hill-slope, labouring in the vineyard; the atonement-offering being the food that he would apportion for us.
10. When the Sabbath would come along, the Cross would be his subject; contemplating Christ who died and paid the supreme price.
11. He would preach so earnestly on the famous branch, that I thought that I was very near the state of blissful glory.
12. When he would be praying and the gospel dew would descend upon him, his people impressed by his language, would regain the vigour of youth.
13. When he would rise to heights of eloquence in Gaelic, the cup would be full, and honey would cover the tips of grass-blades.
14. When he would explain a symbol in the banner of the Cross; the doves would all together give praise to the God of glory.
15. He was powerful in the pulpit, in preaching and praying; great will be his acclaim when he is crowned in glory.
16. When he will be elevated towards the sun of salvation, there will be many a beautiful pattern in the colour of his coat.

17. He was handsome and noble in every step of his movement; I cannot enumerate every virtue that was in his character.

18. You were always ready to go on a journey, the noise of your chariot could be heard; strengthening the souls on their way towards glory.

19. Happy is the place to which he has gone to dwell; whilst we are beside sluggish water, lacking our mouthful.

20. Isn't it a dark day in the large church of the widow; there is no service there, what has happened to us is a great loss?

21. Nobody is active, nor are the church doors being opened; where often was heard the flowing of life-giving water.

22. Ye people of the covenant, get down on your knees; something is behind you since the departure of the golden censer.

23. I will conclude my story, not indeed because of fatigue; methinks that I might yet go to see the imprint of your shoe.

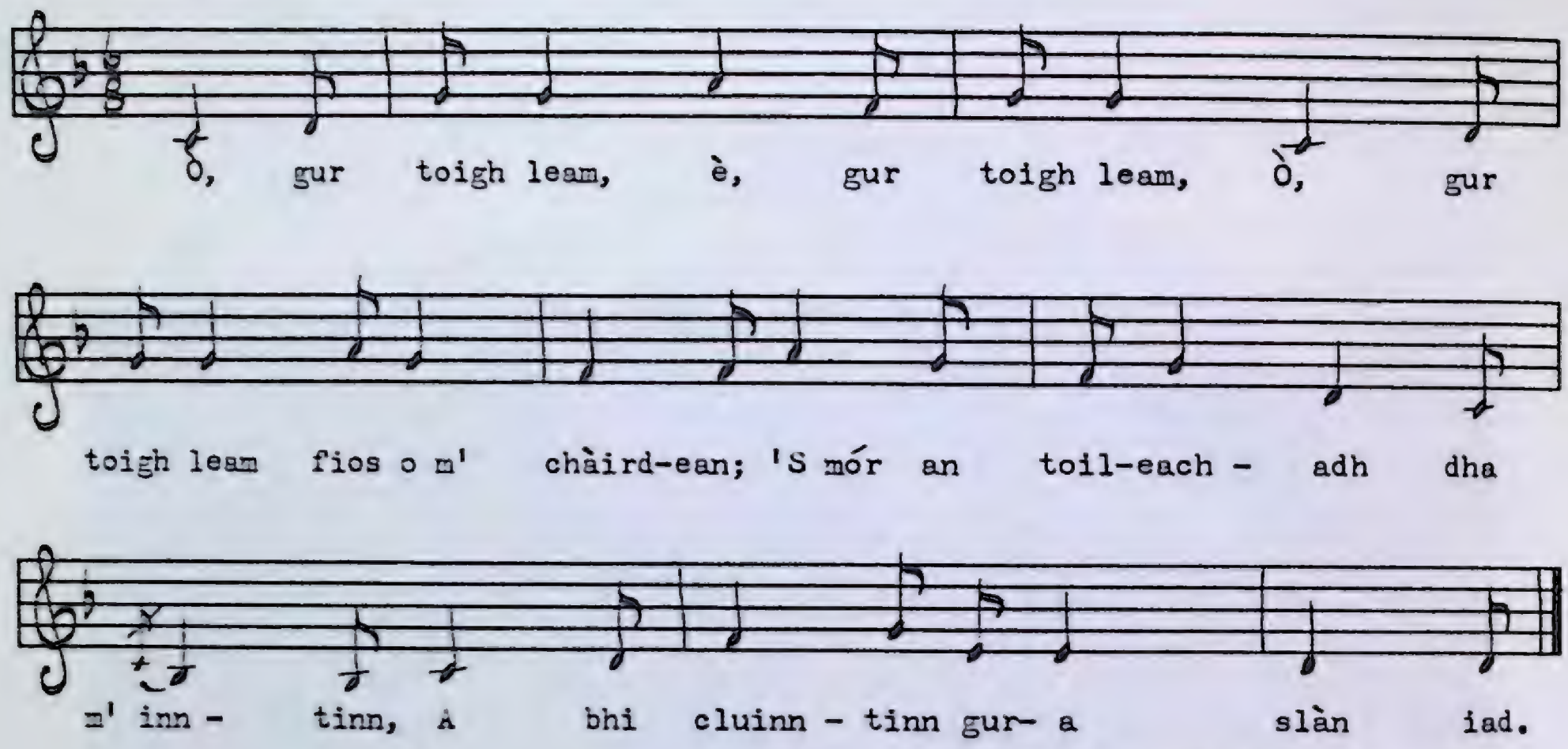
Sung by D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by the late Mrs. Donald MacLeod, North Shore, Victoria County, C.B., when the late Rev. John Fraser left North Shore for Loch Lomond.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

Massed bands at the Antigonish Highland Games, an annual occasion.

83. ÒRAN NA BLIADHNA ÙIRE

Moderately fast



Transcribed by D. H. Senior

FONN: *Ò, gur toigh leam, è, gur toigh leam,*
Ò, gur toigh leam fios o m'chàirdean;
'S mór an toileachadh dha m'inntinn,
A bhi cluinntinn gura slàn iad.

1. O'n tha bhliadhna so aig deireadh,
'S Bliadhn' Ùr eile nise làimh ruinn;
'S còir gun sgrìobh mi beagan fhacail
Do'n té dh'altrum mi 'n a m'phàisde.

2. Thoir an t-soraidh so thar chuaintean,
Gu tìr uaine nam beann àrda;
'S fàg aig a' Chladach-a-Tuath e
Ged nach ann a fhuair mi m'àrach.

3. Àit' as bòidhche feasgar samhraidh,
'S grian air chùl nam beann a' teàrnadh;
Ach 's e dh'fhàg mi'n diugh an geall air,
Gur ann a tha mo mhàthair.

4. Chan'eil ceòl an diugh no beadradh
Anns an nead 's an deachaidh m'àrach;
'N uair a chaidh na h-eòin air iteig,
Thug e misneach o'n am màthair.

5. Anns an tìm tha tighinn 'n a m'chuimhne,
Gheibhte cruinn 's an aon làr sinn;
An diugh fo chìs sinn fad o'r daoine,
'S fear mo ghaoil 'n a laighe sàmhach.

(*Translation*)

NEW YEAR SONG

CHORUS: *Ò, I am fond of, è, I am fond of, Ò, I am fond of hearing about my friends; great is the satisfaction to my mind, to hear that they are well.*

1. Since this year is at an end, and another New Year is now approaching; it is fitting that I write a few words in praise of the woman who nursed me when a child.

2. Bear this greeting over the oceans to the green land of the high peaks; and leave it at North Shore although I was not reared there.

3. The most beautiful place on a summer's evening as the sun sets behind the bens; but what has left me, to-day, so much in love with it, is the fact that my mother lives there.

4. There is no music or merriment in the nest where I was brought up; when the birds took to the wing, their mother lost her courage.

5. I recall the time when we would be all together around the one hearth; to-day, we are under subjection far away from our relatives, and the man of my love lies silent (in the grave).

Sung by Mr. D. B. MacLeod, Briton Cove, Cape Breton. Gaelic words composed by the Rev. Malcolm Campbell as a New Year's song to his mother who was living in North Shore, Victoria County, Cape Breton, N.S.

84. AN GÀIDHEAL AGUS AN T-ÌNNSEANACH

"O chionn còrr math agus ciad bliadhna thàinig fear Gilleasbuig Camshron á Strath Ghlais, á Albainn, agus shuidhich e le theaghlach ann am Margaraidh. Thog a chuid mhac fearann dhaibh p-fhéin faisg air an athair, agus bha gach aon diùbh trang a' leagail na coilleadh,[1] a' réiteach an fhearainn, agus a' deanamh gach ullachaidh air son tighean a thogail anns an rachadh iad a dh'fhuireach. Là de na làithean bha fear de na mic d'am b'ainm Aonghus, gu trang a' leagail na coilleadh air a bhaile fhéin, 'n uair a mhothaich e Ìnnseanach mór, coltach ri tighinn far an robh e ri 'g obair. Le briathran làidir, agus e a' comharrachadh 'n a aodann, thug e bàirlinn do'n duine gheal a dh'fhàgail an àite gun dàil; gur ann leis-san a bha am fearann so, agus gu robh deagh chòir aig' air. Cha do ghabh am fear eile air gun cuala e e, agus lean e air obair. Sheall an t-Ìnnseanach suas là as déidh là 's e daonnan a' maoidheadh, 's e cur an céill a chòir air an àite ach cha robh dad aige air son a shaothrach. Mu dheireadh thall, 'n uair a thuig an t-Ìnnseanach nach deanadh bruidhinn feum, thuirt e ris a' Ghàidheal mar so, "Rachamaid a ghleachd matà. Ma's tusa bhios an uachdar, fàgaidh mis' an t-àit' agad, ach ma's 's e mise bhios an uachdar 's e thusa dh'fheumas falbh." Ghabh am fear eile an tairgse gu toileach agus chòrd iad mu'n àite, 's mu'n ám a choinnicheadh iad. Chum an t-Ìnnseanach ri fhacal, agus tràth 's an là bha e air làraich agus a bhean còmhla ris. Bha iad le chéile an deagh shunnd air son na còmhraig', agus gun dàil thòisich a' ghleachd. Bha iad làidir, treun le chéile. Bha gach fear a' cur gu feum gach seòl a b'aithne dha. Fad greis ùine bha e duilich a ràdh có a bhuanaicheadh. Bha bean an Ìnnseanaich a' leum mu'n cuairt mar neach air boile, 's i ag éigheach gu companach, am fear eile a chur gu làr, ach an ùine gun bhi fada chunnacas druim an Innseanaich a' géilleachdainn fo dhruim chruaidh a' Ghàidheil, agus an tiotain bha e air a dhruim dìreach air an talamh ghuirm[2] taobh na h-aibhneadh.[3] Dh'éirich an t-Ìnnseanach, ghlac e làmh a' Ghàidheil, dh'fhàg e beannachd aige, agus an ùine gun bhi fada, dh'fhàg e Margaraidh.

Móran bhliadhnachan as déidh so chaidh duin' òg á Margaraidh air chuairt do "Newfoundland". Air dha a bhi aon là a bhi ag gabhail a shlighe troimh an àite thàinig e gu camp Ìnnseanaich agus chaidh e stigh. Bha seann duine 'n a shìneadh an oisinn a' chaimp, agus 'n uair a thuig e gur ann á Margaraidh a thàinig an coigreach dh'fheòraich e am b'aithne dha fear Aonghus Camshron a sin. Fhreagair am fear eile gum b'aithne glé mhath. "'S e duine glé làidir a tha sin," thuirt an seann duine, agus e a' leagail a chinn sìos air a' chluasaig. 'N uair a thuit e 'n a chadal is dòcha gun robh e a' bruadail air a bhi aon uair eile air ais ann am Margaraidh a measg a chàirdean agus luchd-eòlais."

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[1] A fairly frequent genitive singular in Cape Breton.

[2] [*Sic*] as on disc. In older Gaelic usage, "gorm" could mean green and also black, e.g., "Hiort nan caorach gorma" (St. Kilda of the black-faced sheep).

[3] I have also heard "abhann," as a genitive singular form.

(*Translation*)

THE GAEL AND THE INDIAN

"Well over a hundred years ago, a man called Archibald Cameron from Strathglass, in Scotland, came and settled with his family in Margaree (Cape Breton). His sons cultivated land for themselves near their father, and each one of them was busy felling the forest, clearing the ground, and making every preparation for the building of houses in which they would dwell. One day, one of the sons called Angus was busy felling trees on his own homestead land, when he saw a big Indian heading to where he was working. With firm words and facial gestures, the Indian delivered a summons to the white man to leave the land immediately; to the effect that this land belonged to him and that he had a good right to it. The other fellow did not let on that he heard the Indian, and he continued to work. The Indian showed up day after day,[4] threatening and revealing his right to the location, but he gained nothing for his diligence. Finally, when the Indian understood that talking was useless, he spoke to the Gael as follows, "Let us wrestle then. If you remain on top, I will leave the land to you, but if I remain on top, you will have to depart." The other fellow accepted the offer willingly, and they agreed about the location and the time of meeting. The Indian kept to his word, and early in the day he was on the chosen site along with his wife. The two contestants were in good form for the bout, and they began to wrestle without further delay. They were both strong and courageous. Each one was using every trick he knew. For a long time it was difficult to say who would be the winner. The Indian's wife was jumping around like a frenzied person, shouting at her husband to pin the other fellow to the ground, but, in a short time, the Indian's back was seen to yield under the hard back of the Gael, and in an instant he was flat on his back on the green ground beside the river.

"The Indian got up, clasped the hand of the Gael, said goodbye to him, and in a short time he departed from Margaree.

"Many years after this, a young man from Margaree went on a trip to Newfoundland. One day it happened, as he was traversing the land, that he came to an Indian camp, and he entered. An old man was lying in a corner of the camp, and when he understood that the stranger had come from Margaree, he asked him if he knew a man called Angus Cameron who lived there. The other man replied, saying that he knew him very well. "He is a very strong man," said the old Indian, as his head sank back into the pillow. When he fell asleep, perhaps he was dreaming of being back, once again, in Margaree amongst his friends and acquaintances."

Library of Congress, Disc No. 201 B.

Gaelic Story narrated by Mr. D. D. MacFarlane, South West Margaree, Cape Breton.

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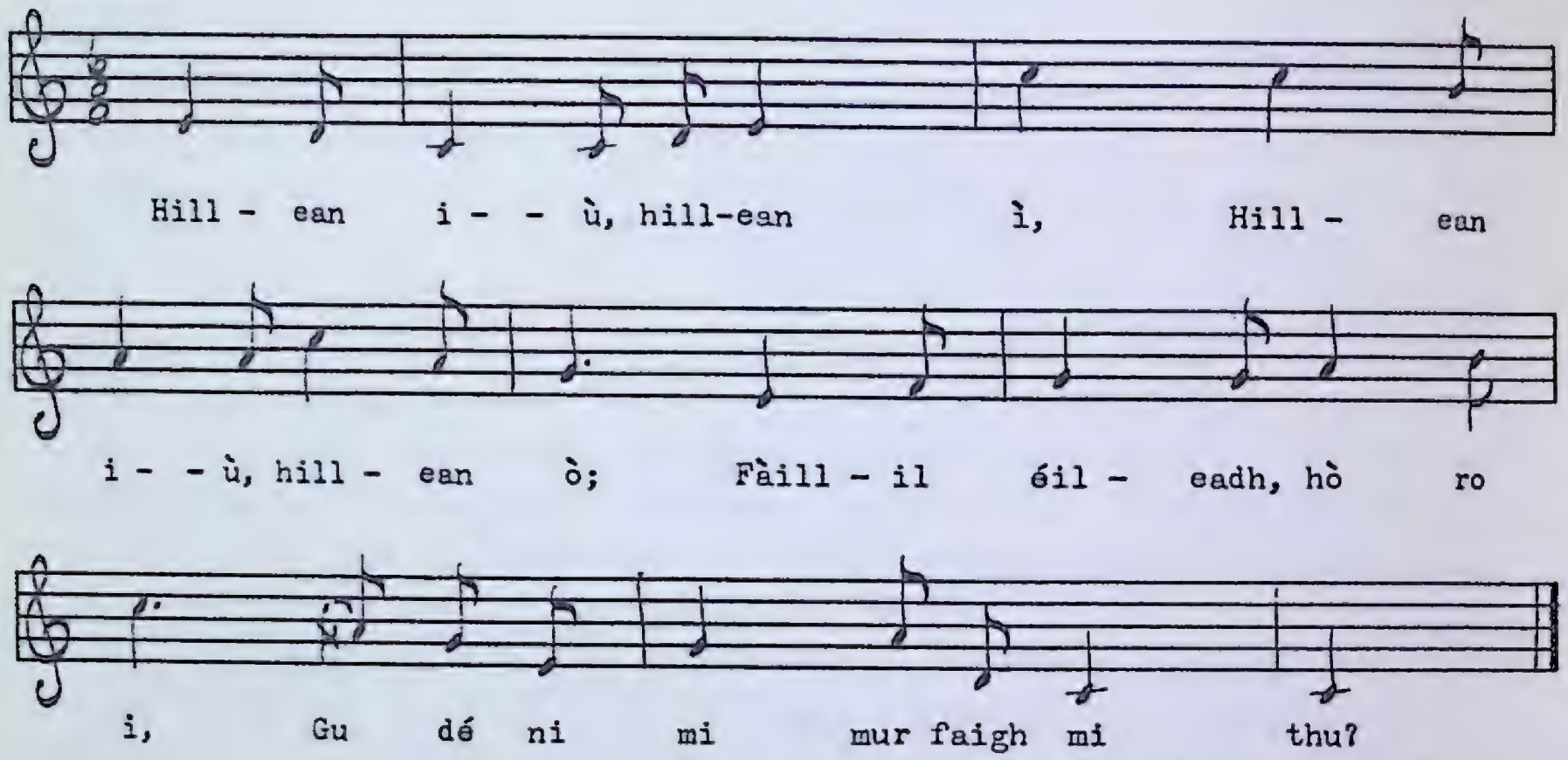
[4] An English idiom translated directly into Gaelic, similar to, "Rinn mi suas m'inntinn" (I made up my mind)."

85. 'S E MO CHEIST AN GILLE DONN

Moderately fast
Refrain



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Hillean iù, hillean ì,*
Hillean iù, hillean ò;
Fàill il éileadh, hò ro ì,
Gu dé ni mi mur faigh mi thu?

1. 'S e mo cheist an gille bàn,
Chan eagal leam e bhi le càch;
Teann a nall 's bheir dhomh do làmh,
'S an dàil cha bhi na's fhaid' againn.

2. 'S e mo cheist an gille donn,
Thogas air an fhiodhull fonn;
Ged[1] a bhiodh do phòca lom,
Gun nì, gun fhonn, gun gabhainn thu.

3. Tha mi mar smeòrach nan craobh,
A' sealltainn bho thaobh gu taobh;
Sin agaibh mar bhios an gaol,
Gur h-iomadh taobh a ghabhas e.

4. Tha mi mar uiseag an crann,
'S i an déidh a h-eòin a chall;
Seacharan air dhol 'n a m'cheann,
'S ged thig an t-ám cha chaidil mi.

---

[1] Both forms, viz., "ged," and "gad," are prevalent in the Gillisdale version, but the MacMasters, Port Hastings, sang it as "gud," or "gut."

5. 'S chì mi soitheach air a' chuan,
'S fhada leam-sa tha e bhuam;
'S ann shaoileas mi an ceann gach uair
Gun còir dha m'luaidh tighinn dachaidh air.

6. 'S tu mo chridhe 's tu mo chreud,
Chuireadh na teudan sin air ghleus;
'S dhannsainn leat air ùrlar réidh,
Gu h-aotrom, éibhinn, aighearach.

7. 'S gad nach'eil an gill' ach òg,
Tha e misneachail gu leòir;
Gheobh e long fo cuid seòl,
'S a chaoidh ri m'bheò chan fhaigh mi thu.

8. 'S e Dòmhnallach d' an tug mi gaol,
Nach robh fichead bliadhn' a dh'aois;
Gad bhiodh tu gun fearann saor,
Gur tusa ghaoil a ghabhainn-sa.

9. Agus Alasdair a ghràidh,
Gill' as grinne thu 's an àit';
Dh'an tug mis' mo dhùil 's mo làmh,
'S cha robh e'n dàn dhomh d'fhaighinn-sa.

10. 'S fhuair mi do litir a nall,
Air a sgrìobhadh leis a' pheann;
Thàinig an Nollaig 's dh'fhalbh an t-ám
A gheall thu tighinn 'g a m'amhare-sa.

11. Cha téid mis' an taobh ud thall,
Tha mo chàirdean 'g a m'chur ann;
Gad a bhristeadh iad mo cheann,
Cha téid mi ann a dh'aindheoin dhaibh.

12. Cha b'e airgiod, cha b'e òr,
Cha b'e sid a rinn mo leòn;
Ach falbh air bòrd na luinge móir',[2]
'S nach tig thu'n còir an fhearainn so.

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[2] There is also the variant: "Dh' fhalbh thu'n dràsd' air bòrd na luinge móir,'" (You departed, just now, on the deck of the great ship). This is an excessively long line as far as additional syllables are concerned, yet traditional Gaelic singers in Nova Scotia can still, by virtue of certain word emphasis, or "dwelling," and manipulation, sing this line and keep within the required melodic compass.

71399—19

(*Translation*)

THE BROWN-HAIRED LAD IS MY LOVE

CHORUS: *Hillean iù, hillean ì,*
Hillean iù, hillean ò;
Fàill il éileadh, hò ro ì,
What will I do if I do not get you?

1. The fair-haired lad is my love, I do not fear for him being with others; come closer to me and give me your hand, and there will be no further delay between us.

2. The brown-haired lad is my love who will play a tune on the fiddle; although your pockets would be empty, I would accept you in marriage without property, or without land.

3. I am like the mavis of the trees, looking from side to side; that is how love is, it goes in many directions.

4. I am like a lark in a tree when she has lost her brood; wanderlust has entered my head, and although the time comes I cannot sleep.

5. And I see a ship on the ocean, it seems to be far away from me; methinks that at the end of every hour, my love, on board, should come home to me.

6. You are my heart, and you are my creed, you who would tune these music-strings; and I would dance with you lightly, happily, and merrily on a smooth floor.

7. And although the lad is yet young, he is courageous enough; he will acquire a ship under sail, and never in my life will I marry him.

8. I gave my love to a MacDonald who was not yet twenty years of age; although you would have no free-hold land, you, my love, would be the one I would take in marriage.

9. And Alasdair, my love, you are the most handsome man in the place; I offered you my hope and my hand, but it was not destined for me to get you.

10. And I received your letter from abroad, written with a pen; Christmas came and the time you promised to visit me has passed by.

11. I will not go over to yonder place to which my relatives are urging me to depart; although they would cleave my head, I will not go there in spite of them.

12. It was not silver, it was not gold, these were not the things that hurt me; but the fact that you sailed away on the deck of the great sailing-ship, and that you will not come near this territory.

TAPE 218

From Mrs. Sandy Sheumais Gillis, Gillisdale, Cape Breton (soloist). Christine Gillis and Mrs. Rita Smith sang the chorus. Similar version of song also recorded from Mr. and Mrs. Archie MacMaster, Port Hastings, Cape Breton.

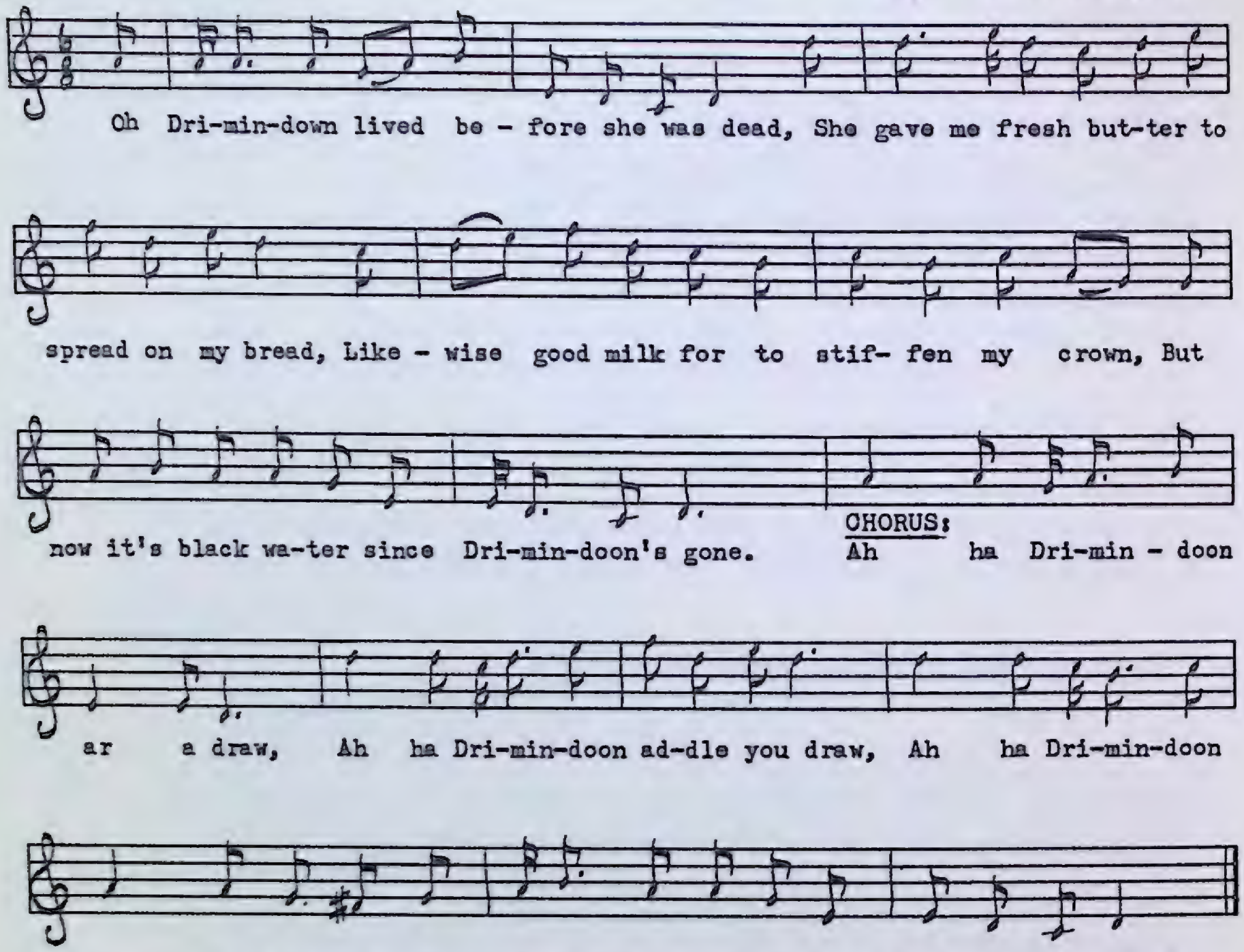
Nine verses of this song appear in the "MacDonald Collection of Gaelic Poetry," Vol. 1, p. 223–24, and there is a version with music in "Còisir a' Mhòid," 4, p. 27. (*See also,* "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," Vol. 26, p. 258–59, included in a collection of Gaelic Poems contributed by Dr. A. MacLean Sinclair, P.E.I.)

71399—19½

86. DRIMINDOWN (1)

Moderate

sung by Charles Cates,
Mayor, North Vancouver



Transcribed by Ken Peacock

1. Oh Drimindown lived before she was dead,
   She gave me fresh butter to spread on my bread,
   Likewise good milk to stiffen my crown,
   But now it's black water since Drimindoon's gone.

CHORUS: *Ah ha Drimindoon ar a draw,*
Ah ha Drimindoon addle you draw,
Ah ha Drimindoon hook a sook,
Oh my Drimindoon deary oh where have you gone?

2. Drimindoon, Drimindoon, for which and for why?
Drimindoon, Drimindoon, what made you die?
So white was your milk, and so slim was your tail,
I thought my poor Drimindoon never would fail.

TAPE 166

Sung by Captain Charles Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, when on a trip to Halifax, N.S., in August, 1956. He sang it rather as a Lament.

87. DRIMINDOWN (2)

1. As I was walking one morning in May,
   I met my old Rooniedown down by the Bay;
   So white was her face, so slick was her tail,
   I thought my old Rooniedown never would fail.

CHORUS: *A gush and I drew me down 'r awa',*
A gush and I drew me down mumbly ga,
A gush and I drew me down 'r I couldn't,
I say good-bye to this land.

Here is a Milking Song variant, sung as a lullaby by Mrs. Jas. Creelman, Dartmouth, N.S., in the early thirties.

88. DRIMINDOWN (Druimfhionn donn). (3)

1. There was an old man and he had but one cow,
   And how that he lost her he couldn't tell how;
   For white was her forehead and slick was her tail,
   And I thought my poor Druimfhionn donn never would fail.

CHORUS: *Agus hò-ro druimfhionn donn,*
Hò-ro ha;
'S hò-ro druimfhionn donn,
Nil tu gu math;
'S hò-ro druimfhionn donn,
Ochón 's brón mé.
Fóir mé mo dhruimfhionn donn,
Thriall tú 's ní fillfidh tú slán;
'S hò-ro druimfhionn donn,
Hò-ro hà.[1]

2. Bad luck to you Druimfhionn and why did you die?
   Why did you leave me, for what and for why?
   For I'd sooner lose Pat and my own "bothan bàn,"[2]
   Than you my poor Druimfhionn donn now you are gone.

3. As I went to Mass one fine morning in May,
   I saw my poor Druimfhionn donn sunk by the way;
   I roared and I bawled and my neighbours I called
   To see my poor Druimfhionn donn, she being my all.

4. My poor Druimfhionn 's sunk, and I saw her no more,
   She's sunk on an island close down by the shore;
   And after she sunk down she rose up again
   Like a bunch of black wild berries grow in the glen.

---

(1) The singer in this instance puts deliberate musical stress on the "hà."
(2) "bothan bàn," the white-washed cottage or hut. "Pat" was the son.

(*Translation of Chorus*)

And hò-ro (my) white-backed brown cow,
Hò-ro ha;
And hò-ro white-backed brown cow,
You are not well;
And hò-ro white-backed brown cow,
Alas, sorrowful am I.
Assist me, my white-backed brown cow,
You went away and you will not return safely;
And hò-ro white-backed brown cow,
Hòro-hà.

(*See* Maritime Folk Songs p. 176, 177, Helen Creighton.)

TAPE 169

Sung by Mr. Edward Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I., in September, 1956.

The Chorus is in Irish Gaelic. I am indebted to Mr. Bob McDonnell, Box 517, Antigonish, N.S., for valuable assistance in deciphering the text as from tape. Mr. McDonnell, a native of Ireland, compares the song to the following fragment:

"A Dhruimfhionn donn dílis,
A shíoda na mbó;
Cá ngabhann tú san oidhche,
'S cá mbíonn tú sa ló?
Bím-se ar na sléibhte,
'S mo bhuachaill imh chómhair,
'S dá bhfaghainn-se" . . . . . .

"Oh faithful, white-backed brown cow,
Oh silk of the kine;
Where do you go at night,
And where are you by day?
I am on the hills,
With my boy minding me,
And if I should get" . . . . . .

Compare, also, the following Scottish Gaelic quatrain for a similarity in subject-matter, treatment, and sentiment:

" 'G a d'ionndrainn a thà mi,
'S i mo ghràdh a' mhaol donn;
'G a d'iarraidh feadh fhraochan,
'S 'g a d'shlaodadh á poll."

"Missing you, I am, the brown hornless cow is my love; I am searching for you amongst the heath, and dragging you from the mire."

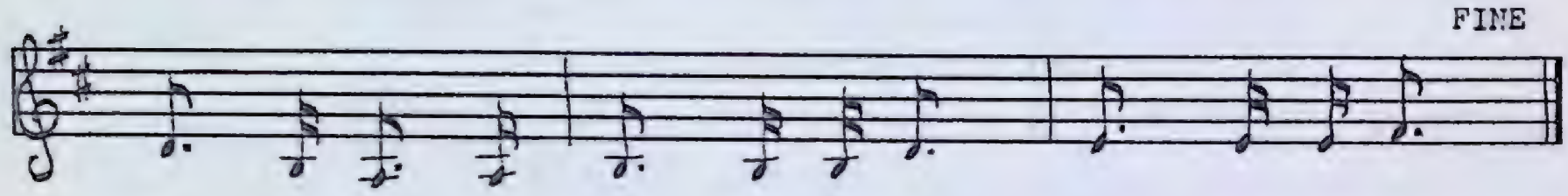
These are some of the traditional Scottish Gaelic words of the beautiful and plaintive "ceòl-mór" (classical bagpipe music composition), entitled "Maol Donn," or "MacCrimmon's Sweetheart." Some piping authorities declare that it was the composition of one of Clanranald's pipers who composed it in honour of a brown hornless cow belonging to a widow in Benbecula, Outer Hebrides, Scotland. The cow apparently was lost in a peat bog. This animal was greatly treasured by her mistress who had no other cow in her possession. On its loss becoming known, all the neighbours turned out for the search, moved by sympathy for the widow. Clanranald's piper was among the searchers. Unfortunately, the cow was not found, neither was its skeleton discovered until more than a year afterwards, and that by mere chance.

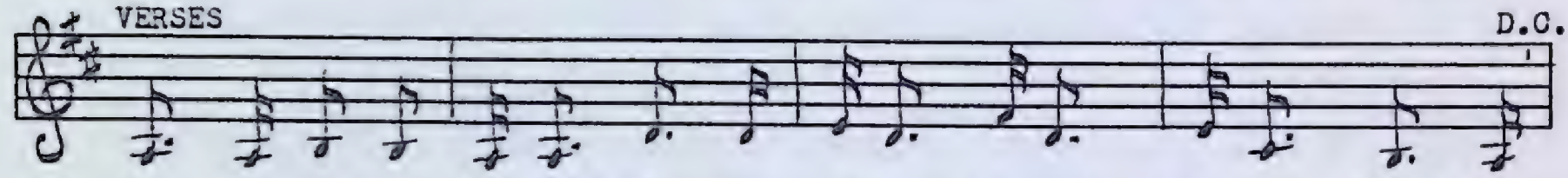
The whole circumstance afforded the piper scope to compose a good tune to which he wedded these Scottish Gaelic words as if they were uttered by the widow herself.

89. HÒ, MO NIGHEAN DUBH

Moderately fast, in free time

Refrain





1. Tha mi ann an tigh 'n a m'òn-rachd; Tha mi fo bhròn, 's fhad' o'n uair sin.
2. Teann- aidh mi ri dean-amh òr-ain, 'S ann do Dhòmh-nall Òg mac Ruair-idh.
3. Chaidh mi 'g a choimh- ead le deòin, A chionn bha Màir-i Og air bhuann-achd.

Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Hò, mo nighean dubh,*
Hé, mo nighean dubh,
Mo nighean dubh, 's tu mo ghuamag;
Hò, mo nighean dubh,
Hé, mo nighean dubh.

1. Tha mi ann an tigh 'n a m'òn rachd;
   Tha mi fo bhròn, 's fhad' o'n uair sin.
2. Teannaidh mi ri deanamh òrain,
   'S ann do Dhòmhnall Òg mac Ruairidh.
3. Chaidh mi 'g a choimhead le deòin,
   A chionn bha Màiri Òg air bhuannachd.
4. Chuir e sin a làmh 'n a phòcaid,
   "Gheibh thusa bhrònag so bhuam-sa."
5. "Phìob as fhearr a thig á stòr,
   Chosg i gu leòir, cha b'e luach i."
6. Bha mise 'n uair sin gu dòigheil
   Gus na chuir mi sròn 's an luaithre.
7. Chaill mi mo fhradharc 's mo chòmhradh;
   Cha robh blas mo bheòil ach suarach.
8. Cuiridh mi thu ás an dùthaich,
   Ma ni fùdar bàn no luaidh e.

9. Fàgaidh iad thu anns an h-Ìnnsean
Far nach'eil an tìde duathail.
10. Pheigi Ailein bha thu gòrach
A chur Dhòmhnaill Òig gu gluasad.
11. 'S iomadh oidhche thu 'g a bhòrdadh,
Thug Màiri Òg an truaghan.

(*Translation*)

HÒ, MY DARK-HAIRED LASS

CHORUS: *Hò, my dark-haired lass,*
Hé, my dark-haired lass,
My dark-haired lass, you are my neat and tidy lass;
Hò, my dark-haired lass,
Hé, my dark-haired lass.

1. I am in a house by myself; I am sorrowful and have been in this state for a long time.
2. I will begin to compose a song, it is for Young Donald son of Roderick.
3. I went to visit him willingly, because Young Mary had won him.
4. He then put his hand in his pocket (and said), "You will get this, poor thing, from me."
5. "The best pipe that comes from a shop; it cost plenty, although it was not worth it."
6. I was then in good humour until I put the pipe's bowl into the ashes.
7. I lost the power of my sight and my speech; the taste of my mouth was unpalatable.
8. I will send you out of the country, if this can be done with the help of white gunpowder or lead.
9. They will leave you in the Indies where the climate is not cloudy.
10. Peggy Allan, you were foolish to provoke Young Donald's departure.[1]
11. Many a night did Young Mary, the poor thing, give him lodgings.

TAPE 216
From the late Frank MacNeil, Big Pond, Cape Breton.

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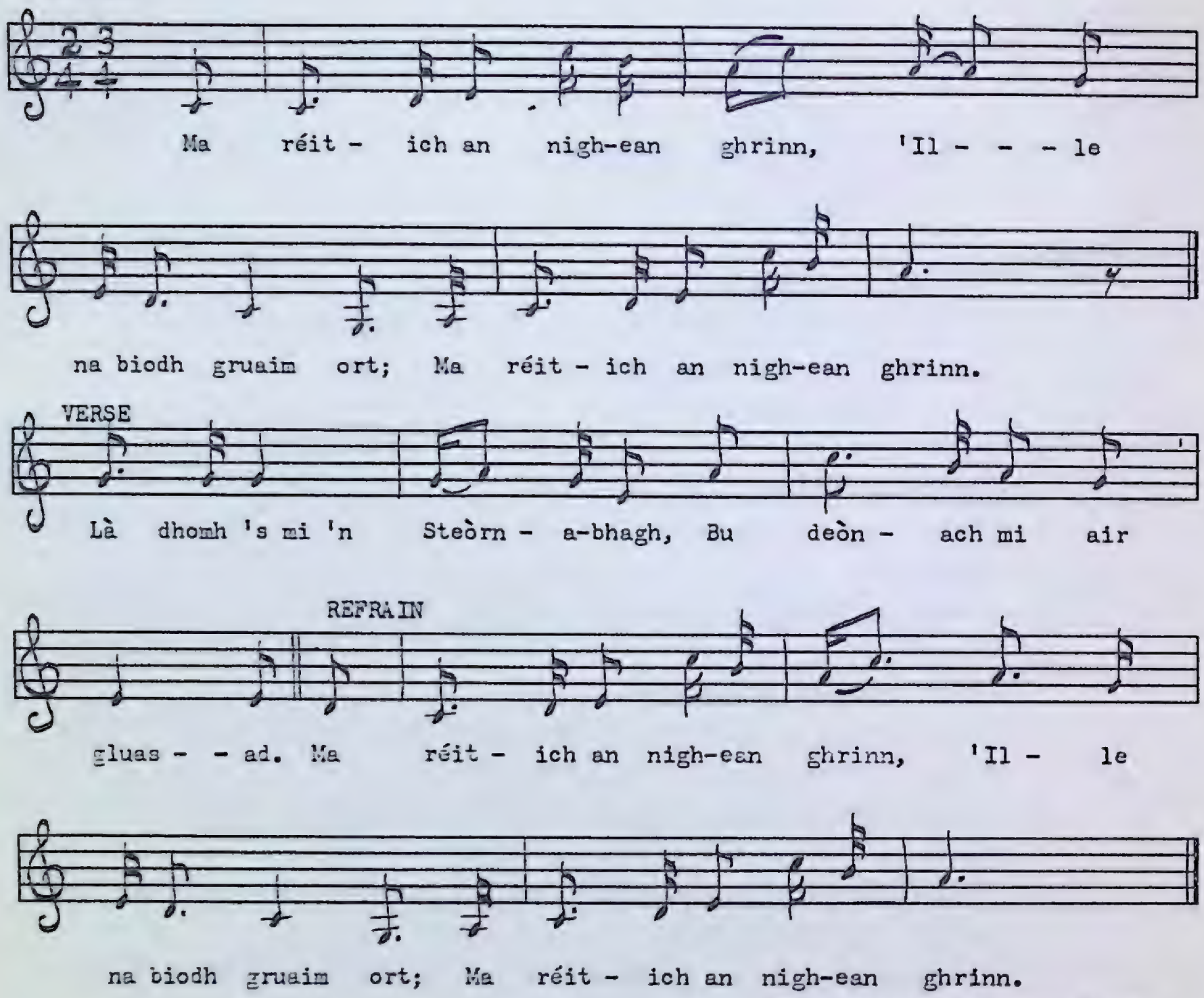
[1] According to local tradition, Peggy Allan was "Peigi Ailein Nic an t-saoir," Peggy Allan Macintyre. She composed the following Gaelic songs:
(*a*) "Cumha nam Bràithrean." (Lament or Elegy for the Brothers).
(*b*) "Cumha do Iain" (Lament for John).
(*c*) "Och a ghaoil, gu bheil fios 'am" (Och, my love, I know).
The Gaelic editor noted down the words of songs (*a*), (*b*), and (*c*), but not the music, from Mrs. David Patterson, Benacadie, Cape Breton.
Song (*a*) was composed *circa* 1859, the time of the Big Pond Drowning when two brothers fell through the ice in an attempt to save herring nets.
A version of song (*c*) was also noted down from Mr. Anthony MacKenzie, Sydney, N.S.

90. MA RÉITICH AN NIGHEAN GHRINN

Moderate
Refrain



Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Ma réitich an nighean ghrinn,*[1]
'Ille na biodh gruaim ort;
Ma réitich an nighean ghrinn.

1. Là dhomh 's mi'n Steòrnabhagh,
   Bu deònach mi air gluasad.

2. Chuir sinn rith' an t-aodach
   Dol troimh na caoil bu luaithe.

3. 'S chuir sinn rith' na "jibichean,"
   'S gun leag sinn air a' chuan iad.

---

[1] Another Cape Breton variant is "Ma bhuannaichd an nighean chruinn."

4. 'S chuir sinn rith' am "fòresail,"
'S gur bòidheach rinn i gluasad.

5. 'S chuir sinn rith' am "mainsail,"
'S gum beatadh i gu fuaradh.[2]

6. 'S chuir sinn rith' an "topsail,"
'S gun trotadh i gu fuaradh.

7. 'S 'n uair dh'éireadh i air bhàrr nan tonn
Phronnadh i mhuir uaine.

8. 'S 'ille na biodh eagal ort,
Ma bheir an stiùir mu'n cuairt i.

9. 'S 'ille na biodh cùram ort,
Cha ruig an sùgh r'a gualainn.[3]

10. 'S 'ille na biodh sochar ort,
Cha chum ceann-tochraidh bhuat i.

11. Sonas is fad-saoghail
Gu robh aig 'n t-saor a dh'fhuaigheal i.

12. Rinn e dìreach, socair i,
'S gun d'fhàg e làidir, luath i.

13. Bheir mi làir is searrach dhuit,[4]
'S an taobh is fheàrr de'n bhuailidh.

14. Bheir mi mart is laogh dhuit,
'S gun toir sinn caor' is uan dhuit.

15. Thog iad feadh a' bhaile orm
Gur leannan dha'n té ruadh mi.

16. Ach ma ni iad fìrinn dheth,
Gun cuir mi cìr 'n a cuailean.[5]

(*Translation*)

IF THE FAIR MAID IS BETROTHED

CHORUS: *If the fair maid is betrothed,*
Do not be dejected, lad;
If the fair maid is betrothed.

---

(2) "fuaradh." Sailing too near the wind allows gusts to strike outside the sail, causing it to flap and so to jerk the sheet (taod-aoire). Luffing (fuaradhcluaise) also checks the speed of the boat. To avoid luffing, the helmsman "veers" slightly, so that the sail will take the wind (gabhail), and that the boat will not lose "way" (ruith). Compare the nautical order to the steersman, "keep her full and by," i.e., maintain course, avoiding both luffing and unnecessary leeway.

(3) "sùgh," a wave that sucks in at its base.

(4) "Chunnaic mi *searrach* 's a chùlthaobh rium" (I saw a *foal* with its back to me). The Gael considers it a bad omen to have a back view of the first foal of the season.

(5) This implies marriage. "Cuailean" also means a small stick, used by married Highland Scottish women for adjusting the "bréid" or "head-dress." Compare, "bréid-cuailein," hair kertch.

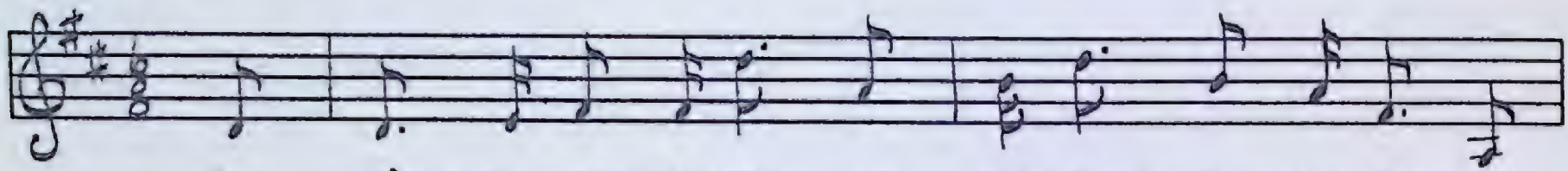
1. One day when in Stornoway, I was eager to set sail.
2. We hoisted the canvas as we sailed through the straits quickly.
3. We hoisted the jib-sails, and we set them above the sea.
4. We hoisted the foresail, and she (the ship) sped along prettily.
5. We hoisted the mainsail, and then she would tack to windward.
6. We hoisted the topsail, and then she would sail at a trotting pace to windward.
7. And when she would rise on the crest of the waves, she would pound the green sea.
8. Lad, be not afraid, as long as the rudder will turn her round.
9. Lad, do not be anxious, the sucking billow will not reach her shoulder.
10. Lad, do not be bashful, a dowry will not keep her from you.
11. May the carpenter who nailed her timbers enjoy happiness and long life.
12. He fashioned her correctly and diligently, and thus she is strongly built and fast.
13. I will give you a mare and a foal, and the best portion of the cattle-fold.
14. I will give you a cow and a calf, and we will give you a sheep and a lamb.
15. They spread a gossiping report about me throughout the village, that I was the lover of the red-haired damsel.
16. But, if they turn this into a truthful report, I will place a comb in her hair.

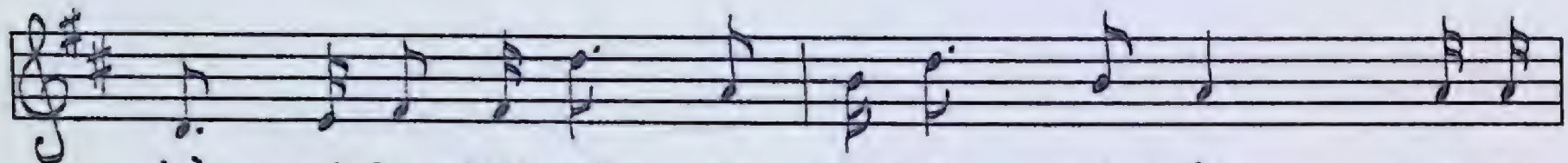
From Dannie Kenny MacLeod (Dànaidh Kenny Sìne), North River Bridge, Victoria County, Cape Breton (1949).

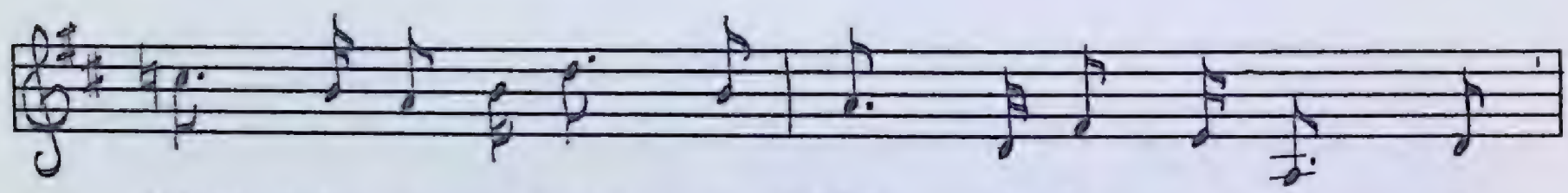
Home of Mr. D. B. MacLeod, Breton Cove.

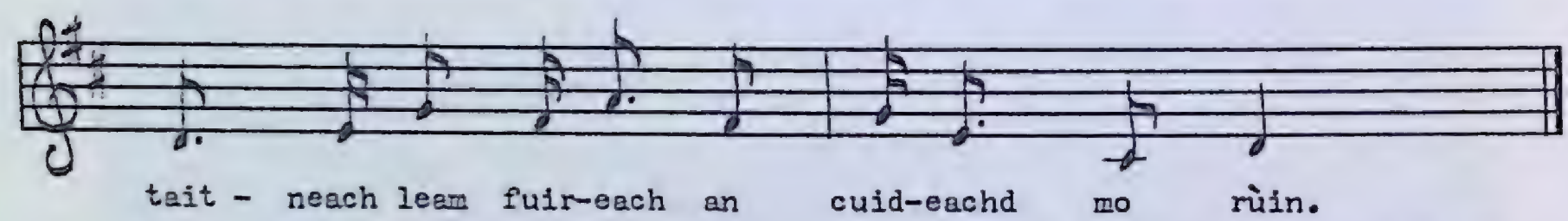
91. BU DEÒNACH LEAM TILLEADH

Moderate, in free time
Refrain









Transcribed by Harold Hamer

FONN: *Bu deònach leam tilleadh, bhi tilleadh, a' tilleadh,*
Bu deònach leam tilleadh a rithist do'n Chùl;[1]
Dhol a shealltainn na cruinneig a dh'fhàg mi fo mhulad,
Bu taitneach leam fuireach an cuideachd mo rùin.

1. Ged tha mi am bliadhna iomadh mìle an iar uaibh,
Ri ànradh is riasladh, chan fhiach mi na's fhearr;
Cha do leig mi air diochuimhn' an comunn bha ciatach,
B'e m'aighear 's mo mhiann a bhi shìos leibh an dràsd'.

2. Gur muladach tha mi gach là o'n a dh'fhàg mi,
Chan'eil sunnd orm an dràsda làmh thoirt air ceòl;
Chan'eil agam de bhàrdachd a dh'ìnnseas an dàn dhuibh,
Gach buaidh th'air an àit' 's an deach m'àrach glé òg.

3. 'S e Ceap Breatainn an t-àite bu mhiann leam bhi tàmhachd,
An t-eilean as àille tha fo na neòil;
Le thulaichean àrd' toirt dhuinn sealladh thar sàile,
Air an lìonmhor bheil bàta air a càradh fo sheòl.

---

(1) "Cùl," a local place-name meaning the Back or Rear, mentioned on page 163 of "History of Christmas Island Parish."

4. 'N uair a thigeadh an samhradh bu bhòidheach 's an ám sin,
An duilleach air chrann cur nam beanntan 'n an glòir;
Air raointean nan gleanntan, gach lusan 's neòinean,
Gu gucagach, cromcheannach, fannabhuidh' 's gorm.

5. Chluinnte smeòrach bhàrr gheugan 's an ògmhaduinn chéitein,
Seinn luinneagan eutrom 's a céile 'n a còir;
Air cnuic agus réidhlein, uain òga ri leumnaich,
A' ghrian 's i air éiridh cur spéirid 's gach pòr.

6. An dubhlachd a' gheamhraidh bhiodh aighear gun ghanntair;
'N uair chruinnicheadh an dream dheanadh danns' agus ceòl;
Gu saoil mi 's an ám so gu faic mi 's an t-seòmar
A' chuideachd bhiodh ann leam 's iad baindidh 'n an dòigh.

7. Thigeadh bodaich air chéilidh, 's bu mhiann leam bhi 'g éisdeachd
Mar dh'ìnnseadh iad sgeul air gach treunfhear bha thall;
Mar sheas iad ri chéile anns gach cruaidh chàs is éiginn,
Nach robh nàmhaid fo'n ghréin nach do ghéill d'an cuid lann'.

8. Mo bheannachd do'n àite gur truagh rinn mi fhàgail,
Nam bithinn an dràsd, ann chan fhàgainn ri m'bheò;
Ma thilleas mi sàbhailt ni mi fuireach gu bràth ann,
Gheibh mi conaltradh chàirdean mar b'àbhaist 's a' ghleann.

(*Translation*)

I WOULD WILLINGLY RETURN

CHORUS: *I would willingly return, return, be returning, I would willingly return again to the "Cùl"; to visit the maiden whom I left in sadness, I would be happy to stay in the company of my beloved.*

1. Although I am this year many a mile to the west of you, wandering and sorely distressed, I am not worth anything better; I did not forget the pleasant company, it would be my joy and desire to be with you down there just now.

2. I have been dejected every day since I departed, I do not feel the urge, at the moment, to turn my hand to music; I have not sufficient bardic facility to compose verses for you to extol every virtue of the location where I was reared when very young.

3. Cape Breton is the place where I wish to live, the most beautiful island under the firmament; its high knolls provide us with vistas over the sea on which there are numerous boats under sail.

4. When summer would come, beautiful at that time would be the foliage of the trees bedecking the bens in their glory; every flower and daisy on the meadows of the glens, bell-shaped, bent-headed, pale-yellow and green.

5. A thrush would be heard on the tips of branches in the early May morning, singing light lyrical notes with its spouse by its side; young lambs a-frisking on hills and meadows, the sun, already risen, instilling life into every seed.

6. In the dreary depth of winter there would be no lack of merriment, when the group that would dance and make music would congregate; methinks I see at this very moment in the room, the company that used to be with me, those who were unassuming in their manner.

7. Old men would come to visit, and I dearly loved to listen to their way of telling stories about the brave men who were in the Old Land; how these men stood by one another in every adversity and emergency, and how there was no enemy under the sun that did not yield to their swords.

8. My blessings upon the place, it is a pity that I left it; if I was there just now I would never leave it in my life-time; if I return safely, I will stay there forever, and I will enjoy the company of friends as I was wont to in the glen.

TAPE 216

Gaelic words composed by Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton, and recorded there in 1952.

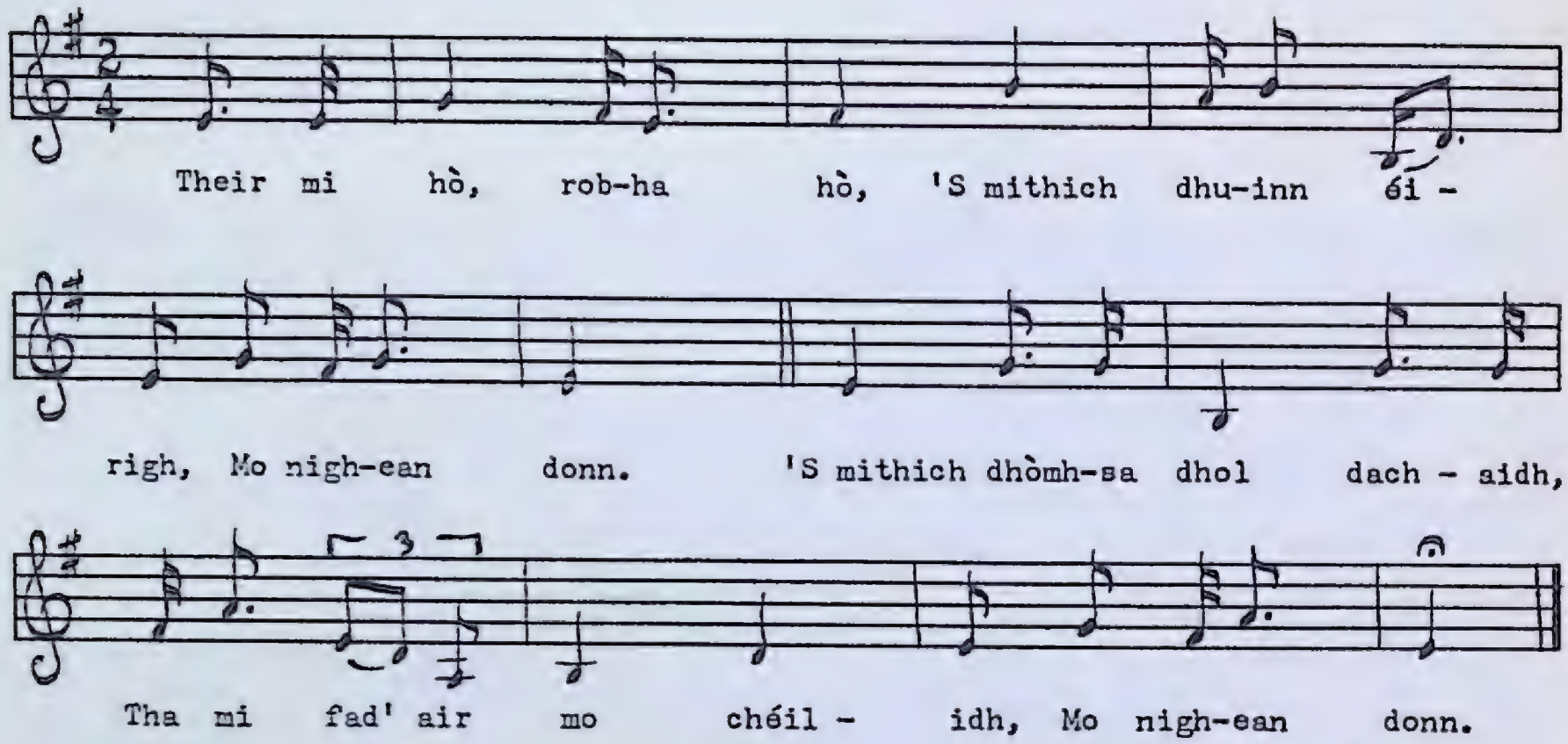
The melody is similar to, "Bu chaomh leam bhi mire," published in "Chòisir a' Mhòid," Book 3, p. 27. Mr. MacKenzie has composed several Gaelic songs, some of which have been published in "Gairm," the Gaelic Column of the "Casket," and in "Irisleabhar Ceilteach." His father, Archibald J. MacKenzie, compiled a "History of Christmas Island Parish," which was published in 1926 and is now out of print.

(*Photo, Nova Scotia Information Service*)

Tug o' War at the Antigonish Highland Games

92. MO NIGHEAN DONN

Moderate



Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

FONN: *Their mi hò, robha hò,*
'S mithich dhuinn éirigh,
Mo nighean donn.

1. 'S mithich dhòmh-sa dhol dachaidh,
Tha mi fad' air mo chéilidh,
Mo nighean donn.

2. Bheir mi m'aghaidh air Muile,[1]
Ged is duilich leam fhéin e,
Mo nighean donn.

3. 'S mór gruaman na h-iarmailt,
'S gaoth an iar a' cruaidh shéideadh;
Mo nighean donn.

4. Tha na craobhan mór', miarach,
As gach friamhaich 'g an reubadh,
Mo nighean donn.

5. 'S mi gun chomas dhol thairis
Dh'fhios a' bhaile 'm bheil m'éibhneas
Mo nighean donn.

---

[1] "Muile," the island of Mull, Inner Hebrides, Scotland.

6. Far an d'fhàg mi mo leannan,
Maighdeann chanach na féile,[2]
Mo nighean donn.

(*Translation*)

MY BROWN-HAIRED MAIDEN

CHORUS: *Their mi hò, robha hò, 'tis time we arose, my brown-haired maiden.*

1. 'Tis time I went home, I have been long a-visiting, my brown-haired maiden.
2. I will set out in the direction of Mull, although it is hard for me to do so, my brown-haired maiden.
3. Great is the threatening scowling of the firmament, and the west wind is blowing hard.
4. The large, branchy trees are being torn from their roots, my brown-haired maiden.
5. I am unable to go over to visit the homestead where my beloved lives, my brown-haired maiden.
6. Where I left my sweetheart, the comely, generous damsel, my brown-haired maiden.

TAPE 220.

From Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton. The original song was composed by James Munro who was born in Fort William, Scotland, in 1794, and died there on December 25, 1870. The melody and words appear on p. 43–45 of "Modern Gaelic Bards," Second Series, Part 1 (1913). The Cape Breton version of the melody is different from the original. Compare, also, versions printed in "An t-Òranaiche," p. 317–19. In Craig's "Òrain Luaidh," p. 105, and in "An t-Àilleagan," p. 8–9.

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(2) "canach," might be "cannach," adjective, meaning pretty, comely, soft, mild, sweet. *Cf.* noun, "canach" (fem.), cotton-grass.

71399—20½

93. A' CHOILLE GHRUAMACH

Moderate — *sung by Major C. MacLeod*

Gu bheil mi'm òn - rachd 's a' choil-le ghrua - maich, Mo smaoin-tinn

luain- each, cha tog mi fonn; Fhu-air mi'n t-àite so'n agh - aidh

nà - duir, Gun thréig gach tà - lan-ta bha 'n a m' cheann: Cha dean mi

òran a chur air dòigh ann, 'N uair ni mi

tòis - each-adh bidh mi trom: Cha - ill mi Ghàidh- lig seach mar a

b'àb - haist dhomh, 'N uair a bha mi 's an dùth-aich thall.

Transcribed by E. A. Sircom

1. Gu bheil mi 'm òrachd 's a' choille ghruamaich,
Mo smaointin luaineach, cha tog mi fonn:
Fhuair mi'n t-àite so'n aghaidh nàduir,
Gun thréig gach tàlanta bha 'n a m'cheann:
Cha dean mi òran a chur air dòigh ann,
'N uair ni mi tòiseachadh bidh mi trom:
Chaill mi Ghàidhlig seach mar a b'àbhaist dhomh,
'N uair a bha mi 's an dùthaich thall.

(*Translation*)

THE GLOOMY FOREST

1. "Lone, brooding mid the gloom of forest verdure,
My moods are fitful and my soul is wan:
This place I've got so stands in strife with nature,
That all my early powers of mind are gone:
I cannot now construct a song in order,
And if I should begin my heart grows sore:
The Gaelic, too, I've lost as used o'er yonder
In that far world of mountains 'mine no more'."

TAPE 220

Melody noted down by the Gaelic editor from the singing of Hugh F. MacKenzie, Grand Narrows, Cape Breton County, N.S. Cf. melody of "Coire a' Cheathaich," in "Òrain a' Mhòid," XVI, p. 11, and in "Còisir a' Mhòid," 4, p. 55–57. For further information regarding the original melody and setting of "Coire a' Cheathaich," *see*: "The Songs of Duncan Ban Macintyre," edited by Angus MacLeod. Scottish Gaelic Texts Society. Edinburgh. 1952 (p. 477 and 481).

The English translation used here is that of Professor R. MacGregor Fraser, Acadia University, Wolfville, N.S. Dr. Watson Kirkconnell, President, Acadia University, has also translated "A' Choille Ghruamach" into English verse.

The original Gaelic words of this song, eighteen verses in all, were composed by John MacLean, "Am Bàrd Mac Gille-Eathain" (The Bard MacLean) (1787–1848), who was born at Caolas, Tiree, Inner Hebrides, Scotland, on January 8, 1787, and who emigrated to Nova Scotia in 1819. He settled as a farmer at Bail' a' Chnuic in Barney's River, Pictou County, N.S., and removed to Glenbard, Antigonish County, N.S., in the spring of 1830.

A very complete "Memoir of John MacLean" appears in "Clàrsach na Coille," a Collection of Gaelic Poetry by the Rev. (Dr.) A. MacLean Sinclair, Hopewell, N.S. (Second Edition, revised, 1928).

A Cairn in memory of the Bard MacLean was unveiled on July 9, 1961, at Glenbard Cemetery, Antigonish County, N.S., during the Centennial celebrations of the Antigonish Highland Society.

The theme and Gaelic words of the song are very well known; therefore, the poem in its entirety is not published in this edition. It is deemed important, however, to publish the melody as sung in Nova Scotia during the present era by traditional Gaelic singers, and thus preserve it for posterity.

The Gaelic words of "A' Choille Ghruamach" are printed in the following editions:

(*a*) Clàrsach na Coille (p. 90–94).
(*b*) Filidh na Coille (p. 48–52).
(*c*) Bàrdachd Ghàidhlig (p. 14–19).
(*d*) Na Bàird Thirisdeach (p. 73–78).
(*e*) Sàr Obair nam Bàrd Gàidhealach (Halifax, N.S., edition, 1863, p. 324–26).

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